

Tacere, Excursion

Dark is the colour that weaves the midnight sky
It oppresses in it's beauty it seduces (the) chaste of life

Light is the colour to dress the lady of the snow
It's a white delight that easily is lost within the storm
How could ever these two be joined together at all:
Light and dark, the filth, the grace, the unborn grey is the cost

Fly through the starlight over all the frozen sky
All virtues and the lust, placed inside this downcast grace
Into the mists of dusk, through the shades of grey we fly
Bring me back my will to live, never let me go

Fly through the starlight over all the frozen sky
All virtues and the lust, placed inside this downcast grace
Into the mists of dusk, through the shades of grey we fly
Bring me back my will to live, never let me go

Fly through the starlight,
Over frozen sky