

# Closterkeller, Temple Of Time

Walls are my silent, dirty accomplice  
And the ceiling is my holy and deep sky  
On my knees in this solitude  
I'm crying to be quickly purified

Within the walls of this secret  
Gloomy temple  
I'm dreaming, counting rosary beads  
My sinful recollections are  
Wine and bread on which I feed

I'm waiting for the one  
Who shall come to save me  
Now here I'm nothing  
But I will rise high

I'm weak but power will be mine  
Now a sinner I'll be a holy one  
When the world  
Shall change on his command

Within the walls of this secret  
Gloomy temple  
I'm dreaming, counting rosary beads  
My sinful recollections are  
Wine and bread on which I feed