

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