

Lonely thought about a void
that feels so close
A lonesome phantom shivers
from the coldness around
You are watching the chaos
with broken wings of crystallized glass
Blood is falling like branches that breed
For every time your heart pound

Weak and sad, All that occurs
will blind you
Like a lightning from the sky
Weak and sad, The Death
will come to us all
Impressions burning like fire

Beating rain that cuts through your
skin like knives
Only shivering shades of red and black
You glance out on the scene that gives
you a feeling of elation
Everything is so silence and calm now
'til the second you hit the ground

The clouds are slowly falling down
towards the red edge of the horizon

You are asking yourself over and
over again: "where did everything go?"
Torned and injured but no one can
hear your lamentation

The mist appears from the field that
you are standing on
Mourning tones performed in agony
Cold, you are trying to find warmth, in vain
Loneliness spreads its wings around you
Where you stand on your mound