

Hymn of Solitude

Winterstorm

Travel the darkness lose all the memory
Cube lies aside with no energy
Searching the pockets find in a paper note
Signs are familiar their meaning remote

Unfold the cube and use the infinite form
Unleash the might the real winterstorm

Search - go find the truth was the quest
Lost you are close to the top
No getting to the crest

All alone
Bound to the dice
All are
Bound to the dice

Three different fates
Time is that waits

Echoes are howling muted through dissonance
Trying to warn them with diligence
Trying to numb them trying to ease the pain
Every effort will be in vain

End of the journey found what they're longing for
Still they don't know what's inside the core
Trapped in a time warp repeating itself it seems
Trapped in this prison guiding their dreams