

## Flowers Of My Youth

Varathron

Oh! My crushing soul  
Through my ebony tears  
Falling on the fading  
Flowers of my youth

Voices from the dark ruins  
Of cirith ungol  
Kutulu beckons me  
From my darkest dreams

I'm looking at the last  
Sunset which descends  
Over the purple horizon  
The purple horizon of my dreams  
But as a vision  
Your beauty is fading  
Into the depths  
Of my obscured soul

And now, the door is locked  
Before me, and I still hear  
The whispers of Kutulu  
Shadows from the past