

# 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:  
&quot;Take my hand  
To my land  
I show you the way  
Take my hand  
In your thought  
Now you are free&quot;;

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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