

The Forest That Weeps (Summer)

Wintersun

I am the mist in the morning
I am the moss in the ground
You are the light that cuts through the stone

I am the worms in the dirt
I am the branches reaching the sky
You are the source, the orchestrator of life

In the dark rain the grey mountains sing
A sad song of winter and the howling wind
Visions of the past in the haunting dreams
Under the dead sky, under the withered trees

The night falls upon the forest that weeps
Father of shadows that forever...
...that forever sleeps

I saw the lakes that shimmer
I heard the clanging of the wild rivers
You are the voice that carries throughout the land

I felt the strength of my ancestors
As I walked through the land of the dead
You are the fire that burns forever

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Father of shadows that forever sleeps
(...that forever...) sleeps