

# Epic

## Sentenced

(now flee...)

I flee... back to the time when man was true  
I see... life as it was meant for me  
On this trail I meet my ancestors  
On this trail I find their wisdom  
From the wall of frozen time I see my own reflection  
Born - in the wrong century  
Torn - to a wrong reality  
A winter chill - A frozen, dead reality  
A blackened will - A strange, macabre certainty  
Pagan roots!  
Heathen life!  
if life was... EPIC !  
My heart belongs to the past  
I feel attraction for the night  
my mind to the ancient times  
I view this life like a lifeless rock  
I want to be trapped under ice  
within my peaceful glacial tomb  
Far from the epoch of trend  
In the Aeon of Frost - In league with the North !  
On this trail I meet my ancestors  
On this trail I find their wisdom  
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