

V.i.p. "Tree Of The Fate"

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My great fear from where it comes?
And where it goes out, I don't know.

It's look like sand in a bosom.
It's look like burning hair.

My great fear from where it comes
And where it goes out, I don't know.

May be the north wind brings
it with itself
And maybe I'm a tree
And maybe I'm fate, I'm fate.

It's look like sand in a bosom.
It's look like burning hair.

Maybe I drink it with water
running from my vein.
And maybe I'm a tree
And maybe I'm fate, I'm fate.

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