

## Mournful Suite Of Dreams

Asgaard

Bloody landscape of our existance paints  
The life somehow or other  
The leaves clothed with the silence of  
Eternal peace arrange a path which  
Leads to nowhere  
The mirror reflexes a shape, it talks about dreams  
I step into this unknown world as endlessly flowing river  
I walk on the sharp stones and follow  
The way of life  
I reach for the door to my conscience  
In rain

Open your thoughts like a bird with its  
Wings spreaded out  
Plunge into your time to find the  
Essence of it