

Gathering "Anthology In Black"

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Thousand morbid dreams cross my mind
Reflections of the past, twilight in my thoughts
Try to think back to how it all started
But the act stands in the shadows of my thoughts
As the curtain of mist slips away
I can see, destruction of a thousand
Curon's lights will die tonight
Bells toll for the wrath that unfolds
Hear the bells chime upon the water
Feel the wind chasing the silence
Lake of Resia, divinity was lost
And lost it shall remain
When I close my eyes what will I see?
It takes me back to the beginning of the end
When false illusions caressed my mind
Curtain falls on the world of today
Hear the bells chime upon the water
Feel the wind chasing the silence
Watch my heaven turning to hell
Midst the sound of a tolling bell

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