

Grand Belial's Key, Reflections of the Coffin Lid

[Music: Gelal / Lyrics: Gelal]

Crouched in front of the weeping virgin
Trembling child absorbs the ghastly air
Accustomed to divine subordination
Thoughts of suicide race endlessly

Reflections of the Coffin Lid

Subconscious images foresee the haunted day
The urine of goats feed the nightmare
Insects roam the surface of my body
This polluted art becomes an obsession

Reflections of the Coffin Lid

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