

In The Arms Of Hades

Zemial

Black winged demons haunt the dungeons where the moment has no end

Unwept you shall be sent into the endless void of Tartarus
Below in Cimmerian ancient Temples your fate you will meet - I foresee

No warmth of Dawn can ever break the silence of the coldest Nights down there

Morpheus the Son of Sleep with mighty wings that make no sound
Invades thy Dreams with Memories, illusions from the House of Hypnos

The waters of Black Acheron doth echo through your mind
from waters you did come and now you shall go to the waters of Black Acheron!

The Seas of Sleep hold you in their depth
Distant screams; in Phlegethon there's only Death
Among the Sons of man move forever
Strange, silent, shadows...

This world, same for all
No one of gods or men has made
It was ever, is now and ever shall be an eternal flame

The Seas of Sleep hold you in their depth
Distant screams; in Phlegethon there's only Death
Among the Sons of man move forever
Strange, silent, shadows...

The Foghorn of Charon signs gently to thee
Resist not what is Law!
Bite hard thy fare and surrender
To the Bringer of Woe

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This world, same for all
No one of gods or men has made
It was ever, is now and ever shall be an eternal flame

The veil of Sleep now gently falls and never you forget...
Among your sons move forever, strange, silent Shadows,
Forever toward the Light.