

# Burzum, Feeble Screams From Forests Unknown

Drifting  
In the air  
Above a cold lake  
Is a soul  
From an early  
Better age  
Grasping for  
A mystic thought  
In vain... but who's to know

Furhter on lies eternal search  
For theories to lift the gate  
Only locks are made stronger  
And more keys lost as logic fades  
In the pool of dreams the water darkens  
For the soul that's tired of search

As years pass by  
The aura drops  
As less and less  
Feelings touch  
stupidity  
has won too much  
the hopeless soul  
keeps mating