

Pagan Fire

Sacramentum

Lost, alone in the crypts of mourning
deep under a mountain of sorrows

Cold flames of melancholy
tearing inside of me.
Taste the bitterness
and feel the strength in pain.

So deep, so dark, so real
filling all my veins.
Wandering souls meant as one,
roaming around (illusion is) gone

Searching in my mind
But calm is not to find.

Come with me,
Follow me in my search for three
Fall with me through eons of despair,
to the sound of a million divine choirs.

Frustration leads my soul
to the desert of confusion.
Captured in a world formed by myself.

Cold flames of melancholy
tearing inside of me.
Taste the bitterness
and feel the strength in pain.