

## **End Zone**

### **"S.O.D."**

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(Spirits Of The Dead)

Thy soul shall find itself crying alone

Mid dark thoughts of gray tomb-stone  
Not one, of all the crowd  
Into the hour of horror be silent in that  
Solitude which is not loneliness  
For spirits of the dead

Spirits stood in life before you are  
In the death around you - their will  
their will is overshadowing you  
Therefore you must be forever still

The night thought clear shall frown  
like wounded devil stars  
shall look right down at the graves

From their high thrones replaced in the heaven  
With light like hope to mortals given

As burning fever  
Which would adhere  
To you forever

Every thought will never banish now vision vanish  
From thy spirits shall they will pass no more  
Like dew from the grass the breathe the breath  
Of God is still mist upon the hill

Look how it moves  
Between the trees  
Riddle's mistries.

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