

The Pentagram

Gehenna

Through every gate left open
Through every circle broken
Through incantation all death will commence
They will come, those of hell
Born of god

Before me I see the golden wastlands
This where I will be to greet them welcome to my world
You are to me the Lord of Dreams
O Lord of Death, let them sleep

At the ends of the pentagram
There will be a different night
At the ends of the pentagram
Darkness will be the brightest light

Behold, spectators of doom
It is time for us all to go
There will be nothing left

Nothing