

# The Franconian Woods in Winter's Silence

Empyrium

Wrapped in morning silence of these emerald streams  
lonesome voice I hear the ravens cry  
grieving art the morning songs

The love of the forests' tranquility  
just ice cold winds whisper to me  
as if a wild rose were trapped  
my bleeding heart  
a gentle breeze opens wings and grief falls apart

Enchant  
like a dream  
the Franconian woods  
Enchant me  
embrace me  
Franconian woods

Autumn infinity  
in the vastness of countless trees  
I walk through purity  
lies in the sceneries

Cast for this winter hike  
I see the north and its fountain of light  
morning from ice  
The scenery of the night