

Forest Stream, Black Swans

Take me in the temple of the evening sun
Coming from there where's no life's remained
Only the glow reflecting in the eyes of phrentics
By the name of LEGION

In the imperishable area of heaths, woods and lakes
They've been cradled by
Is so perfect for magic marvelous dance
There is no place to be... And
Moonlight chaplet have faded out
No sound of their speech meets an ear

... And the rapture that I've been filled with hath turned into the
brilliant dew
To wash the blood off my face
When I came back
The dawn was so silver and so golden is the dusk upon the meadows
Splashed with poppies
Where I've lost myself looking for tomorrow...

One day like countless times in sleep
I'll come to the wall
That hides the abyss beyond...
To overcome it on the black wings my hands turn into
I'm the one who was gifted by his
Sable Majesty

And the spirit transfigures...

By the grace of your black astral world I have been bewitched
And now on my bended knees I am praying
"For Thine is the Kingdom"...

...I know they've died and turned into the Black Swans
To dance on the forest lake in silver mist and sorrowful grace...