

Cemetery Of Scream

"Dolor Ante Lucem"

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The rows of the even planted old trees
Standing like the aged monuments of tradition
Passed on of the eternal rule of the light
Immortal stigma and the chains of brain

The fall is painin the trees in the colour of blood
Flowerbeds of fadded and dry flowers
Like the human-beings
Sentenced to the eternal estangement

Cemeteries plunged in the fire of sun
Bare and empty marble doms
Overgrown of moss and shrouts crosses
Are screamin' to heaven for a fear of the light

I'm standing at the gate of eternity
With eyes full of pain gazed in nothingness
Vileness and meanness - those are the earth kingdoms
The daily torment of egsistence comes again

Every part of a clock
Energy and stone
Is a part of destiny

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