

End Zone, S.O.D.

(Spirits Of The Dead)

Thy soul shall find itself crying alone

Mid dark thoughts of gray tomb-stone
Not one, of all the crowd
Into the hour of horror be silent in that
Solitude which is not loneliness
For spirits of the dead

Spirits stood in life before you are
In the death around you - their will
their will is overshadowing you
Therefore you must be forever still

The night thought clear shall frown
like wounded devil stars
shall look right down at the graves
From their high thrones replaced in the heaven
With light like hope to mortals given

As burning fever
Which would adhere
To you forever

Every thought will never banish now vision vanish
From thy spirits shall they will pass no more
Like dew from the grass the breathe the breath
Of God is still mist upon the hill

Look how it moves
Between the trees
Riddle's mistries.