

Behind what's I

Satariel

O, they are always there
Waiting, knowing they'll become O, for as long as I'm here
I can not escape - I don't even try to
Staring at me from inside
and smiling with me at the gaze around
As they are the hell of my soul
they also give me will of strife for any kind of goal
They are the whores of my mind, mirrorshades, reflections of the dark of Assiah
Filthy, yet tempting - I must summon them again
so that they can spawn the daemons that I seek
O, they are always there
Waiting, knowing they'll become O, for as long as I'm here
I can not escape - I don't even try to
Taste the fear, numb in anguish
Go high with the nightmare, so close to die
With eleven broken bowls I fill up the well,
as I invite the succubus to feed upon my soul For a moment I'm drained -
a kliffothic shell, I've payed visit to hell
Like Ishtar in the realm of Ereshkigal
I will rise out of death as the sun of tomorrow
Taste the fear, numb in anguish
Go high with the nightmare, so close to die
I am the god of my work,
the work that depicts its maker
In the anguish of creating
I learn to know every face of Ge-hinnom