

...Of Ruins and a Red Nightfall

Tristania

Life gains intensified pain to ascend within me once again
Woe strikes through radiant light
A quitus has conquered thy eyes
The sequel of life
Arising grievance rage through the eyes
Of our existence a thousand times
The strife drawn hither as a daydream ascendancy
In life we wither like laurel leaves in winterwinds
Lurk far between
a pale destiny drawn from the past
Enclasp my wrath in the prophecy of thine
Perchance to dream...
Day of ire prithee behold the haven of life
Perchance to dream...
Day of ire prithee may daylight draw thy veils aside
Summon the winterwind in which I walk
Enter the morning glades of a fallen deathwish
Summon the starlight gloss in which thou rage
Enter the mourning shades
Call out in vain for thee again
Perchance to dream...
You're my dancing queen behold the haven of life
Perchance to dream...
Day of ire prithee may daylight draw thy veils aside
A strike of angina
Enthralled by the night and the shades at thy side
A star of riddance rage through the sky
Grant me thy visions... bequeath me life
Through times of yearning... on a path of indignity
No longer burning... at last this life's circuit I leave