

# Valley's Eve, My Last Breath

Worn out I'm lying in my bed  
My head is filled with emotions  
I hear the hands of the clock and feel  
The coldness conquer my body  
Now it is noon and the sun is shining  
Through the window in my eyes  
Then I saw the man on the black horse  
I have never seen him before  
And now time is standing still Who are you? I asked him  
He was silent while riding  
Towards me a plain black cloth all  
Over his head and body  
He's coming near and nearer  
And my eyes are paralysed  
With the blood on his hands I see him escape  
My eyes are closing, my soul is rising over me  
And the hands of the clock down My last breath  
last breath  
My last breath  
My last breath