

# At The Gates, Through Gardens Of Grief

Precious Flame of life, so Elusive  
A spark being trampled to ashes  
And spread by the winds of time

This garden is a silent one  
Nothing moves but thoughts  
The thoughts of those in silent memory  
This they know, this they understand  
There is darkness everywhere, outside

Morningstar forever set in Zenith  
Uriel ruler of worlds  
Saraqel set over spirits

the repulsive truth of this dark domain  
The answer echos throughout infinity  
There are so many of us here  
And we are all so lonely  
We are among millions and still alone  
We are in hell, and yet so cold  
Gardens of Grief

There's no god to punish us, and yet we suffer  
Throughout so many lifetimes in this garden I have dwelt