

Whispering Forest, Last Sunset

Last sunset,
I'll walk from the pit to forgotten valley.
As I light the black candle,
silently wolves are crying their sorrow.

I enter myself -
here the sun no longer rises
I search myself -
spiritless from the cryptic storm

I can hear the symphony,
sad songs of the dying ones.
I can hear the symphony,
symphony of the dying swans.

In darkened copse,
are whispering shadows.
From the blackened forest,
reflecting my time.

From the depth of the twilight
she could see me come.
To walk the endless path alone...
Forever I'll fade under the frozen moon.

The candle has burned.
I WAS NEVER HERE!