Memory

Dragon

I'm walking on the dark ice of the North
The end of my journey is near
Every step is a wound
While dust is my death bed

The white sun
Is touching me
Freezing my blood
My pale face
The world goes away
I'm walking on the red snow of the East
I can see monstrous shapes under the ice
Wriggling in paroxysm of pain
In agony, madness and rage
Memory is already – dead
Future dead – as well
Faith without – good deeds
The old world – is gone
Our life is bound to die
Death's chill
Will get me
Will freeze my blood
Will suck my face
Will throw me down
I'm walking in the dead woods of the South
No one has won
The holy earth is dying
Asleep under the whip of ice
Helpless and naked
Our memory is bound to die

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