

.1. TUMULTS IN THE ABSENCE

[Instrumental, Intro]

.2. TÅKELA

I walk alone, in the quiet
looking for a destination,
I don't hear complaints ... nor the wind,
around me, there's only death ...

As the day is consuming,
this life will fall in the dark,
around me there's only death,
the white god left me!

Where is the light that I've searched so much?

Where is the Life that I coveted so much?

*Now it's time to go,
then lost in the darkness ...*

.3. FILOSOFEAR

*“Gods are happy,
they live the quiet life of the roots,
Fate doesn't oppresses their desires,
or, if it oppresses, it redeems them
with immortal life.*

*They have no shadows or other who sadden them,
and furthermore, they doesn't exist...”*

[cit. Fernando Pessoa poem]

I decorate the walls of my prison,
of paranoid illusions
that sooner or later will devour me
into a black vortex of perdition.

I stand still, in my dimension
watching the monster I created,
he eats from his fears, making him blind
into this world full of colors.

I feel emptiness in me...
I fell the end in me...
Of this life... another illusion.

.4. ASTRAL VISIONS OF THE ANCIENT GIANT

[Instrumental]

.5. GRAVES OF SHATTERED DIMENSIONS

In the deep abyss, where everything is dark,
time and space are abstractions,
here is where reside my being,
here is where reside my grave.

Astral visions make the journey
towards a melancholy awareness
that I'm alone in my damned world,
where my soul will live in eternity.

.6. ANCESTOR MEMORIES

I vague in memories of my ancient past,
when mortal Man still feared his fate,
I vague in memories of an ancient ruin,
where Vani gave us runes of wisdom.

I vague in cold and distant lands
where the horizon becomes infinite,
the air beeing pungent, heart beeing dark,
lands submerged in the Absence.

.7. CRYING OF THE FORSAKEN SPIRIT

Spirits of nature, wandering dark
In my dreams I invoke them without any response,
they are sad, they lost their mother,
and they call her in vain in this black desert.

*In your heart you can feel them,
into the wind they whsipar to you...
forsaken spirits by human greed,
into oblivion they'll forever be...*

.8. LOST IN MYSELF

(AN IDYLLIC JOURNEY)

*I would admire the sunrise once again,
I would still hear the singing of the elves,*

*tumults of storms, vibrant foliage,
lost myself in this sweet oblivion, created by gods,
where everything is pure essence of nature ... of being ... of me!*

GHOST TRACK:

.9. NEDENFOR KJERNEN (Ginnungagap)

[Instrumental, Outro]