

Aeternus, Sentinels Of Darkness

Gazing at the landscape, after all you'll find my fellows
there, on the tranquil traces of my white, clear land. No need to fear
opening the gates to travel, it comes so nearly
to make you feel the glorious side
Feeling free, diving into times you'll never forget, hunger for
freedom, in the silence of wintery nights, spirits herald. The wind comes
The light loses significance, throughout the night
Owl singing the dead song inside the forest of dusk uncontrolled desire rising
from above the heart strength is near to haunt you
Coming to touch your soul. Heed to the harmonious song of wise owl.
All fear fading away. By hearing the hoarse cry.
Take a look as the mighty wind will bring the flood washing your pain
takes your sorrow to far away face of the old trees glorifying the land
Calls to spirits made before you time for joining with the long breeze of day
when the wind scars the bleached faces, of the snowy land,
cold scent of the wind, brings the truth from behind different sides.
Hear them calling for precious spirits to fly dreaming the truth
sets your soul free takes your body once breathing the death surrounds you