

# 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