

Whispering Forest, Shine Of Lethe

I'm here,
the mist around the trees.
And I'm still here,
dancing through the skies of nevermore.

And I can feel your heat
by the ancient stone,
where you rest and sleep.
(Call me Lethe)

And I'm lust,
covered by the early hoarfrost.
And I'm shame,
standing in the water of pain.

Created to soar the darkest mystery...
Created to bleed and wither inside...
And I dream you in deepest forest...
And I'll walk when the night goes on...
And I'll wait all the black ravens,
through my spirit, body and my mind.

And I'm here,
till the moonlight guiles my eyes.

And I'm shroud.
Ode into the darkness...
Ode into the wind.
And I'm despondency.
And with her beauty, with her regal -
Lethe... It shines, it shines.