

# Penitent, The Endless Spheres

I walk among the withered graves  
Through the corridors of time  
Halls cast in iron and stone.  
I speak through the darkness of my soul,  
I see a flame flickering in a distant corner

Like the beacon among the stars,  
upon the nightblue sky  
Far away on tracks unveiled  
Beyond the treasures of history

Whispering to me... as the wind among the trees  
With the tone of the soft, complaining flute  
Thine eyes mirrored in chaos  
Exposing thy very self

In the night I shall come to you  
An image by your thoughts created.  
A child born in thy mind  
Created by the illusions of life

So far away from reality  
All are forsaken  
Take a step through the mirrored halls  
The corridors of time.

Voices echoing  
From the walls screaming  
Telling tales lost in time  
Torment in ages we dimly remember

A distant light shimmering  
As one walk through the catacombs  
Into the endless spheres  
The rays enlightening the void of life

Echoing voices in the dark  
Oh How the wounded cries  
Twisted voices never fade  
Resounding through eternity

No describing words  
Into the endless spheres we float  
Entranced by the beauty of the tormented spirits  
By their grief touching my heart and soul