

# 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.