

Cries From A Restless Soul

Sacramentum

In a deep dark forest,
In solitude I'm having my rest.
In the deep dark ancient,
where my blood not will be frozen,
I hear the silence whisper
my name in ancient tounges.
A voice from the past will follow me
until the day I die.

The less alone I am the more alone I feel.
Still hoping to final something of my kind.
Melancholy shadows fills my heart and eyes
and a flame from the past burns my soul.
As shadows in a world of this betrayal light
a world which was never meant for me.

In a deep dark forest,
In solitude I'm having my rest.
In the deep dark ancient,
where my blood not will be frozen,
In my lonely mortal wondering,
darkened by burdens.
Emptiness is ruling
the sombre mind of mine.

When time cease to be,
my soul it can be free.
Kept alive be hatred, all alone.