

Closterkeller, He Comes When The Night Falls

Books of lore of the ancient times
The letters all glow
I give up my body and mind
He comes when the night falls
The right words were called
He comes when the night falls
I make out new forms in the dark
And slowly the light dawns

Not a toy, it's not a toy at all

Suddenly I start, petrified
So naked and small
The hot touch pushes all fear aside
He comes when the night falls
He comes when the night falls
I don't fight at all
And I give in to the dark force

I raise my hand and Heaven stands open
I raise the other, Hell now gathers form
The latter wins, and I approach the door
I'll die right before
Behind I'll be reborn!

Not a toy, it's not a toy at all

I all but kneel and pray in the sun
He comes when the night falls
For the first time I sing out to God
To come
But what for?
Cause when the day gives way to night
Desire burns all fear inside
Darkness lift the veil from the eyes
He comes when the night falls

Not a toy, it's not a toy at all

I raise my hand and Heaven stands open...

Not a toy, it's not a toy at all