

# The Way Behind the Light

Crematory

Your soul leaved the body  
And searched for his definition

Walked along a endless passage to open the gate  
Behind the door you saw a light which magical attracted  
In glaring shine stood a throne out of stone to carved  
There sat a shape of darkness to stretched the hands against

And says:  
"Take my hand  
To my land  
I show you the way  
Take my hand  
In your thought  
Now you are free"

It's the way behind the light  
Waiting for another life  
It's the way behind the light  
Circulation of mankind

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