

## Nights Like These

### "Possessor"

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As the sun becomes crimson in colour  
She slowly dies beyond the horizon

And the land of the forlorn has once again  
Become a victim of darkness and solitude

Here in these vast fields of the wasteland  
An ancient tower face the starlit sky  
A symbol of an epoch now forgotten  
Once inside this monument of emptiness...

...A shadow dark and mystic in his shape  
Swept over the moist walls in silence  
Once a chamberlain who were the possessor  
Of this and of many great sorrows

Approached some candles and made them burn  
The chamberlain observed the dismal light  
And while he stared into the very same  
The fire reflected in his mourning eyes

Tired of his deprorable life  
He kept asking himself why  
Still the mystery of his fate  
Remained unknown to himself

When the statue of his life-flame ceased to burn  
The grief finally took the advantage

During those crucial circumstances  
His life slowly faded away into emptiness

In the land of the forlorn  
His spirit is cursed to dwell  
For many, many ages to come  
In the land of the forlorn  
His spirit will never be free  
For many, many sleepless nights

