

Entrance

Fleshmould

Soul(s) on departure six six six
Onward into another existance
A trip far beyond all pleasant dreams
A voyage through desolation sights
Inner transformation
Subconscious light
In the glance fields of fires
In the distance meadows of mists
Where minds being enshrouded in complete night
The fading of love, life and light
Wandering an endless journey
Dead within a trace
Entering a lost dominion souless and free
Visiting a foreign place but yet so known
Another dimension opens for me to see
Heaven sure ain't made for me to be
Soul(s) on arrival six six six
One short step from unhallowed ground
The ground of a Kingdom Come
Dead spirits communion
Unorthodox profane void
Gardens, temples, palaces
I have seen them all
In search for insanity, sanity slowly drowns - In trance

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