

Borknagar, Ad Noctum

Swept in a distant dream, I am bound
As a cunning waver trapped in it's line
Facing the cold, stuck in the mould
The magma here under makes fire seems cold

And I've been down below
And I've been high above

From flaring field of fiery formations
The sub dimensions aflame
Like a havoc in black when the force turns back
The surface tears open spills blood from it's cracks

The cause of the essence sharpen the lines of dimensions

I am raised by the fields, by the highlands
The minded mountains of old
Where the river starts roaring I roam
Where the wind comes moaning I wander alone
AD NOCTUM

The course of the essence sharpen the lines
Of the dimensions I am trembling between
The inner cause of the utter cause
Reflections of the core

The furious nightmare of reckless erosion
Falling and climbing
A loop of convulsion
An eruption of evil takes form (it is I)
What once where shattered is gathered
Stand tall aim towards the night
AD NOCTUM

The course of the essence sharpen the lines
Of the dimensions I am trembling between
The inner cause of the utter cause
Reflections within the core

Fire burn wisdom in me
Wisdom set mind and spirit free
Moonlight show me the mysteries of life
Winternight give me clear sight and storms to fight