

# Reflections Of Doom

## Immortal Souls

I dream...I'm in the forest at winter night ...  
I see...in the ground a lonely grave...  
Deceased...body lying in the dark...  
It's me...

I wake up at the night in freezing cold.  
In my eyes a vision from the dream..  
I walk around full of fear....

I fall deep into my mind, into echoing darkness inside.  
I balance on narrow string between reason and insanity.  
What should I believe? Could this be a prophecy?  
My sense still falling away I close my eyes and start to pray..  
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Reflection of Doom...Blood Red Face of the Moon...Reflection of  
Doom

...Shadows fade away as a bright light fills my mind...inside..  
.  
...Dawn of new winterday releases me from my pain...I'm saved..  
.  
...The power within me immortal soul that won't die...I'll survive...  
...Belief grows in me Jesus Christ I have seen...He is real...

Fire burns in me with high flames.  
Thoughts of death no longer frighten me.  
I walk around without fear...

I tried to find the reason from life, somekind of peace of mind  
.  
Now I tear down the lies that have covered my whole life.  
Watch me now believe. Consider this as a prophecy.  
I am my own lord but up there is the one I pray...

Reflection of Doom...Blood Red Face of Moon...Reflection of Do  
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