I never lived elsewhere than in dimensions of fear. My spirit is enthroned in a land of silently moving shadows where a deep red fountain keeps a thousand lakes of blood a thousand lakes of blood and the stairways to nowhere are the only hope the only hope that remains to the souls in this eternal realm of pain. Here it is no more a question of life and death, of life and death but of torment and of despair. Here lie the bodies of unnameable kinds tortured by soulless demons and worse.

Goodness reflects the light And evil bears the seeds of all darkness.

This is the only place I can remember in my ancient existence. And the gate, I am, the gate am I.. Goodness reflects the light, and evil bears the seeds and evil bears the seeds of all darkness. These are the mirrors of the soul, the reflections of the mind, reflections of the mind. So choose well, wanderer, for here lurk truth and damnation. It belongs to you To you and your imagination. Goodness reflects the light And evil bears the seeds And evil bears the seeds Of all darkness.