

Dies Irae, Sculpted In Stone

The time has gone
And everything looks old,
The clocks have stop
Life could be reformed.

The past returns
With anger, fear and war,
Evil comes to bring the world
It's berserk force.

Maybe it will kill all our faith,
All our gods,
Or maybe it comes to take
Our lost souls.

Hardening my bones
Like a lonely bath
That embraces my wounds.

Oh grateful darkness
How can I evoke you?
Stairs to the sky
Of a black forest ride.

Whispers float
Frightening my bones
Like empty words
Like a maniac noise.

My soul could be
Sculpted in stone
And stay alive
In a forbidden land.

The past returns
With envy, greed and lust
Evil comes to bring the world
It's life restored.