

# The Shroud

Excalion

In his sign  
You will see these golden letters  
Make sure that no one enters  
My mighty high house

During the years  
Every desire slowly walked in  
Decorated walls are talking  
Of riches and fame

And now he can tell  
When your heart is made out of gold  
It's going to weigh like hell

Ever wonder if all was worthwhile?  
Seen through the haze?  
You never found  
Pockets in the shroud  
Hear the thunder and brimstone raining  
The rats in the race  
They never found  
Pockets in the shroud

What is left  
Not so much of children's stories  
But a basement full of worries  
Deep underground

Once long ago  
All the crossing roads were still there  
When your hair has long since turned silver  
There is no return

Who would have believed  
A fool had built a house out of  
The years he left unlived

Sky is coming down  
Lightshow and the bitter rain  
Echoing sound of pairs of boots  
They are walking up a hill  
On the borderlines of sleep  
On such a day  
It is fine that it should rain