

The Land Beyond

Gothica

From the rugged mountains,
Down to the valley,
Amongst the fresh clouds
Which cross my body,
The wind doesn't let me breathe
And I dream of dying.

Everyday I want to enjoy
That sensation of mystery
Which I perceive sometimes,
So strongly,
It swells my heart,
Forgetting that there's no going back.

Delicious dream erases my fear
Of the end which is coming.