

Crematory, The Way Behind The Light

Your soul leaved the body
And searched for his definition

Walked along a endless passage to open the gate
Behind the door you saw a light which magical attracted
In glaring shine stood a throne out of stone to carved
There sat a shape of darkness to stretched the hands against

And says:
"Take my hand
To my land
I show you the way
Take my hand
In your thought
Now you are free"

It's the way behind the light
Waiting for another life
It's the way behind the light
Circulation of mankind

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