

# Transcendence

## Crimson Glory

The snow was gently falling  
A white mist filled the air  
I hear the cold wind calling  
Something's waiting there  
I stand alone in silence  
Upon the mountain high  
I'm waiting for the spirits  
Eyes upon the sky  
They whisper in my visions  
They haunt me in my dreams  
They've shown me worlds that shimmer  
And peaceful fields of green  
Try to find your sky  
Your world within yourself  
In death I've found the answer  
In death I live again  
Fear not the reaper's blade  
It does not mean the end  
It does not mean the end  
It does not mean the end, no  
It never really ends

Lyrics provided by

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