

# Sear Bliss, Land Of The Phantoms

Wind sweeps through the forest  
It sweeps through valleys and mountains  
It stops and casts its eyes over the peak  
And looks inquiringly when it trances me down

I don't speak and nor do the wind  
It's just standing and looking at the landscape  
Solitude takes my thoughts  
I feel quite well in this way  
But my soul is tired

Then it rises and regains strength  
It entreats me to fly with  
Through valleys and mountains  
It asks me to soar before the sun rises  
To take advantage of darkness and night

Since then I've been one with the landscape  
And it has become one with me too  
Since then I've been one with the darkness  
Which is a vital element for me

Since then I just stand here and I see everything  
As the others are carried from peak to peak  
As the wind stain the world  
As they sink out honour to the depth of hell

I look around. We have remained few in place  
The others have flown away, wither their interest hoping for better  
But I see that we're still firm  
And like sand, the wind carries the others