

Aion **"Symbol"**

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The night is a symbol, senses' inspiration
He's always creeping in the gloom
While I am standing on His way
He approaches slowly and creeps to me
I recognize Him - this face and this smile
He wants to talk to me always at night
During a day I don't feel Him, can't find
The night is a symbol, senses' inspiration
He's always creeping in the gloom
While I am standing on His way
As the light vanish, he creeps seeking me
I'm ready, I'll talk, so night will pass quickly
Shivering voice trickle out of His lips
Bares my mind and extend morbid dreams
The night is a symbol, senses' inspiration
He is the child of the dark
I don't want to shelter Him
The night is a symbol, senses' inspiration
He is the child of the dark
I don't want to shelter Him

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