

Dying Wish, Mist Of Void

The night is about to arrive
The light is no longer bright
Dreams cannot rise any higher

When the setting sun is sighing a last
Above the vast plain
A lifeless bird falls onto the ground
There is silence everywhere

And soon the time will cease to be
And we'll get finally there
The missing parts of our destiny
Turn up and complete the way

The night is about to arrive
The light is no longer bright
Dreams cannot rise any higher

Traces once we left behind
Are devoured by burning flames
Our names won't be engraved
In the great book of time

When the morning fades out
In the condescending thick fog
Our one last word can be heard and then
There is silence everywhere

Tragedy born in the mist of void
Chilly wind blows straight into our faces
Tragedy born in the mist of void
Chilly wind screams straight into our ears

The nightfall covers this abandoned
Landscape like a satin veil
And the vanishing shape of daylight tells
How far we were drifting