

Borknagar, Nocturnal Vision

The path was foreseen
In a feverish dream
and the riddle was shown
To the seven year grown
Reaching out for the thread he saw
It would cut through his fingers
As a razor sharp straw

Shaping the untouchable
Embracing the none-existable
It's force force drains
Slide into forever

Surface to surface
Nothing between
Faling forever
The illusion has been
But a fragment of time
On the thread of life

None shall pass
This fiery wall
None shall pass
No, none at all