



WATCHER

I'M A WATCHER
LOOKING THROUGH THESE EYES
ALMOST BLIND
I'M A SPIRIT
LOST WITHIN THIS MIND
THAT CANNOT REALIZE

I AM DREAMING
A NEVER-ENDING DREAM
CAN'T WAKE UP
I'M A SEEKER
WANDERING THROUGH THE NIGHT
TO FIND A WAY

BUTTERFLY

SHE CAN'T BREATHE
'CAUSE SHE HATES TO
SMELL THE AIR
INHALE THE MEMORIES

SHE WON'T SPEAK
'CAUSE NO ONE LISTENED
AND SHE'S AFRAID
OF WHO MIGHT HEAR HER

SHE STOPPED SINGING
SOMEONE RAZED THE MELODY
SHE USED TO CARRY
IN HER HEART

SHE'S A MIRROR
THAT LIES BROKEN
A THOUSAND FRAGMENTS
THAT CAN'T BE MENDED

NOW SHE'S ALL NEW
SHE'S A BUTTERFLY
AND SHE FLIES
AMONG THE STARS

NOW SHE SINGS
SINGS A NEW SONG
IT'S NOT HER OWN
IT'S NOT A GOOD ONE

DISTORTED MIRRORS

YOU ARE SEARCHING
FOR THE TRUTH
BUT YOU ONLY
ARE LEFT CONFUSED
ALL THE PROPHETS
ARE DECEIVERS
LOOKING THROUGH
DISTORTED MIRRORS

WASTING LIFE
WASTING MIND
BREAKING SPIRIT
BREAKING HEART
WRONG QUESTION
VAIN ANSWERS
SHUT UP
AND CLOSE YOUR EYES

SECRET FIRE

I BEAR THIS SECRET FIRE
I KEEP THIS HIDDEN FLAME
THAT SLOWLY BURNS ME UP
AND MAKES ME DISAPPEAR

I HEAR THIS SILENT VOICE
THAT'S COMING FROM THE VOID
THE ANGEL OF THE SOUTH
THAT BRINGS ABOUT
OBLIVION

STORM

HIDING FROM THE LIGHT
HIDING FROM YOUR SIGHT
HIDING IN THE DARKNESS
THAT SURROUNDS US

COMING FROM WITHIN
COMING FROM ABOVE
PROJECTING
COMING FROM WITHIN
COMING FROM ABOVE
REFLECTING

RISING IN YOUR EARS
CRAWLING ALONG THE SKY
CHARGING IN THE AIR
SMELL OF EXPECTATION

COMING FROM WITHIN
COMING FROM ABOVE
PROJECTING
COMING FROM WITHIN
COMING FROM ABOVE
REFLECTING

I FEEL THE STORM IS COMING
WE HAVE SUMMONED SECRETLY
I FEEL THE STORM IS COMING
TO WIPE US AWAY

IN SILENCE

IN SILENCE WE CONSPIRE
IN SILENCE WE PRETEND
SILENCE KEEPS OUR SECRETS
SILENCE FALLS ON CRACKS

SHADOWS HIDE OUR SHAPE
VEILS CONCEAL OUR EYES
SILENTLY WE RAPE
IN BLOOD WE DOMINATE

TO SILENCE WE CONFIDE
IN SILENCE FORTIFIED
WITH LAYERS OF CONFUSION
SUSTAINING THE ILLUSION

SHADOWS HIDE OUR SHAPE
VEILS CONCEAL OUR EYES
SILENTLY WE RAPE
IN BLOOD WE DOMINATE

STILL WARM

HOST TO THE PLAGUE
SUFFERING ATE THE HEART
DYING TOO SLOWLY
PASSED ON THE DISEASE

MOLDING AND SHAPING
LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON
KNEADED TO FIT
BROKEN TO SIZE

BUT I STILL FEEL WARM

AS LONG

COME WITH ME
FROM THE SHADOWS TO THE LIGHT
DANCE WITH ME
IN THE COLORS OF THE DAWN

WALK AWAY
FROM THE PLACES OF THE DEAD
DON'T LOOK BACK
ALL THE BRIDGES ARE ABLAZE

AS LONG AS WE CAN SING OUR SONG
AS LONG AS WE RECALL OUR SONG

LAPIS EXILIS 2019