

## Concious Burning

Khors

Through thousands of invisible lakes  
The power of cold possesses the mind  
Only brave one knows and hears  
Never feeling the time  
Breaking the edge, he is driven by power  
Burning his skin, his heart and his soul  
Pain, enforcing his efforts  
Memory of crystal pieces  
And long dreamsome night

Brains working without tireness  
Looking for the edged wiped off  
The wind blows off the pain of the trees  
The hawl of a beast and the beat of a heart  
The power of cold covers the ground  
Helplessly wood bows the branches  
Falling deeply asleep  
And helplessly flame is fading away