

Kathaarsys

"Epic Pagan Times"

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The return of the wintry dream
Is the tree which the forest hide
But the valley is dark & it reborns
In thousands fall
When the circle was mine
The spring faded in my name
Someone will try to explain you this
But you won't understand nothing
A burrow isn't more than a link
With the greyish elegy of the wetlands
Isn't more than the absence of light
In the eyes whom we leave back
In my immortal kingdom cold
The storm will guide ours battles
Towards the abyss
The blood of our tragic memories
Will brand of a dark passage of sorrow

In the stony memorial of the shelvings
The black swamp that watches my death
Symbolizes our past
The lie summarizes my existence
But not my kingdom
Now the last moon of October
Project her rage in our arms
From the deepest of my grave
The cruelty of perpetual winter
In the density of the forest
Nobody will hear never
The agonized melody of the river
Near the forgotten willow
Until the end of our age...
Epic Pagan Times
The fury of the oceans
Willgo over the path
Of the ancient bards

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