

# The Fevered Circle (Studio)

## At the Gates

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

### Songwriters

BJORLER, ANDERS MARTIN / BJORLER, JONAS FREDRIK / ERLANDSSON, ADRIAN / LINDBERG,  
TOMAS / LARSSON, MARTIN PAULPublished by  
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>