

# Silentium, Maiden Of The Forest

In the Misty Summer night  
On the Brightness of It's Breeze  
I Saw a Maiden Fair, White  
Heard Song Among Her Weeps

Was Not From Tribe of Mine  
Couldn't Understand Her Words  
Her Eyes, Like Flames They Shined  
The Curse Was Cast on Me

The Song Was Full of Longing  
From Her Love She Was Apart  
My Tears Started Falling  
Understood Her with My Heart

In the Verses of Her Longing  
The Spells Were Cast on Me  
On the Marshlands I Was Drowning  
By the Singing of a Tree

Wanted to Dry Her Tears  
To Sing Her Smile Alive  
But a Bear  
Would She Not Fear  
The Rougher Side of Mine

This Maiden 'neath the Trees  
With Widows Pain That Sears  
And a Bear  
She Did Not Fear  
As She Saw Me Drowning There

And If on Misty Summer Night  
You'll Hear Her Sing and Moarn  
It's Maiden of the Forest  
Who's Thirsty for Your Soul

By the Branches of Enchanted  
The Spell Will Cast on you  
Under Bog You Shall Be Drowning  
By the Singing of a Tree