

# Ad Noctum

## Borknagar

Swept in a distant dream, I am bound  
As a cunning waver trapped in it's line  
Facing the cold, stuck in the mould  
The magma here under makes fire seems cold And I've been down below  
And I've been high above From flaring field of fiery formations  
The sub dimensions aflame  
Like a havoc in black when the force turns back  
The surface tears open spills blood from it's cracks The cause of the essence sharpen the lines of dimensions I am  
raised by the fields, by the highlands  
The minded mountains of old  
Where the river starts roaring I roam  
Where the wind comes moaning I wander alone  
AD NOCTUM The course of the essence sharpen the lines  
Of the dimensions I am trembling between  
The inner cause of the utter cause  
Reflections of the core The furious nightmare of reckless erosion  
Falling and climbing  
A loop of convulsion  
An eruption of evil takes form (it is I)  
What once where shattered is gathered  
Stand tall aim towards the night  
AD NOCTUM The course of the essence sharpen the lines  
Of the dimensions I am trembling between  
The inner cause of the utter cause  
Reflections within the core Fire burn wisdom in me  
Wisdom set mind and spirit free  
Moonlight show me the mysteries of life  
Winternight give me clearsight and storms to fight

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