

Dealing with evil, shaking the reaper's hand,
You sold him your soul, now he
seals your fate.
The poison in your blood soon took all control,
In the realm
of shadows, on the razor's edge you crawl.

The phantom's reflect in your
mirror;
The phantom of whom you were before.
It's not too late, turn back the
wheel,
And avoid this awfull fall.
The phantom's reflect in your mirror;
The
phantom of whom you were before.
It's not too late, time's getting short,
And
hard will be the road.

Black trip in hell through shadowland
Roaming
without aim through shadowland

Now, what's the use in your "search for
freedom",
You'll never be free addicted to the needle.
You enter this world,
the realm of the slaves,
The eternal fall, you dig your own grave.