The snow was gently falling A white mist filled the air I hear the cold wind calling

Something's waiting there

Eyes upon the sky

They whisper in my visionsThey haunt me in my dreams
They've shown me worlds that shimmer
And peaceful fields of green
Try to find your sky
Your world within yourself

In death I've found the answerIn death I live again Fear not the reaper's blade

It does not mean the end
It does not mean the end
It does not mean the end, no

It never really ends