

Haven't we come this long, long way
From the center of the earth?
Did we not greet every single day
With a scream since the night of our birth?

Only in our dreams do we dare to hope and wait
And we drink from Lethe's well.
We listen to our sighs as they slowly fade,
Like the chimes of a mourning bell.

Lives and ships have been shattered
By the iron claws of the sea.
Did they ever really matter?
Is there no one that hears me?

The fog is much too dense
And I can't find
Anyone.
We grope about as we dance
But remain blind.
Where have we gone?
Where have we gone?

Our memories are fading with the endless years
And what used to be true beyond doubt:
That someone could exist in the outer spheres.
The world rests under a shroud.

With no substance interfering
There are no echoes left at all,
And the sounds keep disappearing.
No one ever heeds the call.

The fog is much too dense
And I can't find
Anyone.
We grope about as we dance
But remain blind.
Where have we gone?
Where have we gone?

We've been drifting in the dark, uttering noises,
Knowing that our strength will wane.
Will an echo ever come from the voices
Or must we wait for them in vain?

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