

Trapped by a ripped sky  
obscure supreme of my existence  
...lying in a cold stone  
I feel the frost in my veins  
I see the external mist  
rising from the frozen lake

An ancient claw is tearing the dark wellkin  
by winds the earth is raised  
Beyond my eyes towers of fallen stars  
coming of dominus herald  
Lands of forgotten sorrow  
will be reborn upon this world

In this sight I find my call conquered by these visions  
I feel omnipotence  
Dark... will strike my sensations

We will soon be wrapped in obscurity  
Smooth path strewn with flowers  
The pale sun does his vain rite

The pale sun does his vain rite  
Shadows become longer  
Reflections of a dying light go away

Ye veiled moon appears  
Queen of Tides  
Radiate my soul  
of your undying power

Trapped...

Let me enter your dreams  
Let me corrupt your heart  
Draw your essence from me  
and you will be one thing with eternities

...is tearing the dark welkin...

And snow covers branches of ancient woods  
Silent observers of hidden events  
annihilating each glimmer of life  
making eternal space and time