

Tacere, A Voice In The Dark

In the leafy shades of a wildwood,
reflections of a distant light
A tempting celestial song
calling into the light leading to the sky

Somber, so very intense, kneeling to the ground
Gripe the soil! It turns into dust.
Desperate fingers grasping, nothing.

Escaping the vision so horrid
Wandering through a meadow of grass
On the misty ground sits a raven
Staring silently in despise, it speaks:
Denizen of demons path, inhabitant of ground at last
Never fear the horned pact,
be a part in the immense essence of life!

We are the organ pipes of living frailty:
A voice in the dark, so strong yet so fragile
Now touch the serpent's tongue and feel a true relief!
The flower must wither, the flower must die

We are the organ pipes of living frailty:
A voice in the dark, so strong yet so fragile
Now touch the serpent's tongue and feel a true relief!
The flower must wither, the flower must die again