

Entombed, Stranger Aeons

One more dead soul
there's a hole in the sky
illuminating dreamquest
the prophet's eye
by virtue of madness
a sign of faith
lurking at the threshold
you're lost between the gates

Death's a solution to life's dead illusions

Stranger aeons - stained by re-creation
Stranger aeons - of hallucination

Stranger things that eternal lie
awaiting beyond the time to die
in the city of gods in the temple of lies
initiation progression Zarathustra cries

You were wrong from the start
we will never part

Stranger aeons - stained by re-creation
Stranger aeons - of hallucination
Take strange drugs - swallow your pride
It's all but a game - nuclear stock piles