

Nightfall by the Shore of Time

Dark Tranquillity

A shimmertrace of divinity lost
in the beckoning midnight vault
(We are) lulled within the wake
of a cold November's nightfall

Nightfall...

A communion of life and eternity,
of Races scattered in the depths
of the universal dark

Above us minds went sailing free
and blossomed in the vast nocturnal sea

Paragon of beauty,
Oh, spark of Creation;
We march to the rhythm of the Night

Starborn flew the Dove of Man
in the eventide of life,
whose wonders crowned
our yesterdays with light

Fire - Earth - Water - Wind

We lived beneath the waning moon of truth
And danced in hunger for the Powermind
(of Youth)

Like the dark to a dying Flame;
Sweepingly embracing its grieving remains
Defiantly blazing the black that awaits
Counting the days 'til the new Age awaits

Times' lustful cyclones arise,
Piercing the fairest of Skies
In elysian awakening of spiritual glory
we see what our history belies

Meadows of Asphodel
Burning in the hunted dawn
Tragedies die among fiery flames
as the firewood of Wisdom is sawn

Our Guardians were blind
My lightbringer ephemeral

Within the heart of all;
A cold and dusky melancholy night,
as ever sullied the fair face of light

Whose seeds of life they grind
To dust, of vapour is our mind
...evermore

Paragon of beauty,
Oh, spark of Creation;

We march to the rhythm of the Night

Nightfall by the shore of time,
a tidal wave of fire and woe
Swept away with the last of life
the core of the enigma as bestowed

Our crystal spirits melt to flow
the mountainside along
To join as one with seas of old
in symbiotic songs:

"Communion... Within the Oversoul
of the Universe"

We are but fragment of Eternity,
pale shadows of what we'll once be

In life's outer regions I will find
the foremost Tranquility
Chanting the odes of Magonia
A soulstream in flight to the Otherworld

...to the Otherworld