

Gone Epoch

Elvenking

Long before the age of Golden grace
In a frame of time between the sphere of space
I existed in a far universe
Innocent vague memories
Lost in Red Mists

Little Fragments of serenity
Scents of grass and sheer liberty
We were young brave little champions
With our sceptres made of canes
Ruling our plains

Times I yearn for, never to return
They breach the veil of memory
Waters of black, never to get back
I feel again our sinless youth

Like riddles of stars we were lost in a reverie
Told in a song, blown in a melody
Long ago in a time that is no more, forlorn gone epoch

Shades of laughter echo and resound
In a whirl of magic back where she was drowned
As I try to catch and hold their luminous wake
I get lost inside a maze
And no way out

The past is alive, it is where I thrive
I hope to see her smile one more time
A euphony in black, when my heart has cracked
I see our virgin ways of old – oh, I miss you so

Like riddles of stars we were lost in a reverie
Told in a song, blown in a melody
Long ago in a time that is no more, forlorn gone epoch
Like ghosts in the fog we are lost in a memory
Pale shades of what we could've been in a thousand years
Long ago, with hearts that decomposed, goodbye dear Ethel

Like riddles of stars we were lost in a reverie
Told in a song, blown in a melody
Long ago in a time that is no more, oh
Like ghosts in the fog we are lost in a memory
Pale shades of what we could've been in a thousand years
Long ago, with hearts that decomposed, goodbye dear Ethel