

## **Hortus Animae**

### **"Souls Of The Cold Wind"**

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I have travelled, travelled through the coldest of  
winters. Lashes of wind have hurt my body screaming  
hymns of the frost and  
Taking away pieces of my soul, as they stole pieces of  
other suffering beings... I have slept, slept upon the  
hardest of stones,  
Dusted nails have hurt my body, disturbing my dreams  
with their nightmares... And taking away pieces of my  
soul... Is the road still  
Long?... I have cried, cried around the saddest of  
shores, where the thoughts follow the tide, where the  
thoughts follow the wind...  
Jaws made of water have hurt my body, leaving my  
flesh naked and weak and my soul's gone with the  
breeze... "Show me the path, oh  
Coldest of winds, cause I feel I'm in darkness, I'm  
afraid and I'm tortured by the pain of my open  
wounds..." Now I'm going to die,  
Die in the most 'lone of all thrones, where I could lay  
my tired body and sing lullabies for my death, hoping  
the wind gave my  
Soul to the angels (and the souls of other suffering  
beings...).

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