

The Shroud

Excalion

In his sign
You will see these golden letters
Make sure that no one enters
My mighty high house During the years
Every desire slowly walked in
Decorated walls are talking
Of riches and fame And now he can tell
When your heart is made out of gold
It's going to weigh like hell Ever wonder if all was worthwhile?
Seen through the haze?
You never found
Pockets in the shroud
Hear the thunder and brimstone raining
The rats in the race
They never found
Pockets in the shroud What is left
Not so much of children's stories
But a basement full of worries
Deep underground Once long ago
All the crossing roads were still there
When your hair has long since turned silver
There is no return Who would have believed
A fool had built a house out of
The years he left unlived Sky is coming down
Lightshow and the bitter rain
Echoing sound of pairs of boots
They are walking up a hill
On the borderlines of sleep
On such a day
It is fine that it should rain

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