

## **Asgaard**

### **"1168"**

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The ruined in the  
Labyrinth are dreaming about the freedom  
The tired by the achievement of life  
Are looking at the world by  
Closed windows

The sentence for emptiness all days  
Are looking at the dusk  
Their souls going away in the light of glory

They are still going to unity crumbs  
Of their thirsts  
And the scorn from these eyes  
Destroy Beauty of sunrise  
Listen to their words which are shouting  
For this crazy full of lies and mad world  
Try to get flames of their souls and  
When it deems to be easier for you  
Just they are a true proof that it's  
Easier ripe tears than to forget  
Because leaves of time fall  
With tears, and they create the  
Legend of passing

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