

## Beyond...

Callenish Circle

On your way searching tranquillity  
lots of images pass your mind  
Most of them are coloured black  
They disillusionize your mood

Your once beloved one has left you behind  
There is no way back, there is no turning-point  
It's like a curse spoken... on you

The end so near

Your diary's last pages filled with blood-red ink  
Telling your last destiny  
Heaven or hell...  
Your death cannot wait any longer

You climbed for her the highest mountains  
Filled her life with preciousness  
Thinking it would last forever  
What a fool you have been  
Believing she really cared for you