

Beyond...

Callenish Circle

On your way searching tranquillity
lots of images pass your mind
Most of them are coloured black
They disillusionize your mood

Your once beloved one has left you behind
There is no way back, there is no turning-point
It's like a curse spoken... on you

The end so near

Your diary's last pages filled with blood-red ink
Telling your last destiny
Heaven or hell...
Your death cannot wait any longer

You climbed for her the highest mountains
Filled her life with preciousness
Thinking it would last forever
What a fool you have been
Believing she really cared for you