

# 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 make 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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