

Silent Stream

Demether

The oldest tree in the forest
Tells the story from the old time
Tale of the fairy and her guide
The Stream dates from 1365

She fell in love with the King of men
Will she trade her immortal life for love...
Or will it be the pain?

Oh, silent stream,
Whispering wind,
Tell me my destiny,
Oh, will I stay fair
Or the dark will cover me

Nine days from now, you'll see the sign
Your Fairy soul belongs to the nature...

I'm calling the darkness
I calling the dawn
To stop all the blooming
And hear mother's moan

I'm calling the shadows
And stormwinds to sail
All that is living
Now is to pale