

Thalarion

"A Herald Of Sorrow & Wretchedness"

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A brief commentary of Juraj Grezdo: "Here I used a lot of metaphors and comparisons, but the lyric describe the meaningless devastation of our natural wealth, the Tatras, interventions in their natural course in general. Where is the simple clear virginity of the Tatras being here before the centuries? The lyric says: "Trees cry in my arms, dry, with no splendour, delight has forever gone..."

Wicked clouds over my head.
They are greedy as the pressure of time.
A life-potion has spilt, all is dead.
Like a light of the immense eternity.
Embracing my last will, blood is my bread.

My words are the pictures.
The pictures of my sorrow.
Floating in the raptures.
Incessant raptures that I follow.
My muse is so huge, but not serene.
As the haze in the ancient woods.
As the grangeur of the Tatras.
As the endless sidereal time.
Penetrating through my mind.
And the loveliness of pleasure I can't find.

I hold the key to the enigmatic gate.
As I pass through my life to dream.
To discover the secret clutches of fate.
And listen to the silent waterstream.

Trees cry in my arms.
Dry with no splendour.
Delight has forever gone.
Bloody dawn torn by the thunder.

I am element of neverending light.
But I am also the element of the night.
I fan the fires burning all the happiness.
I am a herald of sorrow and wretchedness.

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