

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