

He Sleeps In a Grove

Amberian Dawn

Cold breeze blows in a misty grove
Making dying leaves fall on the forgotten one
Sleeping in a frost-covered ground
Waiting for someone to find his lonely grave
And so did winter come over the grove
With beautiful pure white snow
Covering all tracks of struggle and fight
Of an ending life
On a grove sleeping
Silently sighing
Lonely forgotten this wandering soul
Coldness is creeping
Only one sleeping
In the grove covered with cold winter snow
Northern winter in darkness and cold
Makes the icy tears spring in his lonely soul
Sitting next to his own frozen corpse
He wishes he could rest and haunt no more
After the winter came a blooming spring
White wood anemones within
Where his body rested flowers turned red
As if marking his bloodstained bed
On a grove sleeping
Silently sighing
Lonely forgotten this wandering soul
Coldness is creeping
Only one sleeping
In the grove covered with cold winter snow
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