The Archer

Empyrium

On damp ground he walks
and lays the frost upon
the meadows and the moss
The hunt of fall is on

The archer and his bow
roam in the valleys cold
Eleven brothers know
again they`re getting old

Rain Wind Fire Ash
Snow Arch Mist Death

With a whistling ring
his arrow cuts the haze
and his freezing breath
resounds through the calm days

As the wheel hangs low
in snowy trees forlorn
The archer and his kin
know they shall be reborn

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!