

Echoing Voices (A Cold Breeze of Death)

Thulcandra

The silhouettes wither in the dimming light
Faces turn into masks unknown
A hunger awakes in the wandering mind
Memories of an ancient anger rise

A change of the paradigm
Dwelling in the darkness
A cold breeze of death
From the hidden ground

At the horizon, invisible - A movement in the mist
A lurking eye - Glowing in the night
Echoing voices, distantly - Whispering silent threats

Pale beings in the ghastly silence
Bloodstained hands fade in the night
In the shades the fears return
Along the graveyards of morale sight

The souls are mere prey of darkness
When the laws of light are no more
Surrounded by the true primal sin
They fear the return of the forgotten