

# Burzum, A Lost Forgotten Sad Spirit

The fire in the sky is extinguished  
Blue waters no longer cry  
The dancing of trees has stopped  
The stream of freshness from cold winds  
Exists no Longer  
The rain has stopped to drip  
From the sky  
Still dripping exists  
From the veins of a nearly dead boy  
Once there was hatred  
Once there was cold  
Now  
There is only  
A dark stone tomb  
With an altar  
An altar which  
Serves as a bed  
A bed of eternal sleep  
The dreams of the human in sleep  
Are dreams of relief  
A gate out of hell  
Into the void of death  
Yet undisturbed  
The human sleep  
And one day  
Will the grave be unlocked  
And the soul  
Must return to his world  
But this time as  
A lost forgotten sad spirit  
Doomed  
To haunt  
Endlessly