

# Into the Cosmic Sphere

Eucharist

Night is crawling near  
And darkness approaches on the horizon  
The tops of the trees reflect  
As shadows on this garden

The sight is getting misty  
Cadavers rise from wide open tombs  
Cold shapes in the air  
And the seal is broken

The dead are brought together with the living  
Uniting on their way to paradise  
Escape from mortality  
And touch the wastes of infinity

The seal is broken now  
We leave this place of superstition  
Into the cosmic sphere  
Plunging through dark clouds

And head for completeness  
On illusions shown in dreams  
We leave this place of superstition  
Into the cosmic sphere