

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