

No Passage for the Dead

Paradise Lost

Fear above, we fear below
Severe the jaws, I raise myself from my darkest woes

Ordeals of love, reveal the lows
Severe the cause, I turn myself from the prophets world

Break the chain, rise inane, fall to me
Rise again, fall to me

To read these words of a zealous god
Bleeding away streams of consciousness

Resist the will of all men of cloth
Freedom suppressed from the saddest depths
Chasing scorn away

Dominions of our guardian's dreams
Foreseeing all this flesh and blood
We try, no passage for the dead, we die

Break the chain, rise inane, fall to me
Rise again, fall to me