

Ancient Rites, Dying In A Moment Of Splendour

Ich umarme die Finsternis
Seit dem Tag an dem meine Reise began
Always embraced the Dark
Since the day my journey began

With length of time
We gain a step in knowledge
With length of time
A step closer to Death

(However)

J'ai plus de souvenirs que si j'avais mille ans
I have gathered as many memories
As if I have lived a thousand years

Only choice left
Is to die in a moment of splendour
Ultimate this experience shall be
Echoes of melancholy
Are haunting my dreams

Dying in a moment of splendour

Echoes of melancholy
Are haunting my dreams
Waiting this inevitable event
Of ultimate splendour
The time when Death shall arrive
As a welcome companion

Although immortality it is I always craved
But so tragic yet divine it must be
When ending in beauty
As there is nothing grander left
To reach out for
While a larger than life experience
Is achieved

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