

# Rebirth of an Old Nation

Xanthochroid

As Erthe's beauty fades  
Behind bright, blinding lights  
Will I still recall  
The smell of the woods,  
My home,  
The lone and silent elk,  
The damp, misty air  
The allure of the erthe?

I must posses a mind  
Not to be changed by place or time  
Not to be poisoned by  
The stench of progress

I remember when  
I had a brother and a friend  
A friend whose struggles  
I alone have witnessed

When I saw him there  
Crumbling face, empty stare  
A great, heaving sigh  
I, at last, said good bye

The sky is black with fog  
Black with the souls of those who've lost  
That fleeting breath which they called life

I step into the mist  
Recalling the place she and I lived  
Hoping to find some semblance of old joy

But alas her tender spirit  
Has gone away at last  
For in my most desparate hour  
She did not come  
No empty blessings  
No friendly ghost  
To fill me with false hope  
Or haunt me with happy dreams  
Still I was drunk by the prospect  
That she may sit beside me  
When my trials were through

I walk along the sand  
By the cold, brackish water

"It's hard to remember  
The paths we used to take"

It's hard to walk in this thick mud  
And I begin to sink.

"Vocant me deus  
Numquam ita sentitur  
Humana"

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