

Nostalgia

Epica

Dying slowly, all alone
Hope is gone, the seeds were sown
Another day without a touch
Another dawn with only dusk

But sometimes it rewinds me
To the bliss of languid dreams
To my precious memories
To the mysteries of all I'd never seen

Dying slowly day by day
And every colour fades to gray
I walk the walls of hell's abyss
With every trail, I will persist

But sometimes it rewinds me
To the bliss of languid dreams
To my precious memories
To the mysteries of all I'd never seen

Why can't you hear me?
Release me
I'm forgotten and buried

And sometimes it rewinds me to
the innocence that pulls me through

But sometimes it rewinds me
To the bliss of languid dreams
To my precious memories
To the mysteries of all I'd never seen

And sometimes it rewinds me
To the place where the fires burning
And sometimes I can daydream
That I'm free
But its just a reverie