

Eloy, Lost? (The Decision)

Now I am lying down on this killing floor
who is behind the door?
The midnight shadows, they are heavy leaning at my hollow shoulder.
I grow colder
Loosing time
Look at my hollow shoulder
seems that I am growin' colder

Am I really lost in wonder
wasting my time, overstrain my mind
want to be down yonder

Now I must raise stop hiding my face
stand up and glide across the border
of picturesque disorder

I'm prepared for to fight
now time is quite alright
to enter the dark labyrinth
and meet the ever blowin' wind
Here I come!
Start to run!