Underneath the mountainside lies a maze of brashly stones, dark and freezing cold

Its secret yet is covered well and unseen are most creatures dwelling in pain - so they say Root and tendril twist their way through long forgotten halls Noone's ever dared to cross before

Memorize your turns, my lad in case you understand what I am trying to commend Light is hope and on hope you depend Spying through the darknes s: unresting eyes When I turn around they vanish all at once out of sight Still prepared to attack as they await the fading of light

Clinging to his oil-lamp hard
he moves on for hours
till he gets sight of an underground-lake,
so calm In its center stands a
mirror coated with thick grimes
So it is done, unveil the myth of time

Blind with curiosity
he's heading for the isle
across that narrow bridge, a wile
The sea engulfs
and extinguishes the light Spying through the darkness...

Memorize your turns, my lad...

Crying for salvation,
efforts in vain
Insanity!
I'm surrounded by the hands
of endless night
No creatures attack,
noone beholds
I'm surrounded by the hands
of endless night
No creatures attack,
noone beholds
the fading of light!