

# Thalarion, A Staircase To My Soul

(A brief commentary of Juraj Grezdo & Nela Horvathova: "This lyrics is more optimistic.

The bliss has descended from the skies torn.  
Along with beneficial autumn drizzle.  
It brought a scent of obsolete recollections.  
And grieved me somewhat.

Dense drops of rain hissed as they fell.  
Then evaporated and faded into the atmosphere.  
Like my own memories vanished long ago.  
That emerge with any following rain.

But now I am fortunate because the bliss came to me.  
From the high distances of the azure clouds.  
It effaced the scars arising after the frusrtations.  
And healed my soul up.

Shapeless flowers are blooming in heavens.  
Each of them reminds me the one part of my life.  
They used to fade before they blossomed.  
But now they turn pale and all bad is gone.

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