

The Fevered Circle

At the Gates

Each day a mournful pity
Life looks upon you with scorn
Hopes flee, visions elude
As your feeble breath is turned
Six sinister thorns of beauty
The claws of the non-divine
Our right to breathe
Our right to bleed
Forever denied
What some seek in the depths of the unknown
Need not be sought so far
The truth of what we are
Each day a fevered circle
Life looks upon you with scorn
Six sinister claws of darkness
Strip your flesh to the bone

Songwriters

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