

## Hellish Circles

Besatt

Magic sybols burned in bronze  
The ancient fire of the devils  
Brass hinges decorated with gold  
Fussed with a lithium rock  
Serpentine latches finally lock  
The way without return  
Nine gates by nine rings  
Closed and hollow

Nasty spells protect the abyss  
Charon has a key-word  
Steely scroop of opening gate  
The echo penetrates the deep space

Come, do not afraid, I hear the voice  
Come, kneel by my throne

The sing of fallen seraphs  
Takes high the psalms of penance

A boat, which remembers the first track  
On the bank of river of foamed lava  
Bloody rain creeps the face  
Sour stench penetrates the body

Come, do not afraid, I hear the voice  
Come, kneel by my throne

The sing of fallen seraphs

Takes high the psalms of penance