Crimson Glory, Transcendence

The snow was gently falling A white mist filled the air I hear the cold wind calling Something's waiting there I stand alone in silence upon the mountain high I'm waiting for the spirits Eyes upon the sky They whisper in my visions They haunt me in my dreams They've shown me worlds that shimmer and peaceful fields of green Try to find you sky Your world within yourself In death I've found the answer In death I've found the answer In death I live again Fear not the reaper's blade It does not mean the end It never really ends