

Obsidian Gate, When Death Unchains The Spectre

In the eyes of death I journey,
a vortex of supreme black gales
where swift light of deep blue Kaos
focus in the invincible blackness.
My evil soul grows in strength...

The shell of flesh is left behind
in torrents of fire that survived all time
in an obscure stardust's circle
where I unite with my burning self.
I am one with my dark half...

The universe surrounds me, black and cold,
the supremacy that is immortal forever
in a floating afterlife's ocean
when through astral forces I enter death.

"Darkness of death, take my soul...
Beauty of death, take my cold flesh...
Take me far away from the living,
tear apart all dimensions of earth.
Where darkness is eternal and no life dwells
I shall become enthroned by the other side."

In the spectrum of the deceased
I pass through the vortex gate
unto dark horizons in night's colours
and I dissolve into glass,
into shards of soul-crystals
cutting through flesh like daggers.
I scream in purest anguish
when my spectre is unleashed!

Eyes, grim and shadowblack
carry me forth on their gaze
into the center of the sun
into the glare of the moon...
Beams of light form a new being,
a shape of whirling materia.

My evil soul, my tyrannous spectre
becomes unchained - A demon is born.

Death was the beginning, not the end,
when the universe made me supreme
to haunt the living...