

Reflections Of Doom

Immortal Souls

I dream...I'm in the forest at winter night ...
I see...in the ground a lonely grave...
Deceased...body lying in the dark...
It's me...

I wake up at the night in freezing cold.
In my eyes a vision from the dream..
I walk around full of fear....

I fall deep into my mind, into echoing darkness inside.
I balance on narrow string between reason and insanity.
What should I believe? Could this be a prophcy?
My sense still falling away I close my eyes and start to pray..
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Reflection of Doom...Blood Red Face of the Moon...Reflection of
Doom

...Shadows fade away as a bright light fills my mind...inside..
.
...Dawn of new winterday releases me from my pain...I'm saved..
.
...The power within me immortal soul that won't die...I'll survive...
...Belief grows in me Jesus Christ I have seen...He is real...

Fire burns in me with high flames.
Thoughts of death no longer frighten me.
I walk around without fear...

I tried to find the reason from life, somekind of peace of mind
.
Now I tear down the lies that have covered my whole life.
Watch me now believe. Consider this as a prophecy.
I am my own lord but up there is the one I pray...

Reflection of Doom...Blood Red Face of Moon...Reflection of Doom