

## Mystic Places Of Dawn

Septicflesh

They lasted as long as a spark shines  
But their shining was so bright  
That it was caught forever  
In the spectre of time.  
What was a fact became a legend  
What was reality became a faded canvas  
In the mausoleum of civilizations.

Landscapes of untold antiquity  
Unchanged are calling  
To an orgy of colours and shapes  
In a drunkenness with pure fantasy

Their names cause awe and awake  
Forgotten senses

The eerie valley of PNATH  
The majestic LEMURIA  
SARNATH the doomed...  
And names that echo  
In the labyrinths and the cavernous  
Depths of chaos  
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Maybe we, ourselves want to forget  
Helping the truth to grow old  
And be deformed from the wrinkles  
Of uncertainty  
Afraid where the path backwards will  
Lead us  
We prefer to be protected  
Under the shelter of ignorance

He who stares back  
Through the glass of centuries  
Will also see his reflection.

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