

Deafening screams of the ones
Who shape one world, one experience
Their burning shadows cover the earth
With pictures from the mist...
Exhibitions...

Risen from the lands of Xul
The lowest forms of life and death
Celebrating the mist

With the voice of the elder we are speaking
With the seven tongues of god we satisfy

...Our mind's darkest eye...
And time passes by...

...Faster then it ever passed before

And the greedy generations
Have just fulfilled their need

And slowly shadows cover the earth again...

...Taken pictures from the mist...
Slowly shadows cover the earth again...

With the voice of the elder we are speaking
With the seven tongues of god we satisfy

...Our mind's darkest eye...

...Taken pictures from the mist...