

Carpathian

"Nostalgia"

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From the ashes he returns
Through the seal of the dark
He looks upon the enchanting moon
His lips are dry
And crave for human blood

Through all centuries
We see the horizon clearly
Deep in our hearts
Under the shelter of a tree

It lives in the well of time
The ancient dread of non-existence
Close your eyes, it leads the way
(To the) Treasure throne of memories

This is the emptiness
This is life
Make a final sign
(And) Leave the world behind

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