

Transcendence

Crimson Glory

The snow was gently falling
A white mist filled the air
I hear the cold wind calling

Something's waiting there

I stand alone in silence Upon the mountain high
I'm waiting for the spirits

Eyes upon the sky

They whisper in my visions They haunt me in my dreams
They've shown me worlds that shimmer
And peaceful fields of green
Try to find your sky
Your world within yourself

In death I've found the answer In death I live again
Fear not the reaper's blade

It does not mean the end
It does not mean the end
It does not mean the end, no

It never really ends