

## Revoltons "The Old Walls"

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I am standing in front of the Old Walls  
Not much remains of the ancient glory  
I close my eyes, the wind whispers to me  
Sounds of a time gone by  
I'm lost in my thoughts, when  
An old man appears to me:  
"Let the memories reach your mind", he says  
And suddenly he disappears

Walking through the green  
Scenes of past life run through my head  
Just like memories lost in time  
Tappin' at my mind  
So my soul meets the truth  
The Walls seem to speak

[Chorus:]

I am standing in front of the Old Walls  
A mystic place consumed  
And forgotten by time  
But still alive in my mind  
The ghost of The Keeper  
Wanders on the hill  
He's crying on the ashes  
Of the ancient glory  
But what has been will remain

I'm reliving the past in the present:  
My soul flies over the gates  
Of a hidden dimension  
Like a wandering spirit

And The Keeper reappears to me:  
"Remember: memories are not  
What has gone by, but a world to be relived!"  
He says and disappears again  
Now I think over the scenes I've seen  
My soul meets the truth  
The old wise man is smiling at me  
The Walls seem to speak

[Chorus]

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