

Pale Beauty Of The Past

Septicflesh

The mist unfolds its veil
As the night falls in the forest
The moisty wind forces the trees
To sing their sorrow
For centuries they are standing still
Like a petrified dream
Traped bodies in a wooden web
Tall towers of another epoch

This sweet melancholy
That is brought by the precious memory
The Pale Beauty of the Past
Is kept in the whisper of the wind

Only the fragile heart
Can understand the charm of the old
The best things in life are those we can't
Have yet, still we hope
Blessed will be the day
When the circle will be complete
Then the song of the muse will be heard
Again the mourning of the trees will stop

This sweet melancholy
That is brought by the precious memory
The Pale Beauty of the Past
Lost in the vortex of time.