

Spiritus Mortis **"Curved Horizon"**

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The agarthian masters sitting in their throne room
In deep meditation watching the surface-world's doom
The greed of mankind turned the world into a disgrace
Now everything will be destroyed by the ancient
superior race

The purifying death blow beneath the earth's core
Seven deadly saucers rising through the ocean floor
No tears are she'd when the exterior world dies
Into the polar opening our vimana flies

Winter darkness I have faced
And the shine of the summer night
Now I have come down here
To the world of eternal light

The forbidden city Shamballah
Beyond the curved horizon
The shrine of the greatest wonders
I've ever laid my eyes on

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