

From beyond, out there the wall
Silent twilight is slowly fall.
Walls of live, are hit the prayer
It crumble down, inside my liar.
I am in hurry, time is flying
Veils of sorrow take my death word
God is playing, with chant of mankind
Lost illusion...of mortal season.

How many dreams I can relive
Sliding along the hill of time.

How many curtains I can arise?
With this cold pain that burn in my cry.
How many curtains I can arise?
When sigh of sadness, deadly in my writhing.

From behind
The final drama, is near to me
Walls of live, are hit the prayer
it cover my tear stiff.

How many dreams I can relive
Sliding along the hill of time.
I can not see...but writing...
I make ones reason for don't cry.

This is my secret world
Where I dream, when I die
This is my secret word
Where I paint, while you dream...and kill.

To write about you, for ride the endless
When your red flowers, protected my sadness
To write about we, forgotten garden
Where trees of death wood, it pierce my spirit
Turning pages, I can relive, and change the tale
Turning pages, I what believe and pray ones again.

Reason, reason, there is not reason..
For living for living in trough the prayers
Shining darkness, ever in me
I am sliding along the hill of time

What is the price, for things I lived
I can't know show...no.

This is my secret word
Where I dream, when I die
This is my secret word
Where I paint, while you dream and kill.

Ones upon a time there was. And then, it will be there.
Stranger cold wind, just blowing on my hill...