

Elvenking, Losth Hills Of Memories

(...and if you follow the trails down this winter wake
Sh's reaping down souls, one for every flake
Throughout the ages, through centuries
She, mistress of customs, of memories)
Strange the breeze
Late the season comes
As beats late the clock of my heart
Falling leaves colour all around
As my intentions stroking the ground
And up there have seen the skies
Pains and joys of so many lives
All griefs your empty glance
Water of the Ocean tell her I am near
Winds of far horizons blow off all the fears
Fearless I stand, strong of all
the emotions The lived through
As my memories and soul belong to you
Painted into the setting sun
A black shadow ringed in red flames
Handsome as words cannot describe
Ruthless as her blinded black eyes
And up there have seen the skies
Pains and joys of so many lives
All griefs your empty glance
Water of the Ocean tell her I am near
Winds of far horizons blow off all the fears
Fearless I stand, strong of all
the emotions The lived through
As my memories and soul belong to you
"I don't fear for my Fate, what really does ache
is a fond thought of home"
"No one ever will be in control of his End"
"By her tears and her pain I'm eternally damned
Memories of a Life"
"Nothing can ever be done to avoid my last touch"
Water of the Ocean tell her I am near
Winds of far horizons blow off all the fears
Fearless I stand, strong of all
the emotions The lived through
As my memories and soul belong to you
On that strange and silent night
On (the) Lost hill of memories
I've spoken of love and touched she smiled to me