Lavondyss

Galadriel

The fire burns in the land of the bird's spirit
The smoke flows of my bones, I have to go there...That childish hand discovered the masks in the wood
Those bright eyes saw hooded figures, smashed
- they streaked in shadowsThere places whispered their names
And the summer breeze smelled with a winterStrong timbers absorbed her words
And the answer was just a flutter
Of winged beings up in the limbs
Tallis - the sweetheart of the crippleHer warrior under "The strong against the storm"
Stone talismans scared away all birds
The Nature's laws, the love, the death and the knowing
Mysterious beings, warriors in furs and bones of prophecyEndless search for the lost, lost brother Harry
Long wandering to the place
Place where the life ends and the lost could be found
Could be found LavondyssLonely in death, the circle - Lavondyss

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