

## Ahriman

### "The Old Wiseman"

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[Az Ā-reg BĀllcs]

Upon his land lives the peace  
Where the ray of Moon bathes  
In the falling leaves of the trees  
Representing an ancientness  
On his back is the burden of eternity.  
His song is roaming paths in the wilderness  
As incalculably as a blind animal  
Living under the ground  
Craving a way for itself  
Though starts with an aimlessness  
It does find the asylum finally  
Smells not of the end

Washing his hands  
In the water of the crook  
Pouring from the mountain  
Drifting time and wisdom  
Defending life itself.  
It awakens new thoughts  
In his silenced soul.  
Bearing something from the world...  
Perhaps a treasure  
Covered by riddle and twilight  
Defended by a power undestroyable?  
There  
High above  
In the mountains  
In the forsaken fields  
Swept by wind  
In an eternal familiarity  
Disturbed by nothing and no one  
The word of the old wiseman  
Pays homage to the Universe...  
...to it's unbreakable beauty.

An eternal life.

