

Lyriel, Fairyland

What is the kingdom I mean,
Where the width never end.
Splendid and mighty
We all would be imposed.

Bewitch me with your touch,
And your colored tenderness,
Feel the wind and carry me away.

Is there a difference,
Between a singer and his song.
Or is there a difference,
Between a dancer and his dance.
Or is that only one,
Like the nature and kingdom of light?

Wavelength where the music ever sounds,
Without a masquerade
And heal all my wounds.
I know or feel it or I see,
The moment has come,
Where my heart's getting free.

Fairyland...

Everybody has a name,
That proves your existance,
But noone here has ever called any name.

And I allow my knowledge
To haze around me,
Give them names,
Take notice of them.

That's my first threshold,
And the rest I leave behind.
In acknowledgement,
Absoluteness you can find.
The way through the first gate,
Is to give names for the nameless lights.

Wavelength where the music ever sounds,
Without a masquerade
And heal all my wounds.
I know or feel it or I see,
The moment has come,
Where my heart's getting free.

I have the key to the fairyland,
On the threshold I stay,
Where the wilderness never ends,
But the heaven without firework,
And without peal of the bells,
Which calls me