

Hortus Animae, Souls of the Cold Wind

I have travelled, travelled through the coldest of winters. Lashes of wind have hurt my body screaming taking away pieces of my soul, as they stole pieces of other suffering beings... I have slept, slept up dusted nails have hurt my body, disturbing my dreams with their nightmares... And taking away pieces long?... I have cried, cried around the saddest of shores, where the thoughts follow the tide, where Jaws made of water have hurt my body, leaving my flesh naked and weak and my soul's gone with coldest of winds, cause I feel I'm in darkness, I'm afraid and I'm tortured by the pain of my open wounds die in the most 'lone of all thrones, where I could lay my tired body and sing lullabies for my death, soul to the angels (and the souls of other suffering beings...).