

The body absorbed by the strange sound.
The light is closed in the sky vault hopelessly,
Gloomy weight, rumble, sun shine,
In our entrails. The winter light
Can't light the spring.
And silence. And the wood whisper.
The sun disappeared and
Went behind the wood,
Suddenly eclipsed with improve flame
It's own shine.
And twilight cut up as sword.
They are as blood as ideal water.
The trees look blindly to water desert.
Of own fate. The dark oak stands
Awaiting as if the whole world suffused
With only instant of the awaiting.
It may be the light eating the forests.
And burning the branches of the iron winters.
It may be winter twilight wind
The black arrows' fire taking away.
Then the eyes open for all.
As if they ran see circling of the stars.
The sky, the water, the atmosphere water.
The fate of the light,
Confused with darkness eternally.