

Forest Of Shadows

"The Autumn Dancers"

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Pain-disfigured burning face...
Lips seeking some moisture...
Morbid delirium emitting distress
Let this flooding despair caress me...
We've been chosen today
(Following instincts)
To arise being haunted to death...
Come closer as this mournful day falls
Blinded by men, yet still able to hear
The laughter, which is fading towards
The secret domain of our souls
But it comes another day
Like a ravenous doom,
And rise the Cursed to battle
The hated human scum
Once've started, they won't stop...

Made of leaves is my crown
A gift of the dreaming autumn,
Which is coming down, smiling
To join me in my forever dance

White ships of mist are moored in the morning
The final taste of the sweet night wine
Tonight we've got to know the sorrow
And cold ghostly wind will take us all away at dawn
It'll carry the ashes
Back through the grieving night
Away from the brightening horizon
And on the wings of a doleful sigh
It will release them
Into the dazzling winter day...

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