

## Vicious Circle

Vader

Necromancy, the rites of dementia  
See what the death looks like  
Souls from the limbo, coming with eternal flames  
Arrive into circle of trembling hands

No inferno but also no heavens  
No god on his golden throne  
Promised Eden turned into desert  
Empty space and dead remains

Spectral mouth tells hopeless truth  
In unknown words massacring the mind  
There is nothing after life  
What we can imagine now and here

Infinity full of posthumous nothing  
Greed of immorality  
Is only despair now  
Caught in the waiting for nowhere  
Selling the souls for oblivion's price  
"I must be immortal"

Nocturnal stagnacy as I burn my candles  
Sanity now dozes and waits for a day  
Nightly mares in their real dimensions  
No hope now...  
Soon I will die...

No inferno but also no heavens  
No god on his golden throne  
Promised Eden turned into desert  
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