

The Franconian Woods in Winter's Silence

Empyrium

Wrapped in morning silence of these emerald streams
lonesome voice I hear the ravens cry
grieving art the morning songs

The love of the forests' tranquility
just ice cold winds whisper to me
as if a wild rose were trapped
my bleeding heart
a gentle breeze opens wings and grief falls apart

Enchant
like a dream
the Franconian woods
Enchant me
embrace me
Franconian woods

Autumn infinity
in the vastness of countless trees
I walk through purity
lies in the sceneries

Cast for this winter hike
I see the north and its fountain of light
morning from ice
The scenery of the night