

Rebirth of an Old Nation

Xanthochroid

As Erthe's beauty fades
Behind bright, blinding lights
Will I still recall
The smell of the woods,
My home,
The lone and silent elk,
The damp, misty air
The allure of the erthe?

I must posses a mind
Not to be changed by place or time
Not to be poisoned by
The stench of progress

I remember when
I had a brother and a friend
A friend whose struggles
I alone have witnessed

When I saw him there
Crumbling face, empty stare
A great, heaving sigh
I, at last, said good bye

The sky is black with fog
Black with the souls of those who've lost
That fleeting breath which they called life

I step into the mist
Recalling the place she and I lived
Hoping to find some semblance of old joy

But alas her tender spirit
Has gone away at last
For in my most desparate hour
She did not come
No empty blessings
No friendly ghost
To fill me with false hope
Or haunt me with happy dreams
Still I was drunk by the prospect
That she may sit beside me
When my trials were through

I walk along the sand
By the cold, brackish water

"It's hard to remember
The paths we used to take"

It's hard to walk in this thick mud
And I begin to sink.

"Vocant me deus
Numquam ita sentitur
Humana"

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