

Architecture Of Exquisite Madness

Necromantia

Touch the walls, liquid mirrors
Feel the floors, black hungry pools
The ceiling above, malignant space
The rooms around, gates to the void

Everything is true but nothing is real
In this house of illusion
In this dark-red church
You will loose your pathetic soul

Disturbing angels everywhere
(Are) Meeting with distorted lines
Creating a twisting
Abominable structure

Every corner is a piece
Of obscure, unearthly art
Small black gateways
To the palace of the Worm

In every room you are prey
To the hounds of emptiness
The eyes of the Devourer
Are watching through the window's glass

Space and time collide
Behind close doors you see your past
Beyond these doors
There is no future... for you...