

## 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