

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