In His Room

Cemetery of Scream

In his room - an alien aura Glass-pipes ,mortars,golden vessels He knows all,but he must hurry Working on what seems so precious

He's gonna turn this steel into gold Applying magic and using his Stone The artefact he stole from the gods He'll pay the price - and he says:why not? Like any searcher, he'd never give up He keeps on trying to see what is what He sold his soul a long time ago He'll pay it back when death takes its toll

In his room - an alien aura Glass-pipes, mortars, golden vessels He knows all, but he must hurry Working on what seems so precious In the world he cannot enter Something strange is soon to happen And he had better find the centre Of this compicated pattern

Although so close, he ain't reached his goal Can't stop the race against the clock He's gonna turn this steel into gold He's got the key but it don't fit the lock His bleeding hands no longer feel pain Why must he do it again and again? Another move and another try The later answer - the sooner he'll die

He's aware of the things to come He should end what he has begun Wishes he could have more time

In the cards - a cruel future There is a crack across the mirror That's a very scary picture And it's slowly getting nearer In the world he cannot enter Something strange is soon to happen Will he ever find the centre Of this complicated pattern?