

# 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 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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