

Mighty forests speak  
of tales that have fallen into oblivion.  
Shadows of ancient mountains  
is reflecting the past.  
On the shores of infinity  
I crawl in the bleeding froth,  
where traces of my forefathers  
still are visible after their wandering  
towards the unknown.

Obsolete tears and forgotten wisdom.  
I know the past ancient intelligence  
of supreme black arts  
Behold what eternity shows our mortal eyes,  
violet gleams upon the night sky.  
I cry the obsolete tears.

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In to the silent desolate dead spheres  
echoes of wisdom, nothing but tears  
buried in monuments of purest gold.  
Secrets of the universe oh so old.

Into the midst of the elder ones lair,  
spiritual wisdom floats in the air.  
The portal is open,  
leave the mortal life behind.  
The unknown is known,  
incredible thoughts.

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