

Cemetery Of Scream, In His Room

In his room - an alien aura
Glass-pipes ,mortars, golden vessels
He knows all, but he must hurry
Working on what seems so precious

He's gonna turn this steel into gold
Applying magic and using his Stone
The artefact he stole from the gods
He'll pay the price - and he says: why not?
Like any searcher, he'd never give up
He keeps on trying to see what is what
He sold his soul a long time ago
He'll pay it back when death takes its toll

In his room - an alien aura
Glass-pipes, mortars, golden vessels
He knows all, but he must hurry
Working on what seems so precious
In the world he cannot enter
Something strange is soon to happen
And he had better find the centre
Of this complicated pattern

Although so close, he ain't reached his goal
Can't stop the race against the clock
He's gonna turn this steel into gold
He's got the key but it don't fit the lock
His bleeding hands no longer feel pain
Why must he do it again and again?
Another move and another try
The later answer - the sooner he'll die

He's aware of the things to come
He should end what he has begun
Wishes he could have more time

In the cards - a cruel future
There is a crack across the mirror
That's a very scary picture
And it's slowly getting nearer
In the world he cannot enter
Something strange is soon to happen
Will he ever find the centre
Of this complicated pattern?