

Gardens Of Gehenna, Dust Of Life

The marks of life burnt into
the bleeding flesh, the crying soul,
the wounds and pain relieved by you
gave me the strength to reach my goal.
The spell of the thoughts
they never will know,
the might of the spirit
they never will share.
With their feet on the ground
they never will touch the stars,
wherever they turn to
I've been there long before.
But those who reached my heart
encouraged me to carry on.
Anyone who touched my wit
became a mate, a chosen one.
Hail to you out there,
somewhere in the dust of life,
I bend my knee respectfully
to you out there, you gods, you friends.
To walk the path that's not illuminated
requires strength that feeds on me,
to break the rules with pride and willingly
brings on their hate and jealousy.
Not to be just one of the common herd,
not to let others control my fate,
they don't understand and they do not accept me,
and in the shades the vultures wait.
But those who reached my heart
encouraged me to carry on.
Anyone who touched my wit
became a mate, a chosen one.
Hail to you out there,
somewhere in the dust of life,
I bend my knee respectfully
to you out there, you gods, you friends.