

## Through Ebony Archways

Dark Tranquillity

There is a silent man in a tower  
Mute in a blinded world  
Yet words dance on virgin lips  
Freezing the winds of blood

Clad in layers of darkest velvet  
Drenched in the gloomy light of dawn  
...All Black

And in his wait for the grand finale  
Standing atop of the stairs  
From dawn to dusk his heart's a blaze

Uncovering words from an obsolete state of mind  
Sharpen them! Turn them into arrows!  
Descend into grief - Without a bow no arrows fly  
...Bitter Black

Passing through the ebony archways  
Hand in hand with the wisdom of stars  
Wisdom dressed in blackest array

There is no man in that tower  
Walking the shores in black  
Bitter frost now bite the walls of hope  
No traces in the sand...