Gregorian, The Forest

Each time the bell tolls
I feel inner change
Crossing the bridge
From the weak to the tainted
There we will meet with the true sires of her
Calling up spirits of love and desire

Slip through the dark
As my bones turn to rust
For there's nothing to keep me
From what I've become.

Let the darkness
Keep my secret
Will she hold me
Till the dead of night
Till the fall of might.

Punish me now
For my world is surrounded
With inkblots of madness
and cold empty halls.

Will the forest fold me in her wings
Keep me silent strike the daemon within
Find my solace in her weary arms
Then I will be saved by the night
No longer slave to my mind
Sweet redemption

Suffer the screams as I walk through this land
Suffer the empty regret by my hand
Conquer the mountains I moulded with tears
Retrace catastrophe now burning clear

Punish me now
As my bones turn to rust
For there's nothing to save me
From what I've become.

Will the forest fold me in her wings
Keep me silent strike the daemon within
Find my solace in her weary arms
Then I will be saved by the night
No longer slave to my mind
I will be saved by the night
No longer slave to my mind
Sweet redemption