

Die Sektor, In The Arms Of Eternity

Bloodspattered prayer
The mark of despair
Your mind malfunction
Wrist slitting escape
Call of the devil
Debt owed to the grave
You hear their footsteps
You cannot be saved

They carry your soul
Across the flames
Torn into pieces
Screaming bloodbathed
This is your future
This is your past
You're under the blade
You cannot last

Reaching into the dark
All your feeling is gone
So close to the other side
You're lost
See through the corpses eye
Pray til your blood runs dry
The flames of hell are so high above you and I

Tearing through flesh
With broken teeth
Burning away
Your disbelief
Soul filled with sorrow
Beaten down by grief
Embrace despair
For eternity