

Galadriel, Rivers Of Olivion

(There is a) strange quiet in crowns of trees
Only raindrops break the silence
Beauty of naked fairies
In the darkness of infernal dance

Those touches of their lips
And bodies luring you
But you feel like
A prisoner nailed to stones

There's black heaven and red sun over my head...

Horizon is gray in the garden of thorns
In this nameless time, with ruins of hopes
(Melting in the) rivers of oblivion, forgotten by the time
Is this insanity? Slave of the suffering...

I am the fallen angel
And my wings are dead
Blood flowers of this darkness
Fall to my palms

My bride is flying there
As a black orchid she looks
Raven, what can I feel?
Oblivion of times?

Horizon is...