

Behind The Glass

Kiuas

In my dreams I'm slowly ascending
the stairway that leads to strength
though I know that my soul is descending
down the path that is dark and filled with sorrow
it is the road many young men have travelled
and surely I will follow

I'm building the strength inside
so that my soul soon like the Phoenix will rise
from the ashes of my true self
which burned in the flames of my own private hell
hell that was given form
by the sick god that lives inside me
he said let there be darkness
and sure as hell the darkness would be

All my dreams have gone to waste
like a stone thrown into a lake
I just want to greet the morning sun
but my endless night has just begun

Staring through a wall of glass
from a cold and empty room
every night I have a dream
where I see myself with you
breaking through to the other side
to the raise of first born light
from behind the glass
where I'm trapped inside

Within my darkest hour
I created my realm of shadows and fear
which I ruled alone
like a failed king whose end is near
but now since the smoke has cleared
the dust that shoved me has settled down
I will leave my empire of despair
cast aside my painful crown

Soon the walls must start to break
my true self will become awake
Soon I hope to greet the morning sun
I'm so misraised to carry on

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