

Crown

"Forest Of Thoughts"

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You will find more knowledge
In rills and in mountains grand,
Rather than in your books.

Oh, sylvan ghost,
Whose whisper is heard
Beneath Autumn's crimson foliage:
Anoint my forehead with the gems of thy wisdom.
For thee our druids are calling,
To thee our bards are singing.

When every single thing vibrates,
One is the symphony;
Then every single moment fades
Into eternity.

Thunders, hammers of war,
Fury will come carried by mighty winds.
Trees kneel beneath the storm,
Our legions march onwards to victory!

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The Dragon is everywhere,
It's glistening flakes are there;
Reflections on water rings,
A bloodline of chosen kings.

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