

Nocturnal Vision

Borknagar

The path was foreseen
In a feverish dream
And the riddle was shown
To the seven year grown
Reaching out for the thread he saw
It would cut through his fingers
As a razor sharp straw Shaping the untouchable
Embracing the none-existable
It's force drains
Slide into forever Surface to surface
Nothing between
Falling forever
The illusion has been
But a fragment of time
On the thread of life None shall pass
This fiery wall
None shall pass
No, none at all

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