

# Epiclore, Fields Of The Beyond

Until the time I'd be crossing the line  
oblivion leaving the certain things away  
This is the sign I've been longing to find  
Don't want to wait until there is nothing to say

Ashen and black are the leaves of the fall  
during the nightfall, dance of the shadows I see  
Out from the mist came a silent call:  
angel of glory accepting ascension for me...

Flowing through the hands of time  
strong is the legacy taking me where I belong  
Judgement bell begins to chime  
Quietness I'll be encountering from this day on  
on the Fields of The Beyond

Neither despair nor depressiveness  
cover the gates to the holy land of the free  
Days of the past are now meaningless  
this is a start of a life in purity

Flowing through the hands of time  
strong is the legacy taking me where I belong  
Judgement bell begins to chime  
Quietness I'll be encountering from this day on  
on the Fields of The Beyond

Estates abound in the men  
who've finally come to tranquillity  
I am now one denizen:  
Sometimes the meaning of life is unbound:  
I know there is one yet it is to be found  
Pursue the path and and it leads you and guides through hell...

Flowing through the hands of time  
strong is the legacy taking me where I belong  
Judgement bell begins to chime  
Quietness I'll be encountering from this day on  
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