Candlemass "Through The Infinitive Halls Of Death"

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I know that my old life is ending very soon I'll lose my breath But raise up high or slow descending Death is a forecourt to hell, where the lost of humanity dwell

Through the shadows of my soul walking in an endless cave searching for a deep black hole to find my destiny or grave

Death is a forecourt to hell, where the lost of humanity dwell

Doomed to hell

Misery and death, pain and sorrow

The air was poisoned by the smell of burning flesh

I saw the beast

A great shadow surrounded by black demons

Satan he laughed as he saw me burn

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