

The tales untold are true
Spirits of water circle above you
As you trespass the side of the fall
Drawn into darkness
Drawn by the call

Breathe in the night
An October insight
As you can see grey is not white
The land of the bleak has never been black
Once we are here we can never get back

Rain without end
This is a dead run
Desperately lacking the light of a sun
All it can be
A dead world revealed
Only to those who can never be free

Lost in the halflight
No colours appear
They're only a story, not even near
What is really the seemingly eternal fight
To dwell within this lesser kind of night