

## Vacant Stare

### "Dark Heart"

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On my journey through the crypts,  
With sideways, a thousand.  
Where to go, uncertain  
My eyes catch so many sights  
Heavenly cathedrals and hellish gates.  
A choice falls upon me, again

How do they navigate, all these halls?  
With no attempt to anticipate and read  
Whispered words vibrate through the cold walls  
My environment and the ghosts still circling around me.  
But I am blind man  
In my own crypts and mazes.  
Do you know how it feels, when a moon rises at the sky  
While her light does not dare to caress your skin?  
Do you know? When water flows around, not touching  
Have you ever felt the eyes, turning away when in your  
presence?  
What it is like, to be judged by demon?  
What it is like, to be judged by an angel?  
When death, so uncomplicated, just turns into  
madness

[Lead: Peter]

Do you know how it feels, when a moon rises at the sky,  
While her light does not dare to caress your skin?  
Do you know? When water flows around, not touching.  
Have you ever felt the eyes, looking through your  
shape...

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