

Then (The Tale About Destiny)

Root

[The tale about destiny]In depths of mysterious moors,
Where rags of fog were wed with rain
Dazing smell of mysterious herbs
Tickle the wistful nares.
It hide's deep there...Then I've set out to the very center
Inward the world of Talmalion
Difficult way stayed in for me
I became the pilgrim of Eons.Lonely and lonely
I've wondered and sought,
Forgotten by all, but strong
Relentlessly I've headed to the end
To the home of all mystic ages.

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