

Into the Cosmic Sphere

Eucharist

Night is crawling near
And darkness approaches on the horizon
The tops of the trees reflect
As shadows on this garden

The sight is getting misty
Cadavers rise from wide open tombs
Cold shapes in the air
And the seal is broken

The dead are brought together with the living
Uniting on their way to paradise
Escape from mortality
And touch the wastes of infinity

The seal is broken now
We leave this place of superstition
Into the cosmic sphere
Plunging through dark clouds

And head for completeness
On illusions shown in dreams
We leave this place of superstition
Into the cosmic sphere