

## The Passing

Tristania

Feel, my hands are turning cold  
Time will fill this endless void  
As the fires light the sky  
At safe distance  
I see fear  
Chasing my deliverance  
I cross the burning  
Borderline  
I close my eyes  
But still I dare not sleep tonight  
This rhythm I pass on  
See the land it's carved upon  
See my fate for what it is  
In your eyes it's a loss  
Or victory  
Facing my deliverance  
Across the border  
Fleeing my  
Affliction and  
My treason  
My sweet misery