

Omen

"Dust From The Aging Funeral"

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Freezing the pain in my screams
Dark figures get closer without a sound
Winds caress the gates heaven high
And storm my bones underground
I am not dead but I lie in the grave
In the damp soil why do I rest?
Have I lost myself deep in my dreams?
The time is running so fast
Past is an ocean so vast

When all your beauty is gone... gone
I know that the winds will carry you up high... up to the
sky
And when my funeral will be left undone
The night will become one with your eyes, watching me
from the stars

Sombre mist free my soul
I can hear the wolves howl

Dark figures get closer without a sound
Winds storm my bones underground

Winds blow the dust from my aging funeral
Winds blow the dust from the past
Ashes will burn into ashes again
Dust will fall over the dust
I call to your soul tonight
To take me to the dark side
Winds blow the dust from my aging funeral
Winds blow the dust into you...

My broken corpse, I saw farewell
I reach the gates of Hell

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