

Before the Seventh Moon

Gehenna

Brought by death to the edge of the abyss
Fiercelly thrown down into a void so cold
Darkness as you knew it is nothing compared to this
Going over the edge and into oblivion

On dark silken wings carried further away
To a place of sadness and tranquility
On a chariot of gold, the shade of a man
That before the Seventh Moon would give his heart and soul

Fire forever in the sky
Fire burning the sins of my past life
Fire torching my soul
It is my pleasure I will never see heaven

With a snake wrung around his neck
He leaves sadness alone in the night
Feeding on sorrow, figure in black
Hunters leave your home

"I do not believe in falling down,
nor waste myself struggling with this"

"Why do you live, why do you breathe,
When you know that from whence you came
You will soon return?"

"I am trapped at the edge of existence
And I beg, please cut these strings!"

Pit calling
Chills caressing me
Sight fading
I am home