

Tidfall "Reflections"

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As one see, it came again
To be standing in this enchanted ring

And when the mirror show its opposite end
You're there again

Who am I becoming?
They came, the superior horrid devils
They are the reflections in the forms of plural and one

Floating on crystal
Are the unknown riddle and yet to be solved

Come closer to this point and the departure
The entrance was found
The entanglement was found
To an equal force
Thoughts...

They are my reflections, united we are complete
The supremacy of soul and soul is the act of mystery
One see the mirror framed with blood
In the malignant dreams

Who am I becoming?
They came, the superior horrid devils
They are the reflections in the forms of plural and one

Come closer to this point and the departure
The entrance was found
The entanglement was found
To an equal force
Thoughts...

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