

Curse or repayment
Truth or illusion?
(In my) noble asylum
When dark hours linger
The sinister silence
Is bowed into millions of tears

The sweetness of sound
Turns to raging thunder

A deadly serenade in the moonlight
The bringer of pain
Like fear on a silver plate
I am frozen, betrayed by myself
When will this end?

Same old pavilion
A different appearance
Is playing messiah
All good was taken
A thorn made of silver
Abandoned my will to go on

The sweetness of sound
Turns to raging thunder

A deadly serenade in the moonlight
The bringer of pain
Like fear on a silver plate
I am frozen, betrayed by myself
When will this end?

Life is a flower
Fading away
We are not destined to stay
Love is forever
The spirit is free
Time is a borrowed gift for you and me...

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Everything comes to the end !