

Lost, alone in the crypts of mourning  
deep under a mountain of sorrows

Cold flames of melancholy  
tearing inside of me.  
Taste the bitterness  
and feel the strength in pain.

So deep, so dark, so real  
filling all my veins.  
Wandering souls meant as one,  
roaming around (illusion is) gone

Searching in my mind  
But calm is not to find.

Come with me,  
Follow me in my search for three  
Fall with me through eons of despair,  
to the sound of a million divine choirs.

Frustration leads my soul  
to the desert of confusion.  
Captured in a world formed by myself.

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tearing inside of me.  
Taste the bitterness  
and feel the strength in pain.