

The New World

In Flames

The great word of blessedness
And a feeling of ease
A cup of the well of freedom and lifeWe joyfully drink
Inside all was new
But outwards nothing had changedAn escapade then to the altar
To evaluate all parts of the great mystery
But all remains on the same spot
No signs of a new seasonIn my hand is a new word
But the word is
Still without a bodyA hidden life stream
That swells in the deep
Will soon give the word
A second faceIn my hand is a new word
But the word is
Still without a bodyIn my hand is a new word
But the word is
Still without a body

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