

Welcome ... to the land of shallow sleep  
Where statues are screaming  
And hollow trees are crying  
Where the wind can speak  
And all the things beyond belief are real  
But still: there's much more to imagine ...

Before I lay my words upon you  
Before the Greatest Mountain speaks  
Before I make your mind burning  
Before my thoughts turn to wings

Forget the world you live within  
Forget the poor race of human  
Unfold your wings and realize  
This trip will be for eternity

I found the key to the realm unknown  
Where horses fly and angels are black  
Things far more precious than all what you know  
Majestic treasures yet to be unveiled

Yeah - the stone-cold knife is my dearest friend  
Yeah - my inmost feeling is misanthropy

You hold the key to the realm obscure  
And feel the breath of burning star  
Shut your eyes while there's yet time  
And hear the music of the yesterworld

Yeah - the stone-cold knife is my dearest friend  
Yeah - my inmost feeling is misanthropy

I have seen the things that  
No words can verbalize  
The night after the night  
Once again I shut my eyes

I fly for the very last time  
Over the fields of life  
Towards my slumberland  
The precious land of suicide