

Keep Of Kalessin, The Black Uncharted

Fortified and concealed
In layers of leaf-thin safety
Where the trails of burning gold
Cross upon the black uncharted

When all waters were one water
And darkness not yet bleached by light
From before man set foot on any soil
One source
Cold experience

You can never flee
From the fate of your mortality

Touched by the cold
The elder among the old

A touch of the black
Opening of the eyes

A vision of clarity
Cold infinity

Cross upon the black uncharted
Formless the shape in the sky

Black through glass night
Horned mastery
Cold infinity

All hope lays waste
Faith lays dead
No value in a crown of sticks
Spiritual is the reward
For your victory
Awakening!

A touch of the black
Opening the eyes

A vision of clarity
Cold infinity

Cross upon the black uncharted
Formless the shape in the sky

Black through glass night
Horned mastery
Cold infinity