

Sopor Aeternus, Only The Dead In The Mist

Old, senseless thoughts half frozen in loneliness,
faster and faster we're spinning in circles;
imprisoned in pain, floating without sound,
the death in the mist aimlessly wandering around.
Our sad eyes say: "We have lost our view!"
Dead souls without rest, the graves are lonely and cold.
But the promised peace I'm afraid we'll never find,
for this place it lies so far
beyond the cruelest light...