The Silence

Gates of Ishtar

Astral skies, burning with embrace Fourth of the flames, lost with the winds Storms from the north like a calling blaze

Whispering your name
Condemning your sins
Dance with the shadows
In a landscape of ice
Water and wind clutched by king frost

Silence, winter silence

So the storm from the north Has losts its flames forever The call from the mountain top Can't bring you back again