

The path leads me through the night
I search for ancient signs
The light of my torch, can't pierce through the darkness
Dead shadows rise from the light
They surround me, and I hear the voices
that are calling me in a long forgotten ancient tongue
The path leads through the fog
I follow the traces of old secrets
The cold and frost penetrate through my body
I hear music in the distance, the sound of sad old melodies.
I'm surely not alone here,
some one is behind and ahead of me
Someone is so close, but yet so far away
My dream is mixing with my consciousness
The thick fog grabs a hold of my senses
and the road that I'm following is still long.
Voices of ancient wisdom call me from trees
The path leads throughout the night
I follow where it takes me
Voice and instinct embraced in my blood
Soon I'll find the truth, which is
hidden in the nightly fog.
Nightly phantoms tantalize me
In the darkness I see fires and,
ancient warriors bow down above them.
Their shadows move with life
ancient strength will awaken them,
from their long sleep...
Ancient strength which I will find...
and return from night to the light