

Lake Of Tears, Greater Art

There is a land, a land of greater art
But high mountains hide its heart
The gods play there, a soft sound of harps
And in the air shine silver stars

There is a land, a land that mountains guard
A land for most mortals far
But if you pure in heart, the time will come to you
When you may follow an avatar through

But here close the avatars words...

"Get your eagle wings, upon highest ground
Fill those wings with air and fly around
Seek the lands, ride the winds
Ride into its heart, the realms within
On eagle wings, of highest ground
Carried to the place where art is found
A beauty great, inside its heart
Beyond the lost land of greater art"

There is a land, the land of greater art
Where gods play on golden harps
Their music so great, a melodic and beautiful sound
And it reaches even the highest ground

But into this land, where all are friends
Comes so greed of mortal men
And through a heart, a heart that evil hides
The dark now comes inside

No music sounds, no harps to play
The gods have left, now they're far away
Dark the land, broken silver stars
All that remains, are only memories of greater art

You still hear the avatars words...

"Get your eagle wings, upon highest ground
Fill those wings with air and fly around
Seek the lands, ride the winds
Ride into its heart, the realms within
On eagle wings, of highest ground
Carried to the place where art is found
A beauty great, inside its heart
Behold the lost land of greater art"