

Dies Ater

"Hail Old Times!"

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In twilight of time, we gather
Reflecting on the pale evening of days
About a degrading blaze

We granted you all, our souls, our light
Unleashed hearts - eclipse inside

To an untold reverie - raise glasses
Afflicting thoughts with pleasant cuttings
Take a final gasp
Cheers to the dead, dark and past

Come, my friend, hail old times
For just dark eyes in this face to see
Longings should be set aside for rapture to ignite
Let fearless memories be, a comrade in vain, our
guide

Longings should be set aside for rapture to ignite
We granted you all, our supremacy and our light

Once heralds of a celestial way
Fierce retribution is our concern
We're still swelling in delight
For those moments soon to return

Let fearless memories be, a comrade in vain, our
guide
We offered dark superior serenades - tunes to believe
in

Out of nightfall it will emerge
An imminent rebellion from depth
We won't suffer anymore
A sense of hope to adore

To an untold reverie - raise glasses
Afflicting thoughts with pleasant cuttings
My faithful companion, take a final gasp
Cheers to the dead, dark and past

Come, my friend, hail old times
For just dark eyes in this face to see
Longings should be set aside for rapture to ignite
Let fearless memories be, a comrade in vain, our
guide

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