

Strange Gateways Beckon

Tribulation

Beckoning

The children of the night

The spirits of the undead

An the lesser lights

Now the time has come to reach out

We must heed their calls

When strange gateways beckon

Open up to what there is and what might be

In the end nothing is as it seems

The strangest dreams hide right in front of our eyes

Now the time has come to reach out

We must heed their calls

When strange gateways beckon

We stand before a passage

Something strange and profound

And we need to let go

Let ourselves fall through the ground

An give in to the gateways