

The Seventh Circle

Pale Divine

Beyond the sea of faces.
Behind the wall of lies.
In dark forbidden places,
Beneath these blackened skies.

1st chorus:
Looking back upon the tortured life I've lead.
I'm growing weary of the path I tread.

Like a serpent coiled,
In the sinners mind.
No refuge for the outcast.
No mercy for his kind.

2nd chorus:
I have seen the horrors few have lived to tell.
Apocalyptic visions from the depths of hell.