

Through The Infinitive Halls Of Death

Candlemass

I know that my old life is ending
very soon I'll lose my breath
But raise up high or slow descending
Death is a forecourt to hell, where the lost of humanity dwell
Through the shadows of my soul
walking in an endless cave
searching for a deep black hole
to find my destiny or grave
Death is a forecourt to hell, where the lost of humanity dwell
Doomed to hell
Misery and death, pain and sorrow
The air was poisoned by the smell of burning flesh
I saw the beast
A great shadow surrounded by black demons
Satan he laughed as he saw me burn

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