

Lord Hypnos

In Flames

I lie in your soothing arms, lord Hypnos
your garment alive with your song
I lie in your soothing arms, lord Hypnos

Steep the spiral to your far abode,
in the wake of slumber, on visions I rode
and fell like history through the chasm of ages
into the charged, forbidden zones

How I have searched
through a million worlds and faces
yet unaware, I have not found
my own true face, traceless and profound

So, find me in these grandiose halls
where long ago summers eternally fall
and tune the strings of truthful longing
to the frozen music of gods

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar" (cometh from afar)

Hypnagonia's lucid horizons
I play with the yearning I've quelled
as I strike towards the Pantheon
and what therein is held