

Empyrium

"The Fraconian Woods In Winter's Silence"

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Wrapped in morning silence of December's trees
Lonesome am I as I hear the ravens cry
Grieving art the morning songs
Above the forest's tranquillity
Just ice cold winds whisper to me
As if a velvet robe would wrap
My bleeding heart
A gentle breeze of these winds and grief falls apart
Enchant
Like a dream
The Franconian woods
Enchant me
Embrace me
Franconian woods
Caught in infinity
In the vastness of countless trees
O what a purity
Lies in these sceneries
Cursed for this winter hike
I see the dawn and it's fountain of light
Morning from ice
The scenery of the night

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