

Silent Stream Of Godless Elegy, Garden

Behind shadows, behind fingers
I'm hiding my true passion
To be, to be alone
In my garden,
in its corners
I'm looking for the path of my thoughts in the dark

Open the gate, it's the right time
Let the wind makes a ring the trees
Let the shadows move on the ways
I'm entering the tomb of tales

Here you find revived puppets
One of them is you
I'm coming to everyone like the trees and feelings
Here you find - maybe yourself

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