

Undercurrent

Ihsahn

Quiet surface
Blurred reflection
Heaven's mirror
Calm awake

Like glass until it breaks
Like glass until it breaks

Peaceful silence
Pressing void
Moving shadows
In the melody

Like glass until it breaks
Like glass until it breaks

No ships set sail on this ocean
No longing gaze from the shores
No screams drown in this deafening storm
But echoes of remorse

A formless driftwood sculpture
Soars above the sunken towers
Of this broken, long-lost kingdom
This wrecked Atlantis

Now behold the premonition
The golden crest of waves
The globes of crimson fire
As the ocean drinks the sun

Deep, deep down
The mouth of pandemonium opens wide
Deep, deep down
When its not that beast
When its not that beast
Not that beast