

## Dying Passion

### "Mist Of Void"

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The night is about to arrive  
The light is no longer bright  
Dreams cannot rise any higher

When the setting sun is sighing a last  
Above the vast plain  
A lifeless bird falls onto the ground  
There is silence everywhere

And soon the time will cease to be  
And we'll get finally there  
The missing parts of our destiny  
Turn up and complete the way

The night is about to arrive  
The light is no longer bright  
Dreams cannot rise any higher

Traces once we left behind  
Are devoured by burning flames  
Our names won't be engraved  
In the great book of time

When the morning fades out  
In the condescending thick fog  
Our one last word can be heard and then  
There is silence everywhere

Tragedy born in the mist of void  
Chilly wind blows straight into our faces  
Tragedy born in the mist of void  
Chilly wind screams straight into our ears

The nightfall covers this abandoned  
Landscape like a satin veil  
And the vanishing shape of daylight tells  
How far we were drifting

