

# Galadriel, Rivers Of Olivion

(There is a) strange quiet in crowns of trees  
Only raindrops break the silence  
Beauty of naked fairies  
In the darkness of infernal dance

Those touches of their lips  
And bodies luring you  
But you feel like  
A prisoner nailed to stones

There's black heaven and red sun over my head...

Horizon is gray in the garden of thorns  
In this nameless time, with ruins of hopes  
(Melting in the) rivers of oblivion, forgotten by the time  
Is this insanity? Slave of the suffering...

I am the fallen angel  
And my wings are dead  
Blood flowers of this darkness  
Fall to my palms

My bride is flying there  
As a black orchid she looks  
Raven, what can I feel?  
Oblivion of times?

Horizon is...