

Delain "Forest"

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Trees of green, all I can see
On my way through the forest.
I kneel down on my knees,
I stare into the face of a little man
Showing me his fear,
The humans are coming near.

Take me home deep into the forest,
Show me your life
Or the ruins that are left.
Creatures around me
No telling what they want,
They're looking upon their greatest fear,
Their greatest fear.

Spirits of the forest,
Prevent us from being taken.
Lords from above (above),
Please let them awaken.

The beauty of the trees
And all the things they stand for,
Oxygen turns into a breeze.
Mankind can't take their breath away,
'Cos when the morning comes
Its up to the spirits, the spirits to say.

Now I owe this little man a promise:
Reveal the precious gift of nature,
And I will be the memory,
For I can tell nothing has changed.
The little man disappeared without a trace,
In blood I wash my face.

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