

# Taunusheim

## "Taunusheim"

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To all the people,  
Never heard about the place that we call home.  
To all the ignorant,  
Never saw the chain of mountains we are from.

To all the vagrants,  
Never wandered through the secret paths.  
To my auditory,  
Never felt the spirit of the cold wind,  
That tells his tales and nothing less.

Into the deep the fog is creeping,  
To where the trees stood once before.  
The brook is forcing it's way down,  
Obliged the slope and nothing more.

It saves it's inhabitants by the wooden wall, which  
Will never fall. This is the land Taunusheim.  
Believe me there,  
In former times the kings were proud to be.

Where warriors knew for what they had been fighting.  
For the most beautiful maiden and the highest tree.  
When at night Manis brightness is the only lightning.  
Taunus the land of the wooden mode Æi

Taunus the home of the deer  
Taunus the ravens eyrie Æi  
Taunusheim is what we feel  
There was and is and will ever be the trust in ancient  
gods.

The trust in honour,  
Strength and wisdom.  
The trust in ourselves.  
Where the essence arises of what you're listening.

Through the darkest path of wooden labyrinths  
The oldest ghosts still wander,  
Terrifying all the living,  
That dare stay alone at night.

If you think about ancient tales and their antecedents,  
Then you should stop and recognize,  
That they still rest in nebular.  
Into the deep the fog is creeping to where the trees  
stood once before.

The brook is forcing it's way down,  
Obliged the slope and nothing more.  
It saves it's inhabitants by the wooden wall,  
Wich will never fall.

Taunus the land of the wooden  
Mode Æi Taunus the home of the deer  
Taunus the ravens eyrie Æi  
Taunusheim is what we feel

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