

## 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