

Forest Of Souls "Esmahilv"

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Wandering and free, her you come running under the
trees of the forests,
when the night over the sky spread the firmament. I
neither search nor
provoke harm because this force in me, constrain me
to this instinct.

Transformed in lynx you chose children but you will of
notkilling is
stronger. I neither search nor provoke harm because
this force in me,
constrain me to this instinct. Yet obtuseness and
passion prevail in the
areas of your lonely oddysseys of which the existence
is perceived in the
villagers 'eyes as an evil and unhealthy threat.

Your naked body moving among the trees of their
cultures comes out into a
worrying outline. They liken you to the night and to the
ruin of losing
their beloved beings when the moon rises above the
bow.

Every second generation into an issue of badly-known
women appear beings

like you roaming and becoming a lynx but the chase is
given to the very
young for like is this line.

Don 't you see, " villagers, that this shade made with
female flesh now our
children lives, don 't you see that this ginger haired
witch consumes their
flesh with an unclean pleasure making them die. Let 's
arm to cast her out
by fire and sword.

Here is what claim your enemies for your
disappearance, so it 's your turn
to flee. But time of our failure is still up, surrendered you
'll be if you
're not yet.

Your death promises to be impending now into an issue
of badly women appear
beings like you roaming and becoming a lynx, me who

do know it very well
being your own mother.

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