

## The Lake

### Forgotten Silence

I stood in the middle of a dream  
In the middle of a country  
Between day and night  
Between darkness and glare  
Between ice and glow  
Between me and myself

I opened my eyes...  
And cold was singing from high trees  
Sand and stones slept silently...  
And the lake was a divine mirror.

Just a crescent of moon shone in dark  
- cut through the sky like a razor blade, like a sabre  
The lake rang with a strong voice  
And an old chant was sung  
And another and another...  
One was knitted into the second  
and the third sounded with the fifth  
and the seventh was weaker  
The forth wept and the sixth knew my name...

I was lying under the starry dome listening to a tale  
I will never forget the magical moment...