

Pessimist

"Into Deep Black Halls"

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All sanity's doom awaits beyond the given
And in the order of the sign of sin
You fall as the one misled
From where I stand, I can't see your reality
But you can see mine, in death and in blood

To not stand the ground you walk on
Means you have nothing to tread

A dawn praising the unholy three
Dead souls still cry and plea for sympathy
Their insecurity through loss of their purity
Makes them ours to burn

In a time before the hours of death

You close your eyes in lack of faith

A soul torn apart
Empty eyes betrayed by frail hope
As ignorance suffers from defeat
A malign star is cut into the face of mankind

To not stand the ground you walk on
Means you have nothing to tread

Unpure malice triumph reflects their misery
One by one they fall in the end
To where all that's pure and human falls...
Through winds of storming fire
Into deep black halls...

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