

Root

"The Mystical Words Of The Wise"

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During the sleep like Black Butterflies they'll come
flying

The old secrets they whisper to us.

The Magic Words out of the Space springing

Glowing fog - the Silver temple.

Covered with dust, bones of the old Wisemen

Sing a song of their ancient ancestors.

The Magi understand the mysterious words

They paint Signs - the parchment turns yellow.

But still we are at a deep sleep

We don't know the Words for waking up.

The Beam of Eternity makes us sleep - why?

The mind is alive - cold frost.

But one time the Mystical Words will come to life

(Men en dag vil de Mystiske Ordene komme till live)

wake up the Demons break the peace

(vekke Demonene bryte freden)

The Butterflies will fly away, the Knowledge will stay

The moonlith of Wisdom will shine through the night

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