

Graveland

"Fire And Snow"

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Abandoned warriors without their lord
Sticking swords in their bodies
Blood mixed with snow
Shining the last stars' glance

Drifted up into the sky
Our finest thoughts and ideas
Shrouded in snow
Exiting one by one

When cold winds and freezing snowstorm
Dancing in the wild rage
Evaporating the last hope
Laughing mixing with lamentation

Swords rammed in the ground
Frozen with the long sleep
Monuments of the ancient glory
Enveloped in thousands of years old mists

It is too cold to utter the words
Which could soothe the pain and give hope
Whisper at least a course
The one who will come to kiss your lips

The fire that never died down
The fire that still burns
Far away behind the misty horizon
No one has power to go and bring it home...

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