

# The Reaper's Image

Nostradameus

Gazing at the paintings along the narrow hall.  
They're telling emotion with draws and colours.  
I see in my eye lids they're staring at me.  
Eyes filled with hatred that's piercing my skin.

Was the tale right, it will show.  
Gaze into the mirror and you will know.  
Fallen angle with no face.  
Is the keeper of hell's entrance.

Forged by a man, with an own soul.  
The mirror of death looks so strange.  
Don't go too close, don't go near,  
You will lose all you have  
Because the reaper's still inside.

Drawn to the mirror, drawn by its grace.  
Enchanting reflections are calling my name.  
God, I am curious, let's take a peak.  
I'm drowning in endless eternity.

Was the tale right...  
Forged by a man...

Fading, slowly away...  
Caught by the man with no face.  
Trapped in eternal flames...  
Caught in, deep down in hell.

The myth of the mirror revealed to be true.  
When looking too close, he is coming for you.  
Slowly appearing, from nowhere he came.  
And right there it was, The Reaper's Image.

Was the tale right...  
Forged by a man...