

The Cold Grip Of Terror

Crimson Moonlight

I carry a longing, a yearning stronger than words can tell..
I carry my sword, my emblem of victory,
in this chaos I flourish...
I believe. My dream is the loveliest dream.
Just the wish to have it fulfilled is enough.

I watched my step when I entered the narrow path..
I saw and I understood...
Its goal lies beyond the black fog, beyond the cold grip of terror.
To reach the goal I have to walk a long way,
have to tear my flesh on the sharpest thorns,
have to squeeze my staff so my hand gets cramped...

Through weird depths of bloody tranquility,
through darkness, pain and chaos..
through still, serene silence...
through the lashings of icy rains...

Suffering...Is it a challenge, a divine trumpet?
Day and night I lay there knocked to the ground.
Scars and wounds were my constant company...
The taste of cold blood woke me up from my restless sleep.
The heat of fire burnt my hands, stiff with cold,
when I tried to make them warm.

Sackcloth covers my body
And I've had to lower my horn in the dust.
My face is flaming red with tears,
and death has painted my eyelids shadowy black.
And this although my hands are free from violence
and my prayer is pure!

My days are gone, my plans are shattered,
gone what was once my heart's desire.
I wish to change night for day.
Daylight would be near now when darkness breaks in.

No, I know Thou will carry me,
Thy presence is greater than the darkest agony.
Thou, the only one. My fortress.
Thou alone are immortal...
Covered in glorious majesty
Thou alone are the Lord's anointed.
The darkness recedes, 'cause the true light is already shining.
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