

The Eyes Of The Beast

Astrofaes

The beast dies in the Ancient wood
And the sight fades,
And the snow it just seems,
The silence is darker in the pine wood
It's the meaning of tree, revealed by Beast.
The beast is the world,
Where the breathe of the forests is light
Dying, he can't comprehend the rhanges,
Staying in the world where he was
This winter air will not be stranger for him
And the snow locks merge
To the pines' out lines
A meloncholly for freezing wind fills the heart
With greif for the past:
Screams of the raven in the empty wood
And silence with autumnal downpours,
And low fog on the swamps,
Death in the Eyes Of The Beast
Dark blue twillight.
Wolf's pupils in fire through the fog,
As burned oaks in the dead grumble,
And in the torned rhops, The winter
Without enlightenment, expectation, pain
Will finish a rrange in to other nature
Behind the memory side
And infinte weariness