

Nivaira

"For The Knig's Advice"

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In our days of sorrow
With tears in the eyes
I went to the oaken palace
For the king's advice

I'll tell about the strangers
Who came from the southern lands
Who burned our wooden houses
And stole our bread

There were children played in the sun
The golden seas of ears ripened
Now my soul is weeping for them
My land is mute and grey-haired winds of ashes fly

The bitter smoke will disperse
The day will break again
The trees will rise
The ashes will be gone with the rain

But pain is taking my heart
I'll speak to the mighty king
For those who nevermore
Will see another spring

There were children played in the sun
The golden seas of ears ripened
Now my soul is weeping for them
My land is mute and grey-haired winds of ashes fly

I walk through snowy mountains
Where no one's been before
I see the light of blazes
That burnt my home

I walk through snowy mountains
And treasure faith and hope
I see the shade of evil
That look it all

There were children played in the sun
The golden seas of ears ripened

Now my soul is weeping for them
My land is mute and grey-haired winds of ashes fly

Once we ploughed our rich earth
And drank our rowan wine for thee
Now, my king, we're hungry and lost
The hope is gone, the leaves don't grow on
blackened trees

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