

Midnattsol, River Of Virgin Soil

There's something about the river
Something magical I can't describe
While it's raining outside the windows
The water itself lies calm
This is the world of my dreams
Where the seventh sense comes out
Like a falcon so high
Conquering the infinite sky
With a majestic pride
It's enchanting my mind
A restless voice inside of me
circling all around
Seeking what it could not find
Oh no, I couldn't find...!
A dreamer
A believer
I truly am
But there's no easy answer on how this will end
With silence I stepped into the wild
In the raw raw wildness
I was blinded by a tainted sight
The sound
of unspoken words
Felt soft leaves on my face
Hit by a vivacious caress
There's something about the river
Where a virginal creature belongs
It floats away like roses
with its snow-white skin and long hair
This overwhelms my senses
and lets me feel alive