

Lord Hypnos

In Flames

I lie in your soother arms, lord Hypnos
Your garment alive with your song
I lie in your soother arms, lord Hypnos Steep the spiral to your far abode,
In the wake of slumber, on visions 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 So, 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

Songwriters

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