

Posmrtna Liturgija "Woods"

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In these old woods cold winds to blow
And echoes from the trees are here to show
Greatness of the forest resting for a years
Greatness of this land slowly dying
Sound of horn in the leaves
Can take us to the past
To see long lost battles and victories
That was fought in olden times

Woods are calling my griefull heart
To rest in their silence eternaly

Enchanted by horizon frost is drying my heart
Cold wind blow in my face
Snow from the mountains
Looking on Alma in far distance
I hear the woods calling my name

Woods - take me away!
Woods - close my eyes!
Woods - take my heart!
Woods - and let me die!

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