

## Far Away From The Sun, Part 2

Sacramentum

In a land of clouded dreams I travel,  
riding winds over ancient paths.  
Soft melancholy voices whisper  
over places where no one ever laughed.  
Cold icewinds sweeps my weightless body  
over the bridge to unknown lands.  
The fog was think before me,  
As I felt in to the unknown realms  
the darkness had fallen before me,  
as I saw my body fall into the ground  
I am far away, I am far away from the sun...