

Legend Of Passing

Asgaard

The ruined in the
Labirynt are dreaming about the freedom
The tired by the achievement of life
Are looking at the world by
Closed Windows

The sentence for emptines all days
are looking at the dusk
Their souls going away in the light of glory

They are still going to unity crumbs
Of their trirsts
And the scorn from these eyes
Destroy Beauty of sunrise
Listen to their words which are shouting
For this crazy full of lies and mad world
Try to get flames of their souls and
When it deems to be easier for you
Just they are a true proof that it's
Easier ripe tears then to forget
Because leaves of time fall
With tears, and they create the
Legend of passing