

Smell of the wood, smell of the trees
Smell of the trees, echoes of the past
Rustling oaken leaves, oaken eddy which you cannot pass
Attracted by the secrecy, losing the notion of time
Relating intimacy to old legends, ancient fights

Dreaming about the roaring sky
About trees and thunder
Dreaming about forefathers
These secrets make me wonder
Stepping inside the mind of wood forlorn

Concentric circles, circles of the inner wood
Originate archetypes, the Celtic soldier and Robin Hood
Wandering in silence, wandering in myths
Step inside the history, live through the neolithic mood

Where the story starts
There the story ends
The mind is crooked
This realm it blends

Along the creek, leaving the realm of the world behind
From castles to battlefields, through space and time

Along the creek, leaving the realm of the world behind
From castles to battlefields, through space and time
Over woodlands and deeps, although the mind is blind
Unconsciousness feeds these places with archetypes