

Varathron, Flowers Of My Youth

Oh! My crushing soul
Through my ebony tears
Falling on the fading
Flowers of my youth

Voices from the dark ruins
Of cirith ungol
Kutulu beckons me
From my darkest dreams

I'm looking at the last
Sunset which descends
Over the purple horizon
The purple horizon of my dreams
But as a vision
Your beauty is fading
Into the depths
Of my obscured soul

And now, the door is locked
Before me, and I still hear
The whispers of Kutulu
Shadows from the past