

## Tystnaden "Subterranean Gates"

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Sands of white and morning rays  
for my tears seem as the God's pure hands  
taste and smell become divided  
and my kingdom falls within you

Glass, false, will show my life  
look, leaves are falling in my eyes  
taste, smell, will speak of mud  
taste, the smell...  
waste blanks in which find me  
waste, blanks...

I'm the answer and I have sent the leaves  
without eyes you won't see again the light  
I'm the pure hands, I hear you confession  
follow me in subterranean gates

Grace, pride, are making me  
Wings, clouds, are falling in my eyes  
Taste, smell, will false my mind  
Taste, smell...  
Waste blanks in which find me

Waste, blanks...

I'm the answer and I have sent the wings  
without eyes you won't see again the light  
I'm the pure hands, I hear you confession  
follow me in subterranean gates

Glass, false, will show my life  
Glass, false...  
look, leaves are falling in my eyes  
look, leaves...  
taste, smell, will speak of mud  
taste, smell...  
waste blanks in which find me  
waste, blanks...

Sands of white and morning rays  
for my tears seem as the God's pure hands  
taste and smell become divided

and my kingdom falls within you  
Shades of tears  
I don't see my hands nor feel my head  
and your kingdom lives within me

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