

# Carpathian Forest, Nostalgia

From the ashes he returns  
Through the seal of the dark  
He looks upon the enchanting moon  
His lips are dry  
And crave for human blood  
Through all centuries  
We see the horizon clearly  
Deep in our hearts  
Under the shelter of a tree  
It lives in the well of time  
The ancient dread of non-existence  
Close your eyes, it leads the way  
(To the) Treasure throne of memories  
This is the emptiness  
This is life  
Make a final sign  
(And) Leave the world behind