

Alone in the darkness,  
I hide from the light.  
The dark is my fortress.  
So cold... the night.  
I've kept the tradition  
My fathers held-high.  
The past is my prison.  
'till the day I die.

So indicated, and yet - so obscure.  
Is everything fated ?  
How can I be sure ?  
Fear's been my kingdom  
And hate's been my course.  
I followed a blind-path;  
Blood-stained, with no remorse

I see shadows! Are they...  
Faces of the past ?  
I hear voices ! Are they...  
Calling from the past ?

Alone with conscience,  
I ask myself; Why...?  
But answers are hard to find.  
I can't break-away from my pride.  
I only did, what I was taught to be right,  
As my father would have done.  
Let "History" be my judge,  
When I'm long-dead, and gone.

I see shadows! Are they...  
Faces of the past ?  
I hear voices ! Are they...  
Calling from the past ?

Father! It's turned so cold.  
I see shadows! Are they...  
Faces of the past ?  
I hear voices ! Are they...  
Calling from the past ?