

Journey Through the Cold Moors of Svarttjern

Carpathian Forest

Ahh, Dance through the cold shadows of Pan
as tears fall from heaven...
once I had hold the rarest rose,
But, that is now forgotten with time...

Among the tree's I wandered,
To feel the embrace of etemal eclipse
as my candle bums out,
-And we must make the myths...

Dark is the moon at harvest,
the nightly mist approaches
through the forlorned marshes,
-Then darkness has now been achieved...

"Crush your earthly virtnes,
As I stumbled through snow and frost
my feeble heart is longing for the wood,
where all dark cast a shadow...."

It's pale morrow landscape,
Has now risen through the bleak night
over the moors and mountains,
Flies the hunting ravens..., searching,

Dance through the cold shadows of Pan,
As tears fall from heaven,
Then, once I had hold the rarest rose...

Frozen is my pagan heart,
And once again the dawn is here
hear the sound of silence,
In these trees....
Are my gallows....