

## The Land Beyond

Gothica

From the rugged mountains,  
Down to the valley,  
Amongst the fresh clouds  
Which cross my body,  
The wind doesn't let me breathe  
And I dream of dying.

Everyday I want to enjoy  
That sensation of mystery  
Which I perceive sometimes,  
So strongly,  
It swells my heart,  
Forgetting that there's no going back.

Delicious dream erases my fear  
Of the end which is coming.