

Binding Of The Spirit Onto Earth

Throes Of Dawn

There is a tragedy
deep within this soul
A dark aura
made of stones of sadness
and vast void of longing

On songs of sorrows maiden
the swans drown in grievance
On silver waters springs
This despair she sings;

" In oaken chest they keep my grief
Under the thousand tombstones
lies a thousand dreams..."

Forever lonely to wander
these landscapes
of the desperate dreams
There is nothing
that can fill the void of longing
Immortalized by grief

"In oaken chests
we keep her dreams...

binding her spirit onto earth"