

A part creation should always be gone
The part where the dead ever dwells
Hidden between the dream and the nightmare
Not meant to be brought forth to life
But reopened portals has appeared for a night
In reach for all those who seeks
The mystery behind the scenery of time
The visually dead but not gone

Through many midnight
Searching the only key
The missing part in history
The dark grey epoch

A session for darkness to cross over skies
Of aeons still closed towards life
Using the midnight passage to link
The coming and gone into now
Clearest vibrations are felt in the air
The contact with a circle of ages
Seen are the shadows, the whispers are heard
A monotone pattern of words

Slowly stalking into the night
In a dark grey mist of an epoch
Known to some, denied by many
But not found in thousands of nights
The lost chapter in history has been reached
The pages are turned forth
But time shall close it once again
The secrets be concealed

Through many midnight
Searching the only key
The missing part in history
The dark grey epoch