

Lykorian

Root

Thousand of voices use to be heard in distance
Tell tales about themselves, the Eternal Story
Carried by the Wind - it sounds all around
The shell fanfares gust... so lightly. Mysterious Lykorian made drums sound
The storm wispers in the tops of the trees
It trembles with amazement, everything alive around
Even the Sea stayed still at the Monnlight. Dance - be merry - the Depths of Ages
The Soul is scorched by the Flame
The flame of beauty and Souther Winds
Emeralds of Rains run down the cheeks.

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