

# Lord Hypnos

## In Flames

I lie in your soothing arms, Lord Hypnos  
Your garment alive with your song  
(Yes, I lie in your soothing arms, Lord Hypnos) Steep the spiral to your far abode  
In the wake of slumber, vision I rode  
And fell like history through the chasm of ages  
Into the charged, forbidden zones How I have searched  
Through a million worlds and faces  
Yet unaware, I have not found  
My own true face, traceless and profound Find me in these grandiose halls  
Where long ago summers eternally fall  
And tune the strings of truthful longing  
To the frozen music of Gods Hypnagonia's lucid horizons  
Play with the yearning I've quelled  
As I strike towards the Pantheon  
And what therein is held I lie in your soothing arms, Lord Hypnos  
Your garment alive with your song  
(Yes, I lie in your soothing arms, Lord Hypnos) Steep the spiral to your far abode  
In the wake of slumber, vision I rode  
And fell like history through the chasm of ages  
Into the charged, forbidden zones

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