

Galadriel, Lost Paths of Unicorns

A breeze is tearing down the leaves of the trees
(That are) falling asleep in the colors of Fall

Again, I can hear that strange beat of the Earth
That melancholy neigh and sort of the nostrils

The strokes of hoofs sound again over the land
I can see them again galloping gracefully
Their blowing white manes, a tender sharp horn on their brow

Only a virgin could touch their grace
And feel the touch of their eyelashes in her palm
Just today, when I'm scrolling across the forest
And that ancient touch is warming my palms

Just today, I'm trying to find the traces of UNICORNS
As if their traces were still warm
But those paths have been overgrown with grass
For a long time...