

Salamandra, Ancient Echoes

I'm lying on the floor of rough sea
I hear the ageless voices
in my ears
spell of the bright Sun
spell of the full Moon sky
leaden sky

I'm standing at the edge of white cliffs
my mind paints pictures
of the ancient times
rising in distance
chasing the wild wind high
so high

I feel the fire
burning inside of me

Thousands of sounds
through my being
thousands of tides
through my veins
help me to find
my own way
to embrace
to reach the Earth
reach the Earth

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Choir
The bright sun –
the full moon sky –
help me to find my own way

The bright sun –
the full moon sky –
you always help me find way

In times – of knight lives
in times – of the fights

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