

## **Asgaard**

# **"Legend Of Passing"**

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Bloody landscape of our existence paints  
The life somehow or other  
The leaves clothed with the silence of  
Eternal peace arrange a path which  
Leads to nowhere  
The mirror reflexes a shape, it talks about dreams  
I step into this unknown world as endlessly flowing river  
I walk on the sharp stones and follow  
The way of life  
I reach for the door to my conscience  
In rain

Open your thoughts like a bird with it's  
Wings spread out  
Plunge into your time to find the  
Essence of it

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