

Samael, After The Sepulture

Nothing ever stops
Everything starts again
The end and the beginning
Are eternal lovers

Prisoners of or bodies
From the cot to the grave
Impotent puppets
We aspire to the light

The sun will turn in black
You will see the dark...
After the sepulchre

Grams of their brother's cries
Spirit lastly free oneself
Like raise the incense smoke
And the funeral orations

Here time is unreal
Hours and minutes are meaningless
Here eternity has a name
Remorse and penitence

The sun will turn in black
You will see the dark...
After the sepulchre

Life is just an illusion
Going round and round