

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