

## Horn

# "Where The Clarions Have Never Seized"

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In the land of castles,  
A majestic duskfall rises,  
Changes place,  
With the warm and cloudless day.

Across harmonic waves in green,  
The clarions call,  
As they did in ancien times.

Burned in my heart,  
Enforcing memories to last.

Forest as far as the eye can reach,  
Below continous green peaks,  
Through storm and plague, forevermore,  
Engraved in the endless path of nature.

Exposition, of stone walls in the wind,  
Remembrance, to the wild ages of their birth.

Treasures, more precious than gold,  
Left for the few who reach out further,  
Left for eye and memory.

The mountainside at far horizons,  
Protective wall of might, of glory,  
Stand up strong, hold up tight,  
For the land of castles.

"Stay by my side forever",  
She said, with a last spark in her dying eyes,  
So I entered the land of castles,  
To bury my heart.

Memories in the land of nature...  
As she departed with the wind,  
I remember... treasureland

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