

Wind Of Illusion

Athena

She walks away along the hill
as running drops upon a dream,
the moonlight is shining in the sky of winds.

The dark night falls into the sea
and rising sun lies on her sleep.
Summer is coming...

Her eyes will feel the light of ancient silence
until another day will come.

Outside the door the ice dissolves the horizon,
water falls from the hidden cries.

The breath of rain lies on the ground;
dried by the voice of her prow,
snow mountains full of empty sounds
graze her warm hands, full of the sky
and fill the space behind her eyes
forever...

The last breath melts away
wounded by wind of day.

Changing words rises on
the sweet sea of her lost dream.