

Leviathan

"Legends Of Minstrels"

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They were the legends of minstrels
That were the living in the wathering of the wind
They were the voices of death mountains
That were echoed on the slopes
They were the wind bringing souls making
Among the black roses throwing by laments
Last full moon birds were flapping to immortality
It was not the last culpa wine that shut the heaven door
With the first sign of fall nature was brightened up
Looking earth and with sorrow
Sky was washing up with full moon as the darkness has
fallen down

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