

The fire burns in the land of the bird's spirit  
The smoke flows of my bones, I have to go there...

That childish hand discovered the masks in the wood  
Those bright eyes saw hooded figures, smashed  
- they streaked in shadows

There places whispered their names  
And the summer breeze smelled with a winter

Strong timbers absorbed her words  
And the answer was just a flutter  
Of winged beings up in the limbs  
Tallis - the sweetheart of the cripple

Her warrior under "The strong against the storm"  
Stone talismans scared away all birds  
The Nature's laws, the love, the death and the knowing  
Mysterious beings, warriors in furs and bones of prophecy

Endless search for the lost, lost brother Harry  
Long wandering to the place  
Place where the life ends and the lost could be found  
Could be found Lavondyss

Lonely in death, the circle - Lavondyss