

Vicious Circle

Vader

Necromancer, the rites of dementia
See what the death looks like
Souls with the limbo, coming with the eternal flames
Arrive in circles of trembling hands
No inferno but also no heavens
No god on his golden throne
Promised eden turned into desert
Empty space and dead remains
Spectral mouth tells hopeless truth
In unknown words massacring the mind
There is nothing after life
What we can imagine now and here
Infinitely full of posthumous nothing
Greed for immortality
Is only despair now
Caught in the waiting for nowhere
Selling the souls for oblivion's price,
"I must be immortal"
Nocturnal stagnacy as I burn my candles
Sanity now dozes and waits for a day
Nightmares in their real dimensions
No hope now...
Soon I will die...
No inferno but also no heavens
No god on his golden throne
Promised eden turned into desert
Empty spaces and dead remains

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