

At The Gates "Souls Of The Evil Departed"

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floating away within dreams
from a thousand worlds,
my soul has left the spheres of man
for all time...
the rest of me
the rotten limbs and my bones
dwelling within
the sacred gardens of grief
while my mind is adrift
upon the seas of starvation
a tombstone is raised to mark
I am not forgotten
I remember faintly,
like whispers from beyond all time
the reasons for my death
but reason are part of life
and I am forever more, part of death
part of death
part of death
I greet you welcome
to the world of the evil departed
the neverending landscape of damnation
we were sowing the seeds of blasphemy
consumed by the burning flame of eternity
we were sowing the seeds of blasphemy
souls of the evil departed
all dwell here
in a number beyond counting
souls of the evil departed
souls of the evil departed
the memories are slowly eating away
at my shredded sanity
the yearning for life has vanished,
nothing left to live for
in this void
of lost souls and insanity
my existence
is a mockery

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