

Sear Bliss, Far Above The Trees

Fright calls me from beyond
By the lip of a faceless man
I'm waiting to glide his voice to my
Neverending dark

To feel my body
As the icy wind touches
The memories of ancient ones,
The memories of heroes
Which were reduced to ashes under the fullmoon

I fly towards you
I feel the dying grasp
Of your untouched heat

I'm waiting for her voice to show a sign,
The way as the picture of eternal fire and power
To shine my light, because it is I

I fly towards you
I'm waiting for your comfort
In the path of the far voice