

# Grotesque, Seven Gates

Farewell you beloved earth and skies  
Blessed forever you will be  
For when she began gently her dance  
The fair below the crystal moon  
It all into nothingless fell  
If hardly a bit the eye will recall  
If once again chaos enters  
...her face so pale and noble  
With it's twilight, dawn, earth and skies  
Our world still had a meaning...  
...It to the dancer once gave life