

## The Third, The Magical

Kalmah

I've been searching some answers concealed in my heart  
The spirit within  
I've been hunting those secrets with my deepest bottle  
But have found none  
So I need a deeper diveâ?|

With the screws on my lips  
I am falling down  
Into the king's sea

Feel the rope winding in me  
And feel the touch  
Of oblivion  
Now I'm floating

There is no way out, diving deeper down  
In my memories  
All the losses and all the minor joys  
With affectation

This rope around me tightens again  
And I wonder who I really am  
Who I really am?

The third day, the magical  
A way to believe I'm born again  
The third day, the magical  
A way to believe I'm born again

Waves of unconsciousness lulling me to sleep  
In my own whirlpool  
And the fear of sobering up  
Is lurking around

But the rope around me tightens again  
And I wonder who I really am  
Who I really am?

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