

Katatonian, Shades Of Emerald Fields

Dancing through the silent waves
The shimmering moonlight
Over lost angels remains

Whispering through gloomy halls
Beneath the gentle soft caress
Of dreaming shadows

Flowing steams of silver
Through tidal torrents of grief
Time was never there for us
The final tide took the last ones away

Buried visions - of sunrise
Beneath the seas - of torrid soil

Slowly sinking - in the mire
Shades of - emerald fields

Our eyes can't stand the flames
Single sparkles hiding in our palms
They linger before dying away
Fading from our sigh
Loathsome are the ways of those
Who the meadows shall receive
For every glimpse of daylight must vanish
And every soul submit to tide