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
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