

# Tristania, Lotus

When the morning weeps  
Endless sky is near  
And the road you choose  
By my hand is lead

In the morning light  
All is clean and young  
And the spider webs  
Shine like silver threads

But you must not fear the dark  
I will watch over your sleep  
Until the morning comes  
All wounds have to fade  
I will watch over your sleep

Lead me  
Please guide me  
Unchain me  
Untie me

I see your shadow  
Your shape on the wall  
But I cannot hear your voice when it calls

Can you tell dreams from reality?  
Can you tell sense from insanity?

Sometimes it all melts down  
And mix into half-lies  
Half-lies

But you must not fear the dark  
I will watch over your sleep  
Until the morning comes  
All wounds have to fade  
I will watch over your sleep