Aphelion

Tristania

Yearning for days of yore
In Elysian daydreams
Burn with a fatal gloss
A confounding mirror of soulsDance with the winter winds
In thy visions so sanguine
Glance upon Stygian streams
Where lies hidden a pale secrecyHark
Lures of the siren
Yearn for the days
When blithe thou was
Sworn to a secrecy
An arcanum devotee
Mourning a life with thee
A descendance of watery Argentine
Trance of thy frailty
Endure the exsanguineGlance beyond closed eyelids
the conundrum of all mysteries
Crossing in life, my heart
With silver in times, I'm weak
Too weak
Wan circling skies
Secretes, silvering sorrow
Precious to me Aphelion
Thou are the fields where we wither still
Exhaust in thy waning worldMy Aphelion
On a broken mirror
Where the veils of night
And day seems as one
May thy lids gather again
On a vast and frail crusade
Invigoration of pain pervation
This time
AphelionIn decadence I take thee by the hand
Too frail, to gain the promised land
Too frail, to take your pain away
Too frail, a sequel of decayMay milleniums gather
On the mirage of desolated souls
Far between departure and sorrow
I breed my afterthoughtIn thy hours

Of vast dejection's haunt, wane
An angel strays upon my door
So frail and lost within
To weep upon her days of yore
My decadent come inHer stain and tears upon my floor
The sorrow that she brings
Devotion of a life outworn
In decadence come in
May thy lids desorb from emerald seas
A pending solitary
Though thy pain redeems,
Life it seems to be
A fragile sanctuary

Songwriters
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