

# Pale Beauty Of The Past

Septic Flesh

The mist unfolds its veil  
as the night falls in the forest  
The moisty wind forces the trees  
to sing their sorrow.  
For centuries they are standing still  
like a petrified dream.  
Traped bodies in a wooden web,  
tall towers of another epoch.

This sweet melancholy  
that is brought by the precious memory  
The Pale Beauty of the Past  
is kept in the whisper of the wind.

Only the fragile heart  
can understand the charm of the old.  
The best things in life are those we can't  
have yet, still we hope.  
Blessed will be the day  
when the circle will be complete.  
Then the song of the muse will be heard  
again the mourning of the trees will stop.

This sweet melancholy  
that is brought by the precious memory  
The Pale Beauty of the Past  
lost in the vortex of time.