

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

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