

When The Twilight Set In Again

Asgaard

As through the mist I saw your face
Blood on the cross on the white rags
In the silence
I heard your voice
Glass of pain in the devil's land
Blow of wind in the gothic castle
Scorn of suffering close in hatred
When the time of death has gone close
They sing the praises to their lords
Stars were falling deep in the darkness
With the hope for immortal life
But they will rise again
When the dusk will call the memory

The souls removed the world border beyond
Where people exist only like shadows
The meadow of nothingness which is decoration
In the moonlight
In the landscape of immortality which is
Seen with eyes of thirsty hearts
The reality is seen the dust of suffering
and wait
When the twilight set in again