

Skyclad, A Room Next Door

I stare at fading visions now much fainter than before
Of the faces gathered round me and the clock upon my wall
My loved-ones stand in mourning but the china timepiece laughs
As it counts away the seconds (it knows all things must pass...)

From darkness into light
Still in my mind but out of sight.
No longer held by space and time
I cross the fine dividing line...

That separates the dear departed from their final breath
The moment when my weary soul is born again in death
No longer flesh my carnal cage can keep me here no more
I leave my cell of shadows for a brighter room next door.

I fracture the shell of this solitary hell
Embrace the unknown as my friend
Mortal barriers falling (the white light is calling)
This wheel of life spins without end.
So up from the ashes a pheonix I rise
On a cord of fine silver my tired spirit flies
To a 'quickenig' foetus (the new infant cries)
A bright spark ignites with each old flame that dies.
The cycle continues - incarnate once more
I embark on a journey I've travelled before.

I separate the dear departed from their final breath,
The moment when your weary soul is born again in death
No longer flesh your carnal cage can keep you here no more
You leave your cell of shadows for a brighter room next door.