Nostalgia

Carpathian Forest

From the ashes he returns
Through the seal of the dark
He looks upon the enchanting moon
His lips are dry
And crave for human bloodThrough all centuries
We see the horizon clearly
Deep in our hearts
Under the shelter of a treeIt lives in the well of time
The ancient dread of non-existence
Close your eyes, it leads the way
(To the) Treasure throne of memoriesThis is the emptiness
This is life
Make a final sign
(And) Leave the world behind

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