

## Behind what's I

Satariel

O, they are always there  
Waiting, knowing they'll become O, for as long as I'm here  
I can not escape - I don't even try to  
Staring at me from inside  
and smiling with me at the gaze around  
As they are the hell of my soul  
they also give me will of strife for any kind of goal  
They are the whores of my mind, mirrorshades, reflections of the  
dark of Assiah  
Filthy, yet tempting - I must summon them again  
so that they can spawn the daemons that I seek  
O, they are always there  
Waiting, knowing they'll become O, for as long as I'm here  
I can not escape - I don't even try to  
Taste the fear, numb in anguish  
Go high with the nightmare, so close to die  
With eleven broken bowls I fill up the well,  
as I invite the succubus to feed upon my soul For a moment I'm  
drained -  
a kliffothic shell, I've payed visit to hell  
Like Ishtar in the realm of Ereshkigal  
I will rise out of death as the sun of tomorrow  
Taste the fear, numb in anguish  
Go high with the nightmare, so close to die  
I am the god of my work,  
the work that depicts its maker  
In the anguish of creating  
I learn to know every face of Ge-hinnom