

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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