

# Elbereth, The End of the 2nd Act

Swans, slow dance of pretty strokes,  
the indifferent walk on the pride  
obscures the stranza hideing the bare.  
Sad eyes crossed by the roses thorns  
Sweet fragrances may hide strinking smells.  
Swans, I've seen the beauty.  
Swans, I've seen the simplicity.  
But still, there're some gardens in which, statyes cry...  
Sweet fragrances may hide my soul, my heart, my eyes, my arms...