

Odious, Collected Echoes

A spark of light in a strange
Shape like the waves that surround the sight range
A wounded collected echoes
Among the Sharp mountains
The wild star is the face
That reveals the mask buried in the chosen place
Weeping over our failure
With deep silent scream
A passage to the woods
Through the freezing night
Is waiting for you
To come and bring the light
Your mirror of the future
Will reflect the past behind
And the caves of both of them
Will devote the secret demise
Storm!
My extreme restlessness
Will suffocate my innocent mind