

Through Ebony Archways

Dark Tranquillity

There is a silent man in a tower
Mute in a blinded world
Yet words dance on virgin lips
Freezing the winds of blood

Clad in layers of darkest velvet
Drenched in the gloomy light of dawn
...All Black

And in his wait for the grand finale
Standing atop of the stairs
From dawn to dusk his heart's a blaze

Uncovering words from an obsolete state of mind
Sharpen them! Turn them into arrows!
Descend into grief - Without a bow no arrows fly
...Bitter Black

Passing through the ebony archways
Hand in hand with the wisdom of stars
Wisdom dressed in blackest array

There is no man in that tower
Walking the shores in black
Bitter frost now bite the walls of hope
No traces in the sand...