

Swallow The Sun, Plague Of Butterflies

"[I. Losing The Sunsets]"

Cold was the air that the evening wind brought
Silent and so quiet were the woods
On the eve of that night.
Don't know what I stayed there for so long,
So long that I could hear that voice.
The whisper we all avoid.
Sound from within, the quiet truth

I felt my blood slowly turning cold,
Turning cold from waiting.
Hours I spent there awaiting,
Hoping for someone to come.
To silent the voice that felt like thunder

Erael is the light, the white light.
In the chill of my world, she is the one.
She brings the butterflies, pure light.
When ever she comes by
The darkness steps aside

But I felt my blood turn cold.
Hours I spent there awaiting,
Watching the light fading

You're losing the sunsets, you will never get them back.
The days you spend in loneliness are seconds in shades of black

Winter was cold, but summer is even colder.
Nights have been longer, they have made me much older

You're losing the sunsets, you will never get them back.
Every night you spend in loneliness are years in shades of black

Years pass, but has time stopped on me?
Morning always arises with vaster pain
And then it is sunset again

We weep the winds for your loneliness,
Choir of broken dreams for the love you had.
But now she walks forever lost in gray and woe.
She's not forgiven, she's the one for winter to own.
Not yours, old man, never again...

she's the one for winter to own...

"[II. Plague Of Butterflies]"

Silent people walking by.
They are leaving, again someone is living.
They don't seem to be well,
Quiet death on their faces

Buried a few of them today,
The children and the old by the road.
I could give them shelter but they decide to go...

Village is empty, dead, cold, empty
Only frozen bodies greet my arrival.
Tortured by the plague, a ghost town.

But her face I could not find.
I searched for her in the woods again

And kept a light on my window, for anyone to come.
But when even the trail of dead ended by the road,
I gave up waiting, hoping.

In this kingdom of my loneliness,
On this throne of my thoughts

Maybe I'm the old one, sheltered by these woods.
And when I lay my body to rest,
I watch the ballet of shadows.
Dancing through the flame of a candle.
Taking me to sleep...

But the night trembled my heart,
For black wings moved upon me.
Hoping for my time to come,
I closed my eyes and took a deep breath.
But like every night before, death did not come.

The wings, they moved and danced.
As a butterfly, they kept dancing,
Dancing around my candle.
But why are you here when Erael is lost still?
(But why are you here when Erael is lost still?)

The morning came with its cold caress.
I curse your light for waking me again.
The candle burnt down, and the burnt wings beside.
Is this a sign of Erael, I arise

I opened my window, painted by thick ice,
Took a deep breath and whispered her name in the air

The freezing summer burned my lungs again
As I walked through the snow.
Looked deeper into the woods,
And the trees waved their heads in sorrow

"[III. Erael 10:00]"

Cold, oh so cold is this air that the night brought.
Silent, too quiet are the woods in the eve of this night.
Once again I lit the candle on my window
And... and waited, waited for the sleep...

Erael, my dream has been so alive,
And this plague has cleansed this world for us.
So please, release me now

Sink deeper to your loneliness
And you will lead her to your grave.
She's lost in gloomy light
Still trying to hold her flame.
You're losing the sunsets and you'll never get them back
This life you spend in loneliness is forever in shades of black.
Wake up, old man, let it go, let it go...

Was it a weak sound on my door that woke me up
Or the trees sheltering me from the night?
I kept my eyes closed but still felt the light,
And the room was filled by butterflies

I rose with my heart beating.
For the weak hope of the midnight's hour I prayed
And opened my door to the winter night

And she fell...
She fell to my arms.
In tears I carried her
And laid her down to sleep.
Her eyes frozen from the thousand nights alone
She trembled and whispered

"I was lost in the woods
And the trees kept me away from you
For I brought the plague with them
With the butterflies"

Hush now and let it go.
Close your eyes now.

And we drift away, together away from the pain,
Deep in this sheltering night, to a forgiving dream.
Until one minute past midnight, the room was filled.
Filled only with butterflies.