

Sad Fog over Sinister Runes

Vomitory

In dream of darkest grief
I see the thoughts stand as trees
As crimson scars are breaking through
The frozen skies where I have my moon

Through the dark I try to walk
Where no one can hear the words I talk
A wind of cleansing cold caressed the mournful sight
That was my last
Glowing before my distant eyes a livid moonlight seems so wise
Haunting every thought that passed in beckons me
To seek the vast

Sad fog over sinister runes

All the dim is clear for me but still I can not touch what I see
The glade I have reached is calm and cold
All the hidden should be told
But where is relief now when I am here
When I am come through all these years
Grey veils lies before my hands where the runes of my fate stands

Stalking through the ended nights
My funeral fire shines to the skies
I burn into ashes to meet my moon
Through sad fog over sinister runes
The flames caressed me into mist, extinguished my thoughts to resist
An abyss opened under me, sorrows gave me to my dreams
Now when all paths back are lost, I can feel the falling frost
Forever to be shunned inside remembrance which is not mine

When thoughts are cold and all horizons ends to glow
My shadows melts into a silent lake
Where frozen streams shall flow
All I see is light above that vanishes through the dim
Now I close my eyes into the past
To drown through the dark and grim