

Gallows of Inversion

Behexen

The shadow is above
The spiritless world of Adam's race
The mankind has fallen
Blinded by the white darkness

Encountering death after death
A wandering decayed soul
Born again filled with fears
Circle without end

We have fallen in love with Death
And taken it into our hearts
Let it build thoughts
Of its necessity and beauty

Gallow that turn to tree
Are filled with fruits for the wise
And Death himself embraces
The deathless spirit

On the holy path of true salvation
We walk towards understanding
The love for Death must be stronger
Than the one for the creators of your flesh

Only pure devotion can save
With the keys of living gnosis
Pass the gate of continuum
And Death gives birth to the other level