

Shadows of the Past

Graveland

The monuments of the ancient glory enveloped by the
wind

The light dances among stone columns

Hidden memories are silent

As long lonely shadows

Red mixes with white

Cold light strokes stone wounds

Sleep deeper than the abyss

Sleep with no dreaming

The sun will rise and the dawn will come

Where the wind hides its secrets

Written in the book that never existed

Written in the language that no one knows

They still walk the forests of stone columns

The thousands of years old stones

Coming from the deep shadow

Disappearing behind fiery red mists...

Silent impassive shadows

Shadows of the past distant ages

Caught into the invisible cobweb

Made by the Atlantean witches

No one knows where they come from

No one knows where they wander off

No one remembers when it started

No one knows when it will end...

The bridge of cobweb

Swings on frozen columns

The abyss holds out the arms

To steal the dreams of the passing wanderers

They say this way has no end

It leads to the place of no return

Where the hidden secrets of destiny

Are protected by the monuments of the ancient glory

Haughty monuments of the ancient glory

Will tell you no more