

The Mystical Words of the Wise

Root

Blown by Time they rest at the very bottom of Ages
But they are not forgotten as it looks like.
In deep eyes of the most famous Magi
The Words sparkle - the Words of the Wise.

During the sleep like Black Butterflies they'll come flying
The old secrets they whisper to us.
The Magis Words out of the Space springing
Glowing fog - the Silver temple.

Covered with dust, bones of the old Wisemen
Sing a song of their ancient ancestors.
The Magi understand the mysterious words
They paint Signs - the parchment turns yellow.

But still we are at a deep sleep
We don't know the Words for waking up.
The Beam of Eternity makes us sleep - why ?
The mind is alive - cold frost.

But one time the Mystical Words will come to life
(Men en dag vil de Mystiske Ordene komme til live)

wake up the Demons break the peace
(vekke Demonene bryte freden)

The Butterflies will fly away, the Knowledge will stay
The monolith of Wisdom will shine through the night