

Empyrium

"The Yearning"

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I ride through day and night
Listen wind, they art my fellows
Eternally I am looking for the eye
Inside my heart
The yearning grows
I rode through the forest and mountains
Over mountains have I
But it seems they touch the sky
Run through meadows so lonely
Wrestled up streams so clean
My lips art so cold
Where is the tongue that melts the ice and snow?
My grief is infinite
Where are art thou who heals my wounds?
I ride through day and night
Crystal wind bring me my fellows
Eternally I am looking for the eye
The palace of the earth

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