

Arwen, Alone

In a darkness full of dreams
In a light without hope
prisoner of the shadows
for something that you don't know
when it began

It's a sphere which I can't discern
What's illusion and what is real
Faithlessness and doubt, they are my guide
In a world where I am blind

Painful, frozen tears, fall down to the ground
and they break up from your fear...
memories in the air
they are fading away through the time

Voices around your head
trying to wake you from this nightmare
day dreaming flying high
but you are really falling down

It's a sphere...

Painful...

Without consciousness
fighting against yourself
waiting for your last dawn

Riding though your mind
Infinite lost tales,
convinced that your piece
of heaven, never turns to dark