

## 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

In the Arms of Hades

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.