

## Secret Garden

Darzamat

Hurry my steeds chased by the wind  
Across the crystal meadows  
Nobody will hear the piano of melancholy  
The music is dancing in my heart  
In the midst of the stillness and the storm

When the past closes my feelings in the ice-chains  
I will rise the mirror of my visions above the thoughts  
To steal merciless the flower of the gods  
Which they give away falsely  
And the blast of magic and the blackness of sin  
Will undermine my scarlet face  
When the wind mutter dreadful  
You will feel my kiss  
When the wind blows into the horns  
You will feel the flames of blazing blood  
Because only i am the god in my secret garden