

# Anathema, Echoes Of Terror

Existence, through a spirit's will  
A force, use the power of evil

Darkness, visualize  
As light pierces through your yearning eyes

Rebirth of a lost soul  
Your body, a channel with which to grow old

Mephitic, smell of death  
Rancid flesh, of the undead

Inner screams,  
Useless tears,  
Shattered bones.  
My prayer...  
"Oh Lord...  
...Help me die."

"Please help me die."

This inner gloom,  
A subterranean hell.  
A morbid sleep,  
In my stygian world.  
My mind is locked,  
At chains my thoughts.  
I pray for death.  
Euthanase my soul.

Sanctify me!

Epitaph, to mankind  
Engraved, on your mind

Stigmata, on the flesh.  
Dead images, put to rest.