

# Cryptic Carnage, Rozelowe

A river cuts the land in half  
Each side of it equally beautiful  
Willows and oaks, rough and old  
They still hold the voices of birds

A touch of green revives the nature  
And the sun brings back all living  
Spring has finally come  
Overwhelming one with pleasure

Seems as if the trees try to tell  
The stories they heard long ago  
Nothing has changed in 800 years  
Listen carefully for this is true...