

# Raintime, Apelron

When the flame inside you burns out  
A gust of cold wind freezes your breath:  
A prelude for the Dark Hand  
To catch your soul,  
you can imagine will happen to all

It comes dressed in shades  
From the silence of nowhere  
A black face without a face  
Its Dark Hand points at you  
A deep voice echoes around  
Listen to the call:

"Come with me, follow me  
Let your pain behind.  
Don't be afraid to step  
Into the silent land where  
Twisted souls dance with the dark";

After you've left behind  
Your chances and dreams  
You realize and ask:  
"What does it mean?" putting aside  
your problems and please  
Will take you away from the following days