

## Lost Threads

Khors

Sometimes I feel myself living at the back of beyond  
Beyond the light, beyond the reason  
When nerves do not feel the rush of the wind  
When the rustle of grass can't be heard.

Worms gnaw my skin,  
Worms gnaw my soul.  
Roots covers my members  
And pull me in depths of the womb of the Earth.

Dawn is openings the gates of life,  
Opening the heights of barrows  
Dawn is openings the gates of life,  
Revealing secrets of the wood.

The face of an idol in the reflections of the light  
Plunging into shadow and cold  
Leaving for eternity and oblivion.