

Sentenced, Epic

(now flee...)

I flee...back to the time when man was true
I see...life as it was meant for me

On this trail I meet my ancestors
On this trail I find their wisdom
From the wall of frozen time I see my own reflection

Born...in the wrong century
Torn...to a wrong reality

A winter chill - A frozen, dead reality
A blackened will - A strange, macabre certainty

Pagan roots!
Heathen life!

...if life was...EPIC!

My heart belongs to the past
- I feel attraction for the night -
my mind to the ancient times
- I view this life like a lifeless rock
I want to be trapped under ice
within my peaceful glacial tomb
Far from the epoch of trend
In the Aeon of Frost - In league with the North!

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Our northernmost hearts don't belong to this world...