Graveland, Runes Of Rise

The path leads me through the night I search for ancient signs The light of my torch, can't pierce through the darkness Dead shadows rise from the light They surround me, and I hear the voices that are calling me in a long forgotten ancient tongue The path leads through the fog I follow the traces of old secrets The cold and frost penetrate through my body I hear music in the distance, the sound of sad old melodies. I'm surely not alone here, some one is behind and ahead of me Someone is so close, but yet so far away My dream is mixing with my consciousness The thick fog grabs a hold of my senses and the road that I'm following is still long. Voices of ancient wisdom call me from trees The path leads throughout the night I follow where it takes me Voice and instinct embraced in my blood Soon I'll find the truth, which is hidden in the nightly fog. Nightly phantoms tantalize me In the darkness I see fires and, ancient warriors bow down above them. Their shadows move with life ancient strength will awaken them, from their long sleep... Anceient strength which I will find... and return from night to the light