

## Cold Beneath the Sun

Soulfallen

The strike of midnight  
All is silent, all is Hell  
The dream evades us  
In this endless nightmare cell

The stones lie forsaken  
Only shadows here collide  
Once more the world has turned  
And left its children aside

"Even the crows have long since fled these tombstones..."

The crows have long since fled these tombstones  
No fresh meat left for the beasts of the earth  
Our throes have led us to new dimensions (of death)  
Further away each day from joy and mirth

Lightless is the path, on this forlorn trail  
Bleak are the days, full of death and travail

After battles lost that no one won  
Still cold beneath the Sun

Our woes have long since fled these tombstones  
The last signs of life left on this earth  
Echoes resounding through empty halls and thrones  
Deeper each day into our monstrous birth

"Further away from joy and mirth  
Deeper into the arms of this monstrous birth..."

Despite the promise of fire  
Still cold beneath the Sun  
Depths of this Hell transpired  
Our salvation remains undone