

Atanatos, Doomed To Death

High mighty mountains, deep extensive valleys.

Covered by snow, icy winds.

Lifeless, eternal.

You drift on the black waves of damnation,
look forward to the end.

Life is pain and torment,
perfection is the death.

In search of yourself,
shattered by depressions,
teared by painful thoughts.

Aimless, helpless.

You a stranger for yourself,
do not know yourself.

Fear rises up in you.

Look for the saving hand.

You are doomed to death.

You know it, cry.

The cries die away in the wind.

Your shadows sink in the fog.

They come to pick you up.

Endless silence.

You trace their names.

Hope of deliverance.

You see the light.

Unique is it, warm.

It lights up the path for you.

You are doomed to death.