

# The Fevered Circle

## At the Gates

Each day a mournful pity  
Life looks upon you with scorn  
Hopes live, visions elude  
As your feeble breath is torn  
Six sinister thorns of beauty  
The claws of the nondivine  
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  
Concealed it lurks behind  
The truth of what we are  
The truth of what we are  
Bring it down  
Each day a mournful pity  
Life looks upon you with scorn  
Hopes live, visions elude  
As your feeble breath is torn  
Bring it down  
What some seek in the depths of the unknown  
Need not be sought so far  
Concealed it lurks behind  
The truth of what we are  
The truth of what we are  
Come on  
Bring it down  
Each day a fevered circle  
Life looks upon you with scorn  
Six sinister claws of darkness  
Strip your flesh to the bone

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