

# At The Gates, Windows

Eternal, now you live a dead lie  
Plague years, a walk down the trail of misery

Put fire to your soul  
Set it ablaze

A lunatic music, the end of flock kingdom  
Sheep, you thirst for our insanity

Windows, sharp, cold  
Wrap your psyche in blankets of pain  
No more light of day  
We're the windows to your insanity

Screaming, roaring, we'll alter your reality  
Dancing razors cut your sanity

Windows, sharp, cold  
Wrap your psyche in blankets of pain  
Fuck you, light of worlds  
We're the windows to your insanity

Reflections in the shattered glass  
Singing songs of blasphemy for your soul