

## Cemetary

### "In His Room"

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In his room - an alien aura  
Glass-pipes ,mortars, golden vessels  
He knows all, but he must hurry  
Working on what seems so precious

He's gonna turn this steel into gold  
Applying magic and using his Stone  
The artefact he stole from the gods  
He'll pay the price - and he says: why not?  
Like any searcher, he'd never give up  
He keeps on trying to see what is what  
He sold his soul a long time ago  
He'll pay it back when death takes it's toll

In his room - an alien aura  
Glass-pipes, mortars, golden vessels  
He knows all, but he must hurry  
Working on what seems so precious  
In the world he cannot enter  
Something strange is soon to happen  
And he had better find the centre  
Of this compicated pattern

Although so close, he ain't reached his goal  
Can't stop the race against the clock  
He's gonna turn this steel into gold  
He's got the key but it don't fit the lock  
His bleeding hands no longer feel pain  
Why must he do it again and again?  
Another move and another try  
The later answer - the sooner he'll die

He's aware of the things to come  
He should end what he has begun  
Wishes he could have more time

In the cards - a cruel future  
There is a crack across the mirror  
That's a very scary picture  
And it's slowly getting nearer  
In the world he cannot enter

Something strange is soon to happen  
Will he ever find the centre  
Of this complicated pattern?

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