

Cemetary

"Prophet"

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He had no eyes
He saw much more than us
Fire in his hands
Stigmata of the Universe

He came to reign
Over our dying world
Nobody knew him
And he knew everyone by name

There in his book
So many dates,so many fates
There in his Book of Death
Your final scream and my last breath
Mysterious signs
Symbols and scribbles everywhere
On every yellowed page
All in his Book of Death

He said no word
Yet we have to obey
His silent orders
We understood them very well

Inside the ring
Of cosmic energies
He shaped black matter
Using the strongest gravity

There in his Book
So many dates,so many fates
There in his Book of Death
Your final scream and my last breath
Mysterious signs
Symbols and scribbles everywhere
On every yellowed page
All in his book of Death

Stigmata of the Universe...
Cos he knew everyone by name...
We understood them very well...

Feeling the strongest gravity...

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