

Closterkeller "Temple Of Time"

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Walls are my silent, dirty accomplice
And the ceiling is my holy and deep sky
On my knees in this solitude
I'm crying to be quickly purified
Within the walls of this secret
Gloomy temple
I'm dreaming, counting rosary beads
My sinful recollections are
Wine and bread on which I feed
I'm waiting for the one
Who shall come to save me
Now here I'm nothing
But I will rise high
I'm weak but power will be mine
Now a sinner I'll be a holy one
When the world
Shall change on his command
Within the walls of this secret
Gloomy temple
I'm dreaming, counting rosary beads
My sinful recollections are
Wine and bread on which I feed

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