

Seven Golden Fires

Darzamat

Sitting by the candles
Before the mirror of my inspiration
I look at my mirror's picture
So who am i if there stays a mind of an
Inexhaustible mistery with me?

So dance faster with the wind of your shadow
So chase faster in the rain of storm feelings
Drive the chariots of slassy clouds
Looking for the silver groves

And for me the scream of forgotten rain
Where only remains to me to go by the thorns
By the bridges of the past
So i give seven golden fires
So i give seven golden keys

Seven golden fires
Seven golden keys