

Let the fire burn
And the ashes drown your past,
Let the rain fall down
And wash the ruins of your life

When the wind is blowing
It dries the sands of decades
A new growth is born
And it is ready for a new flame

At the moment of silence I feel like I am the one,
Who was chosen to stay and find out where this all begun
Fire is burning me
Desire to set us free

The choirs of glory
Have now turned to silence,
The sound of the aeon,
The arias of the oldest ones

Once so beautiful a flower
Has now lost its blaze,
The young fallen child
Is now sleeping so pale

At the moment of silence I feel like I am the one,
Who was chosen to stay and find out where this all begun
Fire is burning me
Desire to set the beast free

The wild stream of time is surging...
It's flowing free...
It has a grip on me...a grip on you...Eternally...

The dark dreams of the past are calling with agonies...
They are haunting me...haunting you...Eternally...