

Bane

"The Haunting Presence"

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Alone in the dark chamber,
Watching the fire of the burning candles,
Everything always reminds me of you

Underneath the gray skies,
In the cold winter breeze,
Your presence is always haunting me

In the deepest depths of my mind,
Your voice somewhere echoes,

And after all is lost and forgotten,
We are nowhere to be found or remembered

Underneath the gray skies,
In the cold winter breeze,
Your presence is always haunting me

And finally
Our souls
Rest in peace
Forever.

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