

# Doomshine, Where Nothing Hurts But Solitude

the calm behind the storm I ride into the sweet dreams of low tide  
clouds of illusion ease my pain, carry warm rain  
delusive visions out of range, indecisions choke the flame  
I am the ruler of this land with gold in my hands,  
gold in my wounded hands

out of the day into the night into an immaterial flight  
I leave the region of despair, breathing warm air  
I move beyond the doors of time, a healing landscape hard to find  
dance invincible in there, my innermost lair

solitude, in solitude, my certitude  
where nothing hurts but solitude  
all alone, view from below  
execute the trivial rules, who`s the fool ?  
where nothing hurts but solitude  
touch my soul, I`m flowing low...

cosmic sanctuary, like a morning breeze on a summer day  
deep in the spirit`s sea  
tranquility, a voyage in swell scenery  
I recreate (create) I recreate  
lurking to revive the secret dreams of mastery  
silent fall of cries, reconquered energy  
native ecstasy, cryptic engines yield intensity  
never near the end  
hold the master key, imprisoned virtuality  
antagonizing the suffering, the suffering  
lurking to revive and arcane I retreat  
lead me back to life before I see... the light

the cruel eye of the storm inside into the nightmares of high tide  
the antic of reality laughs at me  
like on the dark side of the moon  
I`m forced to shake the hands of doom  
fragile slave in servitude, fear of solitude

where nothing hurts but solitude  
my last home !