

At The Gates, The Fevered Circle

Each day a mournful pity
Life looks upon you with scorn
Hopes flee, visions elude
As your feeble breath is torn

Six sinister thorns of beauty
The claws of the nondivine
Our right to breathe
Our right to bleed
Forever denied

What some seek in the depths of the unknown
Need not be sought so far
Concealed it lurks behind
The truth of what we are

Each day a fevered circle
Life looks upon you with scorn
Six sinister claws of darkness
Strip your flesh to the bone