

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.