

Empyrium, The Blue Mists Of Night

...and many a moon shall rise...
and lead me into the cold embrace of the night
Here we drown in our grief, drown in an absence of light.
Here is no shelter; no escape from our heart.
Entwined in this tragic embrace I fear and bemoan to depart.

When the shadows fall, and the sun sets in us all...

Just silent hopes remain and the aching grief that grows into a bottomless vale I fall
O, I give myself away... Away!
Far away!
To this dim and misty place.

My heart reflects the night...
Languid moonshine I bath my skin in thee
O may thy beauty be revealed in me.
Silent winds, whisper to me thy songs of solitude and joy