

Communic "At Dewy Prime"

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The vision was a test of deprived physical strength
Dipped in the ocean to be born again
My soul was naked without a surface
Then fingers folded around me and gave me a shell

This ship on its travel carried meaningful thoughts
Traveled over me and left their minds
Then a shadow unbound me and stretched me with
skin
And adorned my soul with the memories of them, them

Sailor, sailor burning bright
On the stormy sea at night
Golden heart and undying pride
Their heart lies buried in a bay of Norway

Bring back the memories
Bring me back in time
Bring back the colors
And the scent of meadow lands

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Bring me back in time
Bring back the colors
And the scent of meadow lands

At dewy prime
Bring back the souls of the dead
At dewy prime
Bring back the souls

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At dewy prime
Bring back the souls

Bring me back in time to their homeland
Bring back their souls together with me
Bring back their souls to their homeland
Bring me back in time together forevermore

In remembrance of this kind

That once came to round our land
What immortal hand of time
Made a frame and locked the symmetry

Our eyes contemplated
A transmission to the soul
Spectacle of this universe
The night veils its sadness in bloom

One day will come
Suppress all the dark thoughts
Spirits of our destructive time
Even into plains of ether

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