

Echo of Souls

Coronatus

There will be a time
There will be a life
When I'll find your good soul again
Now death will take mine
But you'll be my wife
When we'll meet one far day again

I remember this scene
On a sunny winter's day
So cold, but we've been outside
Little brats we've been
With miserable pay
So often no bread to bite

I remember it too
We stood at a shack
The shack built on stilts was our home, our home
I felt ice cold winds blow
And heard someone clack
So we crawled 'neath floor planks on all frozen loam

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I spied through a crack
Of the oaken wood floor planks
And saw a worn woman walk
Maybe she's my mother
Or maybe someone else
No memory exceeds this stalk

This is my memory too
From under those planks
Our stepmother could have been seen, has been seen
By the orphans we've been
My memory has blanks
However, our love was virgin and clean

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We had to drudge hard
In this former life
You had to dig deep in the mine, in the mine
The next morning, they said
That you will not come back
The tunnel caved in, was certainly thine

In darkness I'm dreaming

And I dream of yesterday
Forever, I'll fall asleep
And my soul will echo
This message out to you
The last thing I need to keep

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