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