

# Crematory, The Perils Of The Wind

over yonder far from time  
lived a maid widowed by war  
astray her home burdened her life  
a neverland of discontent  
free of joy and bliss

believe in nothing hard to see  
believe in everything the world is free  
listen to your heart never forget  
tales of yore trust them yet

on a day gloomy and grey  
through the flickeringlights of the woods  
shimmering knights of majesty

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the warriors aroused by weariness  
ascended the porch an innocent soul

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believe in nothing hard to see  
believe in everything this world is free  
world is free - world is free