

Sights of Old

Vreid

With all colours gone
With all life dead
With all will absent
I hang my head
A walking dead
In a dying world

In limbo I drift away from this life
Sinking into oblivion
Recommencing with the wild
As the woods surround me
I lose track of time
Forever is never
Today is just fine

Silhouettes in the sun
Shades the open air
Sights of old before me
Eternity appears

The roughed streams cleanse me
Wash away my stains
The air opens my senses
The woodland outlines it clear

This is were it started
Might end here as well
Here where things are silent
It was never gone
It was never here