

# The Third, The Magical

## Kalmah

I've been searching some answers concealed in my heart  
The spirit within  
I've been hunting those secrets with my deepest bottle  
But have found none  
So I need a deeper dive:  
With the screws on my lips  
I am falling down  
Into the king's sea  
Feel the rope winding in me  
And feel the touch  
Of oblivion  
Now I'm floating  
There is no way out, diving deeper down  
In my memories  
All the losses and all the minor joys  
With affectation  
This rope around me tightens again  
And I wonder who I really am  
Who I really am?  
The third day, the magical  
A way to believe I'm born again  
The third day, the magical  
A way to believe I'm born again  
Waves of unconsciousness lulling me to sleep  
In my own whirlpool  
And the fear of sobering up  
Is lurking around  
But the rope around me tightens again  
And I wonder who I really am  
Who I really am?  
The third day, the magical  
A way to believe I'm born again  
The third day, the magical  
A way to believe I'm born again

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