

# Carpathian Forest, When Thousand Moon Have C

The vast windswept wastelands,  
Cold horizons opens.  
Many traveller has set their course from here,  
Few of them have returned.  
The utter darkness,  
Bleak visions of emptiness,  
And the veil to this portal,  
Lies in your own belief....  
When thousand moon has circled,  
In the shadow of endless nights,  
The wage of eternal life.  
Among the old tree's,  
As the dust covers every flower in bloom,  
The mourner hide their eyes,  
To reap the seeds and harvest.  
Withering flowers of the northem autumn,  
Shall never thrive again.  
The time has ceased,  
Now my dreams are true....