

I called my son to Manala  
To see the Land of the Dead  
At night I crossed the bridge of dreams  
To meet my flesh and blood once again  
I took him to the Lightless Lands  
To a vale in the Iron Mountain  
To the banks of the Silent Stream  
To the mouth of the Cave of the Dead

An empty castle stood in the back  
A humble hut on its yard  
A gray door on the humble hut  
An iron lock fixed on its door

Together we crossed over the bridge of dreams  
In the borderland  
All left undone, in death, we had made complete  
In the borderland

Father came to me in the night  
Crossed over the bridge of dreams  
Took me with him to Manala  
To see the Land of the Dead

Together, we crossed over the bridge of dreams  
In the borderland  
All left undone, in death, we had made complete  
In the borderland

Together we entered the keyhole  
And we straddled over the black latch  
Opened the door of the hut  
Woke up those who dwelled in the castle

A gray door on the humble hut  
An iron lock fixed on its door

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In the borderland  
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