

Sacramentum, Far Away From The Sun, Part 2

In a land of clouded dreams I travel,
riding winds over ancient paths.
Soft melancholy voices whisper
over places where no one ever laughed.
Cold icewinds sweeps my weightless body
over the bridge to unknown lands.
The fog was thick before me,
As I felt in to the unknown realms
the darkness had fallen before me,
as I saw my body fall into the ground
I am far away, I am far away from the sun...