

# Architecture Of Exquisite Madness

Necromantia

Touch the walls, liquid mirrors  
Feel the floors, black hungry pools  
The ceiling above, malignant space  
The rooms around, gates to the void

Everything is true but nothing is real  
In this house of illusion  
In this dark-red church  
You will loose your pathetic soul

Disturbing angels everywhere  
(Are) Meeting with distorted lines  
Creating a twisting  
Abominable structure

Every corner is a piece  
Of obscure, unearthly art  
Small black gateways  
To the palace of the Worm

In every room you are prey  
To the hounds of emptiness  
The eyes of the Devourer  
Are watching through the window's glass

Space and time collide  
Behind close doors you see your past  
Beyond these doors  
There is no future... for you...