

# Yearning, Eyes Of The Black Flame

Dead branches standing still  
So lifeless with no will  
To hide a reign of mournful sky  
With no light  
Sight is dead

Fading away deep in our pain  
Speaking no more, knowing more  
Fading away, laughing today  
Crawling through waves ever face

And everywhere I roam  
Is likely to be shown  
That Every silent moment cries  
Through these years and black flame

And again the northern wind will blow  
Through hearts and fields  
where darkened heaven glows  
And the fire grows  
There eyes were made for me