

# After the Sepulture

## Samael

Nothing ever stops  
Everything starts again  
The end and the beginning  
Are eternal lovers Prisoners of or bodies  
From the cot to the grave  
Impotent puppets  
We aspire to the light The sun will turn in black  
You will see the dark...  
After the sepulchre Grams of their brother's cries  
Spirit lastly free oneself  
Like raise the incense smoke  
And the funeral orations Here time is unreal  
Hours and minutes are meaningless  
Here eternity has a name  
Remorse and penitence The sun will turn in black  
You will see the dark...  
After the sepulchre Life is just an illusion  
Going round and round

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