

Doomshine, Where Nothing Hurts But Solitude

the calm behind the storm I ride into the sweet dreams of low tide
clouds of illusion ease my pain, carry warm rain
delusive visions out of range, indecisions choke the flame
I am the ruler of this land with gold in my hands,
gold in my wounded hands

out of the day into the night into an immaterial flight
I leave the region of despair, breathing warm air
I move beyond the doors of time, a healing landscape hard to find
dance invincible in there, my innermost lair

solitude, in solitude, my certitude
where nothing hurts but solitude
all alone, view from below
execute the trivial rules, who`s the fool ?
where nothing hurts but solitude
touch my soul, I`m flowing low...

cosmic sanctuary, like a morning breeze on a summer day
deep in the spirit`s sea
tranquility, a voyage in swell scenery
I recreate (create) I recreate
lurking to revive the secret dreams of mastery
silent fall of cries, reconquered energy
native ecstasy, cryptic engines yield intensity
never near the end
hold the master key, imprisoned virtuality
antagonizing the suffering, the suffering
lurking to revive and arcane I retreat
lead me back to life before I see... the light

the cruel eye of the storm inside into the nightmares of high tide
the antic of reality laughs at me
like on the dark side of the moon
I`m forced to shake the hands of doom
fragile slave in servitude, fear of solitude

where nothing hurts but solitude
my last home !