

Smell of the wood, smell of the trees  
Smell of the trees, echoes of the past  
Rustling oaken leaves, oaken eddy which you cannot pass  
Attracted by the secrecy, losing the notion of time  
Relating intimacy to old legends, ancient fights

Dreaming about the roaring sky  
About trees and thunder  
Dreaming about forefathers  
These secrets make me wonder  
Stepping inside the mind of wood forlorn

Concentric circles, circles of the inner wood  
Originate archetypes, the Celtic soldier and Robin Hood  
Wandering in silence, wandering in myths  
Step inside the history, live through the neolithic mood

Where the story starts  
There the story ends  
The mind is crooked  
This realm it blends

Along the creek, leaving the realm of the world behind  
From castles to battlefields, through space and time

Along the creek, leaving the realm of the world behind  
From castles to battlefields, through space and time  
Over woodlands and deeps, although the mind is blind  
Unconsciousness feeds these places with archetypes