

Memories

Athena

Wet drops; woke up the little man,
his eyes see a magic garden.
Day by day the heaven
seems to be without end.

Beautiful leaves fall in eden,
so he tries to climb hits walls...

Ice fields and glass forests
lie down under the horizon,
moving ground far from the sky
(moving ground far from the sky).

Winds blow dust of thousands centuries
remind memories of life,
the old valley echoes with far voices
living warm shelters of dreams.