

Vektor

"Forests Of Legend"

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A shadowed existence veiled in mystery
Swallowed by sound from dwellers of the trees
A strange world thrives on a floor of decay
From rotting death, breaking through the fray...
A forest

Enter the shadow realm
Giants hold claim to the sky and ground
Keepers of gloom and great oddities
Sustain the ways of the forest keep

Ancient kingdoms, creeping lines
Split apart by roots of time

Voices from inside seem to pull you in
Dark wisdom runs on the still, damp wind
Glow of the eye, fear the gaze
The great ape returns disconnected and changed

Ancient kingdoms, creeping lines
Split apart by roots of time

Twisted land, twisted sky
Twisted circuit we call our mind
We push our will to change a world
Which has a spirit, has a soul
Borneo, Amazon
Once it goes it is gone
The legend is all that remains
Of the forests of old and grand domains

Legends only arise in the face of difficult times
A forest that stands on it's own
In the truth of a desolate world is where the legend will
grow

No cover from the sun
Carcass fields of fallen ones
Biding time, seeds remain
Tyrants fall, earth reclaims

Ancient kingdoms, creeping lines
Split apart by roots of time
A strange world thrives on a floor of decay
From broken rubble, breaking through the fray...
A forest

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