

Sentenced "Epic"

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(now flee...)

I flee... back to the time when man was true

I see... life as it was meant for me

On this trail I meet my ancestors

On this trail I find their wisdom

From the wall of frozen time I see my own reflection

Born - in the wrong century

Torn - to a wrong reality

A winter chill - A frozen, dead reality

A blackened will - A strange, macabre certainty

Pagan roots!

Heathen life!

if life was... EPIC !

My heart belongs to the past

I feel attraction for the night

my mind to the ancient times

I view this life like a lifeless rock

I want to be trapped under ice

within my peaceful glacial tomb

Far from the epoch of trend

In the Aeon of Frost - In league with the North !

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