

Solitary Paths (by Janneke de Boer)

Godlike warriors,
caught up in a fabled war
Along with mystical shadows,
with whom they share their world
Lost in the lake of time,
their beauties and dreams
So far in the past,
in the mists of centuries
A world without a name...

On solitary paths, he wanders far and wide
To an unknown land, which few can tell
A mystery of soul, he becomes in heart
May lose his feelings, his beliefs
To a land of the unknown

Dreams foretold his future
Had shown the darker side of life
How to end the life he is leading
To release all sorrow and regrets
To let him die

Through the shadowy hills he walks
Hearing lovely songs of muses
Nightingale voices, like dreaming a dream
Forgetful of everything he falls asleep
Breathing... his last breath

The pride of a warrior, his soul shall remain

