

Sanctuary

Before the Dawn

Doubting my existence
Or more precisely the cause
What was the solid foundation
Upon where I built my life
How did it turn out to be an conviction
How come I can't see behind the bars
Each door is sealed, every portal is fasten
By the demons of the dark
Once more I gather the bricks for the wall
And build a safe house
A home made of stone
A place to hide
A sanctuary sealed from the inside
I have longed the voice of silence
I have been cherishing the sound
Of the voice so profound and cold
That no notes are left to be found