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Den engelska versionen av min och Johannas text.

The Meadow of Death.

The glance fails you in the fog at the meadow of death.

It fails you like you've never before open up your eyes.

Everything you love and want to hold on to

Don't make any sense at all here.

The ancient power at the meadow of death don't show no compassion

One day she woke up in the midst of the meadow.

She opened her eyes and she looked around.

Everything layed dead and she

could'nt see any life.

Lifeless grass and dim forests.

There was no life to be seen.

The ancient power on the meadow of death did never let her go

Cause' she is, she have become and she will forever be

The little girl in white.

In her eyes the memories reflect. She can feel all the evil

you have done. She will never let you forget what you repressed

for a long time ago.

The girl stayed in the dark world of her dreams.

Like a white rose to the black feelings of the storm

The days lingered on and became months and years

The ancient power on the meadow of death destroyed the girl in white

She called herself Nanda, nobody knew why. On day she left the meadow.

A feeling forced her away, to a world

She wandered through forests and for the first time she saw life.

But the animals fled and every human ran.

For she could see thier mistakes and their imperfection.

Cause' she is, she have become and she will forever be

The little girl in white.

In her eyes the memories reflect. She can feel all the evil

you have done. She will never let you forget what you repressed

for a long time ago.

The girl in white, the messenger, represented the meadow.
In the search for the perfect human,
the one who would restore the innocence of the meadow.
But the plan was doomed from the beginning, the hope was soon gone...
Forgiveness is not within sight for the one committing such a terrible sin.
Destroying an innocent girl.

Nanda nanda.. (the girl in white)
Nanda nanda...

Cause' she is, she have become and she will forever be
The little girl in white.
In her eyes the memories reflect. She can feel all the evil
you have done. She will never let you forget what you repressed
for a long time ago.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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