

Brass Gates

Besatt

Vapor
Fire
Lava
A landscape shrouded in purple horizon
Sulphur
Blood
Dusk
A way paved with human skulls
Slow step
Instinct pushes
For no reason
In one way
The gates from brass
Are opened wide
Invite and tempt
Of bloody satiety
A magical sign burning with eternal venom.
A throne bathed in sin!!!
A runic dance of wild, dirty bodies.
A throne bathed in sin!!!
Garden of withered dreams of human life and death.
The slimy Charon's boat on river full of human tears.
Two silver coins are the price for one way passage.
Even if you don't want, destiny have chosen and payment is done
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The low tone freezes all movement
Imperious gesture gives a sign to slaughter.
A lonely wanderer
Rotten visions
In a grey head
Of imminent death
Crowdy way
Of half living bodies
And dirty skins
Clumped with mud
The thousands of feet
Trod the hazy
And dead trail
Another cycle of life
The only obsession
A devils possession
Pushing into the abyss
Of divine bliss
No, no - There is no way out
No, no - Don't hold me back