

Enochian Crescent, Closed Gates of Tomorrow (7

From the past the winds of Melancholy blow...

I hear The Call of the ancient wind
I feel its blow (and) its Freezing Cold
And I see no more...
For the wind has Frozen my eyes

Hubris!

Pride goes before Destruction
And a haughty spirit
Before A Fall

I see not tomorrow, only the past
The Cold Pain of Lost Burns my eyes
I try to close my eyes, alas I can't
For The Tears have Frozen my eyes

Raped from all virtue
I scream my Rage
The millenium Harvest
Is there a god left to pray to?

Compassion, such a lie
Choose your side
Or be Shoved to the ground
Depression (and) Aggression
They're A Legion
And I Mourn (for the past bygone)

Mournfully I Weep for the future Lost
The Freezing Cold (oh, The Cold!)
Bloodred Tears my eyes Bleed
For the past gone and (best?) Forgotten

...And the wind Closed the gates of tomorrow