Abyssaria, Ghosts Of Silence

When days begin to breathe shorter and the unbending frost creeps through the woods When primitive strength seems to be perfect then you can hear the silence

We are all surrounded by them They are day and night, life and death They are the sovereigns of our presence Awake, awake with new power

When the songs of birds are fading away And the previously pleasures of mankind Oh when all these are lying down to rest The the silence begins to live

All whispers in the wind from the ghosts of silence Into the pristine woods they lure frightened is the mind but clear

Don't deny their existence because staying silent let they upraise The ghosts of silence Arise, arise into this world