

Thalarion

"Towards The Obscure Slumberland"

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Welcome ... to the land of shallow sleep
Where statues are screaming
And hollow trees are crying
Where the wind can speak
And all the things beyond belief are real
But still: there's much more to imagine ...

Before I lay my words upon you
Before the Greatest Mountain speaks
Before I make your mind burning
Before my thoughts turn to wings

Forget the world you live within
Forget the poor race of human
Unfold your wings and realize
This trip will be for eternity

I found the key to the realm unknown
Where horses fly and angels are black
Things far more precious than all what you know
Majestic treasures yet to be unveiled

Yeah - the stone-cold knife is my dearest friend
Yeah - my inmost feeling is misanthropy

You hold the key to the realm obscure
And feel the breath of burning star
Shut your eyes while there's yet time
And hear the music of the yesterworld

Yeah - the stone-cold knife is my dearest friend
Yeah - my inmost feeling is misanthropy

I have seen the things that
No words can verbalize
The night after the night
Once again I shut my eyes

I fly for the very last time
Over the fields of life
Towards my slumberland
The precious land of suicide

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