

Conscious Burning

Khors

Through thousands of invisible lakes
The power of cold possesses the mind
Only brave one knows and hears
Never feeling the time.

Breaking the edge, he is driven by power,
Burning his skin, his heart and his soul.
Pain, enforcing his efforts,
Memory of crystal pieces
And long dreamsome night.

Brains working without tiredness,
Looking for the edged wiped off.
The wind blows off the pain of the trees,
The howl of a beast and the beat of a heart.

The power of cold covers the ground
Helplessly wood bows the branches
Falling deeply asleep
And helplessly flame is fading away.