

## Nocturnal Vision

Borknagar

The path was foreseen  
In a feverish dream  
and the riddle was shown  
To the seven year grown  
Reaching out for the thread he saw  
It would cut through his fingers  
As a razor sharp straw

Shaping the untouchable  
Embracing the none-existable  
It's force force drains  
Slide into forever

Surface to surface  
Nothing between  
Faling forever  
The illusion has been  
But a fragment of time  
On the thread of life

None shall pass  
This fiery wall  
None shall pass  
No, none at all