

Nebularium

Disarmonia Mundi

our life is sometimes
a story set in a game level,
we never leave until the will dies
if our credits were forever
forever...

and now the time has come
I feel so weak
I was weared out by the wander
and I can't believe
answer's here
in this silent shadow

all's silent in deepest freeze
flowing back I see
the steps of my history
and their immobility

people flowing, looking on
and never turn back
deepest dreaming hypnotized
our steps give rules to time

alone in a crowd, likes of me
shadows fight against shadows of time
alone in a room the end I can't see
I cry, just leave me alone

it follows near behind
alone against the shadows of time

I hear his breth of centuries
millennium-old heart pulse
be my nebularium
save my life from its hold

I slowly turn my look
there's a mirror behind
an old man in the reflection
the shadow is me