

Vader, Vicious Circle

Necromancer, the rites of dementia,
See what the death looks like,
Souls from the limbo, coming with eternal flames,
Arrive in circles of trembling hands.
No inferno but also no heavens,
No god on his golden throne,
Promised Eden turned into desert,
Empty space and dead remains.
Spectral mouth tells hopeless truth,
In unknown words massacring the mind,
There is nothing after life,
What we can imagine now and here.
Infinitely full of posthumous nothing,
Greed for immortality,
Is only despair now,
Caught in the waiting for nowhere,
Selling the souls for oblivions price,
"I must be immortal".
Nocturnal stagnancy as I burn my candles,
Sanity now dozes and waits for a day,
Nightmares in their real dimensions,
No hope now...
Soon I will die...
No inferno but also no heavens,
No god on his golden throne,
Promised Eden turned into desert,
Empty space and dead remains.