

The Storm

Noumena

Morning dew reflects the light through windowpane
In a while the time goes on and all will decay
First rays of sun they speak of agony and gloom
A thought of serenity before impending doom

Gathering forces, marching onwards to the eye of the storm
The signs are beckoning towards the moment of reckoning
In the eye of the storm that is gathering in horizon

Roaring sound of thunder wakes us from our silent sleep
Rotten harvest of destruction solemnly we reap
Earth will burst and tear apart and buildings will burn
Everything that's left behind, will we forever yearn?

Marching on to the eye of the storm
The storm that wakes us from the sleep

Guitar solo: Tuomela

Now that life has ceased, what is the point of being sad?
Soon enough we'll forget everything we had
In moment of uncertainty there's one thing we know
The constructs will decay and seeds of life will grow

Marching on to the eye of the storm
The storm that wakes us from the sleep