

Vilda Mánnu

Eternal Tears of Sorrow

Alone on the top of the fells I chant for the wild moon
I wrote my chant for the moon's glory, for the lighter of my mo
od

I wish I could be one of his sons and one with the earth
So I could walk on the lunar path and chant forever

I'm the son of the moon, I'm one with the creator...

I praise the moon, wild moon is my nature

My life is so short but yours is sustained

And when I'll leave my chant will remain always with you my fri
end

On a crystal clear night I stare at the moon once raped by the
sun, the

guardian of the woods

The spirit of the night, it gave me the wild life

Under the shape of the moon I've found the final truth