

When the flame inside you burns out
A gust of cold wind freezes your breath:
A prelude for the Dark Hand
To catch your soul,
you can imagine will happen to all

It comes dressed in shades
From the silence of nowhere
A black face without a face
Its Dark Hand points at you
A deep voice echoes around
Listen to the call:

Come with me, follow me
Let your pain behind
Don't be afraid to step
Into the silent land where
Twisted souls dance with the dark

After you've left behind
Your chances and dreams
You realize and ask:
"What does it mean?" putting aside
Your problems and please
Will take you away from the following days