

Penitent

"The Endless Spheres"

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I walk among the withered graves
Through the corridors of time
Halls cast in iron and stone.
I speak through the darkness of my soul,
I see a flame flickering in a distant corner

Like the beacon among the stars,
upon the nightblue sky
Far away on tracks unveiled
Beyond the treasures of history

Whispering to me... as the wind among the trees
With the tone of the soft, complaining flute
Thine eyes mirrored in chaos
Exposing thy very self

In the night I shall come to you
An image by your thoughts created.
A child born in thy mind
Created by the illusions of life

So far away from reality

All are forsaken
Take a step through the mirrored halls
The corridors of time.

Voices echoing
From the walls screaming
Telling tales lost in time
Tormention in ages we dimly remember

A distant light shimmering
As one walk through the catacombs
Into the endless spheres
The rays enlightening the void of life

Echoing voices in the dark
Oh How the wounded cries
Twisted voices never fade
Resounding through eternity

No describing words
Into the endless spheres we float
Entranced by the beauty of the tormented spirits
By their grief touching my heart and soul

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