

Gardens Of Gehenna, Nebelmond

When angels draw the pentagram
and satan says the rosary,
when the gates of hell are frozen
and heaven burns eternally.

when day and night become a union
become a single ,gloomy tone,
when all of your thoughts wear mourning,
it is november - nebelmond.

It is the time when witches dance,
behind the burning clouds the demons wait
to change your wishes into curses
and all is mould and all's decay.

The summer left, the autumn died
and snow's white shrouds will cover soon
the earth and all that now is rotting,
nebelmond - pale misty moon.

Your inner self wants to break free
but it is trapped, no chance to leave;
now panic spreads its gory wings,
you're drowned in sorrow, pain and grief.

Grey and damp the world is fading
behind a haze of frozen tears,
the angels draw the pentagram,
nebelmond - time of fear.