

## **Asgaard** **"The Sirens"**

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As through the mist I saw your face  
Blood on the cross on the white rags  
In the silence  
I heard your voice  
Glass of pain in the devil's land  
Blow of wind in the Gothic castle  
Scorn of suffering close in heatred  
When the time of death has go close  
They sing the peans to their lords  
Stars were falling deep in the darkness  
With the hope for immortal life  
But they will rise again  
When the dusk will call the memory

The souls removed the world border beyond  
Where people exist only like shadows  
The meadow of nothingness which is decoration  
In the moonlight  
In the landscape of immortality which is  
Seen with eyes of thirsty hears  
The reality is sown the dust of suffering and wait  
When the twilight set in again

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