

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
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(Yes, I lie in your soothing arms, Lord Hypnos)
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And fell like history through the chasm of ages
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