

(the old one) The moan... Who has remembered?
Who is still able to remember about how they did dream and yearn
Laugh and dance and then about how they were dying
To flow towards the stellar worlds beyond the horizons of mind
Where all our laws are nothing at all
Maybe to dwell forgotten maybe once to return...

(the young one) Dark are thy eyes and dark are soul of thine
What is it you know of them?
Reveal to me their stories...

(the old one) As deep as never before I feel them call to me
From the brightest blaze from place where all the paths come to the end
Misunderstood ones wished a Strange
Who've left this world when the world was changed

(And leaving they sing the spell joined their hands)
Embrace me with a winter blizzard
Give me the power of all the winds
In the serenity of the endless woods
Unite me with my shadow...

And once I came to know
What beauty is
But I've failed to behold
I was enblinded others were betongued
Beheaded left handless...
Sometimes I miss mirage - last thing I saw
The gray sullen sky and the golden forest
The incarnation of Last Season Purity
That's where my thoughts had found
Their eternal asylum...

Like sparks of the evening fire...
You will remember the only one
That rose most high
And burned most bright
And you will burn too
Your agony will be so horrid
But they'd hear you
The ones who need it
Let them hear...

Thy will be done...