

# Abigor, As Astral Images Darken Reality

Kometen sind brennende Seelen,  
Die zur Strafe durch den Kosmos ziehen men.  
Comets are burning souls,  
That have to travel through the cosmos for punishment.  
Nothing disturbs this transcendental harmony  
The only light that breaks up darkness  
Are the burning red stars  
Cosmic winds bear a waft  
Of a gigantic psychic force  
That the nineth dimension  
(colossal deep universe) holds  
And opens for me  
Desolation in purest shape  
Neither melodies nor cries  
Resound in this cold silence  
Nevertheless I feel the endless echo of melancholy  
No mountain, no tree, no lake  
But an endless wasteland of stones and ice  
Forms this realm where no king was ever born  
Because no life exists which can be ruled  
Here is the destination of my astral journey  
The only place where I find peace  
So I leave the world behind  
And replace earthbound grey  
To interstellar black  
I leave the world behind !