

## The Forest Below The Midnight Shadow

Depresy

I fear the light, I was always loving night  
thus don't douse the stars for the piece of morning  
Dark night—the muse of my words  
I walk through the sombre forest with her, robed in silence

To pass the land of woods, where moon touches cold stones with  
his lips  
Where whirl of water is heard, that shriek which springs from de  
caying rocks  
Words cannot represent what thought looses  
so let be led and hear

The forest below the midnight shadow, the trees will spread the  
ir shroud  
It is time of spell beginning, of merger with eternal world of  
darkness

We are the children of the darkness seducted by the light  
Moon and stars, our lives are in them  
Nothing but deep forest, the domination of wooden soul  
hides unbound beauty of shattered dreams

Passion is eternal, the forest below the midnight shadow  
by roots chained never-dying dream  
Wood imperium, great and beautiful  
life and belief drowned in the chilly night

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