

Touch with your own hands the wet soil
Of the black gardens of deceit,
The awakening seems a resurrection
To find our place in this world.

Dry air-flavored old legends
Although still pass with the wind
Meet the lone and helpless angel
Whose black feathers stand the fall

Hollow of an empty music falls
And holds up the warrior waiting
To perform one last feat
Desert and bleak scene
Xarax, the planet
Of souls absolution moans
With the voice of the cold wind

While trying to break free of it,
Draws a thin line
Between the cruel and kind.

The angel and the warrior look to each other
Realizing if both are, here absolution
Of souls has come to them.