

The Yearning

Empyrium

I ride through day and night
listen wind, they art my fellows
Eternally I am looking for the eye
inside my heart
the yearning grows

I rode through the forest in purchase
over mountains so high
that it seems they touch the sky
riding through meadows so lonely
wrestled up streams so clean

My lips art so cold
where is the tongue that melts the ice and snow?
My grief is infinite
where are art thou who heals my wounds?

I ride through day and night
crystal wind bring me my fellows
Eternally I am looking for the eye
the palace of the earth