

# Tristania

## "Aphelion"

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Yearning for days of yore in elysian daydreams  
Burn with a fatal gloss a confounding mirror of souls  
Dance with the winterwinds in thy visions so sanguine  
Glance upon Stygian streams where lies hidden a pale  
secrecy

Hark... lures of the siren  
yearn for the days when blithe thou was

Sworn to a secrecy an arcanum devotee  
Mourning a life with thee a descendance of watery  
argentine  
Trance of thy frailty endure the exsanguine  
Glance beyond closed eyelids the conundrum of all  
mysteries

Hark... lures of the siren  
yearn for the days when blithe thou was  
Crossing in life...  
My heart with silver in times...  
I'm weak... too weak...

Wan circling skies secretes... silvering sorrow  
Precious to me Aphelion  
Thou are the fields where we wither still

Exhaust in thy waning world  
My Aphelion on a broken mirror  
Where the veils of night and day seems as one  
May thy lids gather again on a vast and frail crusade  
Invigoration of pain pervation this time

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