

Sabbat, The Voice Of Time

Soaring with the winds I'll rise
Grieving with my heart, I cry.
Torn between the love I find
Waiting on the other side
Memories begin to fade
Haunting me endlessly
Sorrow felt by those who mourn
As I adopt my ethereal form.
Descending from the mortal coil
The spiral track from which I fell
Can it be you I hear
Whisper on the wind
The anguish will uplift
With the voice.
The voice of time.
Thine own soul still true to thee
Endorsing heartfelt miseries.
Like the dark to a dying flame
Departing as the shadow came
In days to come you'll fly with me
Joined in effervescent sleep
Shrouded by the cloak of night
Coalesced as one until twilight.
Descending from the mortal coil
The spiral track from which I fell
Can it be you I hear
Whisper on the wind
The anguish will uplift
With the voice.
The voice of time.
As the years pass
Your thoughts I caress
In solitude
In solitude.
Torn between the love I find
Waiting on the other side
Memories begin to fade
Haunting me endlessly.