

## Echoing Voices (A Cold Breeze of Death)

Thulcandra

The silhouettes wither in the dimming light  
Faces turn into masks unknown  
A hunger awakes in the wandering mind  
Memories of an ancient anger rise

A change of the paradigm  
Dwelling in the darkness  
A cold breeze of death  
From the hidden ground

At the horizon, invisible - A movement in the mist  
A lurking eye - Glowing in the night  
Echoing voices, distantly - Whispering silent threats

Pale beings in the ghastly silence  
Bloodstained hands fade in the night  
In the shades the fears return  
Along the graveyards of morale sight

The souls are mere prey of darkness  
When the laws of light are no more  
Surrounded by the true primal sin  
They fear the return of the forgotten