

Vicious Circle

Vader

Necromancy, the rites of dementia
See what the death looks like
Souls from the limbo, coming with eternal flames
Arrive into circle 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

Infinity full of posthumous nothing
Greed of immorality
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
Nightly mares in their real dimensions
No hope now...
Soon I will die...

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