

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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