

## Nocturnal Winds "Choir Of Shadows"

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In the darkest light performs  
The enchanting choir of shadows  
Bleeding its madness into me  
Leaving me fragments of things that never were whole

Just broken glass, a masquerade from the past  
I heard the door and a figure came from the corridor  
Shapeless it was as told but its tar black blood was  
gone  
I heard it got torn apart

It settled by my table and leaned on its scythe  
Which it still carried along though  
It had gone blunt and rusted through  
I listened to the weary sound of its breath  
And together we watched the choir of shadows play  
All the way to the very last encore

Until even the darkest light had gone

And in the end there were no applause  
Only dust covered the empty hall  
And a sole harmonized, hollow heart

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