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At The Gates "The Fevered Circle"

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Each day a mournful pity Life looks upon you with scorn Hopes live, visions elude As your feeble breath is torn

Six sinister thorns of beauty The claws of the nondivine Our right to breathe Our right to bleed Forever denied

What some seek in the depths of the unknown Need not be sought so far Concealed it lurks behind The truth of what we are The truth of what we are

Bring it down

Each day a mournful pity Life looks upon you with scorn Hopes live, visions elude As your feeble breath is torn

Bring it down

What some seek in the depths of the unknown Need not be sought so far Concealed it lurks behind The truth of what we are The truth of what we are

Come on Bring it down

Each day a fevered circle Life looks upon you with scorn Six sinister claws of darkness Strip your flesh to the bone

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