Feeble Screams from Forests Unknown

Burzum

Drifting
In the Air
Above a Cold Lake
Is a Soul
From an Early
Better Age
Grasping for
A Mystic Thought
In Vain... but Who's to Know
Further on Lies Eternal Search
For Theories to Lift the Gate
Only Locks Are Made Stronger
And More Keys Lost as Logic Fades
In the Pool of Dreams the Water Darkens
For the Soul That's Tired of Search
As Years Pass by
The Aura Drops
As Less and Less
Feelings Touch
Stupidity
Has Won too Much
The Hopeless Soul Keeps Mating

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