

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