

The Secret Of The Woods

Wine From Tears

There is the secret of dry woods
The world of tales and different moods
Asylum for lost souls like mine
A place to meet the end of times

I try to scream, but all keep silence
And echo rushes between the trees
It breaks my mind with sounds of violence
Becomes the terror of my dreams

The hidden images stare
This feeling I can not share
The sky blackens above my head
And only the trees look upset

Strange shiver runs on my weak back
I hear the sounds of decay

Go back, to the life where you came from
I have to stay on my own
My palms will be touched with the soil
Because I can't rise any more

The woods, they will save
The stones of my grave
And spirits will sing
Their lullabies to me
The secret of the woods
And spiritual moods
In finding the rest
Of any new guest