

## Root "Then"

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[The tale about destiny]

In depths of mysterious moors,  
Where rags of fog were wed with rain  
Dazing smell of mysterious herbs  
Tickle the wistful nares.  
It hide's deep there...

Then I've set out to the very center  
Inward the world of Talmalion  
Difficult way stayed in for me  
I became the pilgrim of Eons.

Lonely and lonely  
I've wondered and sought,  
Forgotten by all, but strong  
Relentlessly I've headed to the end  
To the home of all mystic ages.

The storytellers from the depth of unknown come,  
their flutes and pipes made of human bones sounds,  
ballads of blood and Death enchant me,  
in their claws drifting me further and further,  
with no chance to return and I hear,  
I hear a calling of graves.

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