

Trapped by a ripped sky
obscure supreme of my existence
...lying in a cold stone
I feel the frost in my veins
I see the external mist
rising from the frozen lake

An ancient claw is tearing the dark wellkin
by winds the earth is raised
Beyond my eyes towers of fallen stars
coming of dominus herald
Lands of forgotten sorrow
will be reborn upon this world

In this sight I find my call conquered by these visions
I feel omnipotence
Dark... will strike my sensations

We will soon be wrapped in obscurity
Smooth path strewn with flowers
The pale sun does his vain rite

The pale sun does his vain rite
Shadows become longer
Reflections of a dying light go away

Ye veiled moon appears
Queen of Tides
Radiate my soul
of your undying power

Trapped...

Let me enter your dreams
Let me corrupt your heart
Draw your essence from me
and you will be one thing with eternities

...is tearing the dark welkin...

And snow covers branches of ancient woods
Silent observers of hidden events
annihilating each glimmer of life
making eternal space and time