

Congelia

Enslaved

Let me become the other
Who is also myself

Behind layers and layers of ice
Muted and long forgotten
I am leaving this body behind
I am leaving this body to die

Why is it; we never notice the distance
Before it is too late?
I am leaving these songs behind
I am leaving our songs to die

Mistook the voices of others
For my inner guide to the stars
I am leaving these dreams behind
I am leaving my dreams to die

I've been the one who listens
Now I'll be the father of wars
I left my body behind
I left myself to die

Given and screaming
As the times have come
When the seed un-plants itself
And the trees have no fathers

Those few golden, undying
Hearts are those of secret sons
And the secrets of the Sun
Are those of daughters asking to...