

akryane



- 1 **Prologue** [4'51]
- 2 **Ascending Goddess Akryane** [4'17]
- 3 **Arrival at the Village** [1'24]
- 4 **Welcome** [2'01]
- 5 **Mirror, part I (Landscape)** [1'58]
- 6 **Faith in their Eyes** [0'52]
- 7 **First Ride Towards the Ice** [3'34]
- 8 **Don't be Afraid ("Who is that Woman?")** [1'29]
- 9 **Bad News and New Plans** [3'34]
- 10 **Armory and Weaponry** [3'12]
- 11 **At Least Some Training** [1'06]
- 12 **The Ice** [2'13]
- 13 **Second Ride Towards the Ice** [1'20]
- 14 **Run back for our Homes** [1'20]
- 15 **Wondrous Akryane** [4'55]
- 16 **Mirror, part II (eyes)** [1'47]
- 17 **One Step too Close** [2'48]
- 18 **The Scouts Report** [1'05]
- 19 **We Can Recover The Land!** [0'42]
- 20 **Remember, Beyond the Lines there's Just Surface** [2'33]
- 21 **Mirror, part III (heart)** [1'38]
- 22 **Akryane the Warrior** [4'33]
- 23 **Third Ride Towards the Ice** [1'50]
- 24 **The Battle** [2'20]

- 25 **Silent Complaint** [3'34]
- 26 **Descending Goddess Akryane** [1'21]
- 27 **Epilogue** [6'02]

[Total playing time 68'24]

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Musik, Text, Tasten, Perkussion, Flöten, Aufnahme, Mastering

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Stimme, Querflöte, Holzflöten

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Rezitation in Prologue & Epilogue, Übersetzung

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Vokaleffekte (Nr. 20), Aufnahmeassistentz

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Herausgegeben von Pablo Pirnay-Dummer und Daniel Umber

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Prologue

Having dreamed of gentle tenderness they bathed their dreams in cans of crimson shimmer and refused to let them go again.

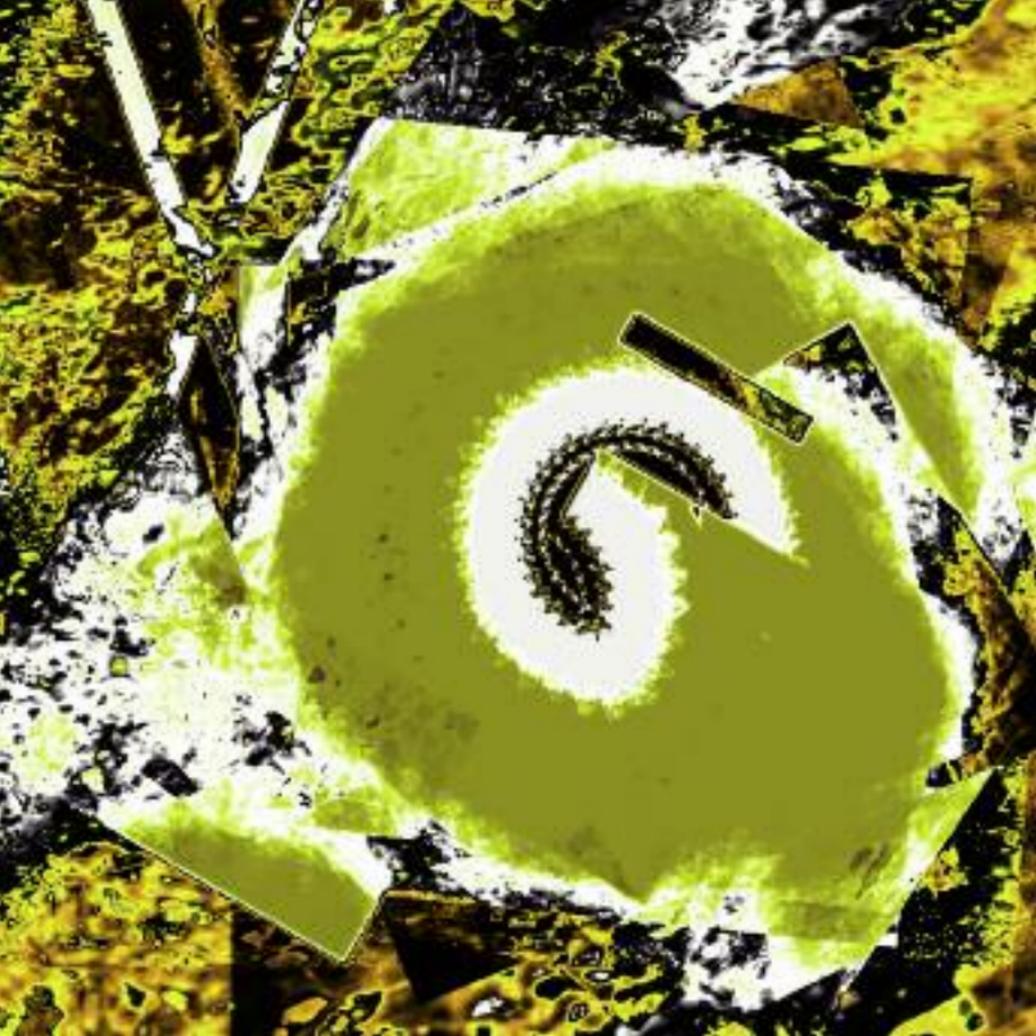
In this same way, the stars fell from the skies and made them all believe the end was nigh; slowly the ice drew closer and closer – already it froze a few of them into a delicate but icy silver shine.

Eerie silence stole its way across the land wearing them out and feeding from old myths and songs –

But then a few remembered the aging altar that stood at the mountains' core in the vicinity of a small village. Soon they were on their way; but the ice was hard on their heels.

When finally they reached the altar they lit a candle that spread its little golden light. Then they waited for whatever might be coming there.

Some days and nights went by no one felt any change. As they were caught up in their hope, none of them spotted the ice approaching the higher summits as well. As the candle continued to burn, they didn't forget their crimson desires.



Close together they stood at the high altar when the ice approached the place of their hope. With their hearts they warmed the symbol of their hope, but the ice gained in strength, and so they had to watch that their bodies, full of valour once, were slowly covered by the beautiful, but freezing silver shine.

Quite soon only their eyes kept the former lively shimmer that had been woven into the country's veins – only their eyes. And yet, the hope was still unbroken: In the utter depths of these eyes the silent cry was born, the silent cry for the long forgotten child of brightness and obscurity. She had been there for them, ere the shadows had cast her into oblivion with their faith in the true pain of life. Now, as the ice devoured the land with unyielding violence, the yearning cry broke out of the depths of memory. It was, as if the name burned into glassy eyes:

Akryane.



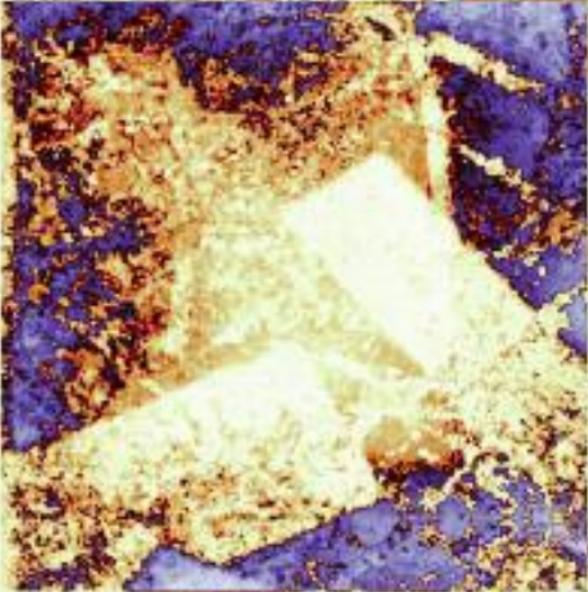
Her Burning Candles

Soon the paper falls down on a creamy cake of silence
and the candles will go on to burn the night
tomorrow courage stumbles
on a spooky brick of nonsense
and the candles will go on to burn the day

Since she meets the tear-spring
she will once arrange her vengeance
around everyone who's giving her the key
and whenever she arrives
to set another fairy-answer
it's a hint towards how far to go

Light words hide her Swords
wondrous Akryane

Once the paper fluttered
on a crusted pile of silence
and the candles never went to burn the night
the wonders seemed to have their
monumental disappearance
and the candles never went to burn the day



We were told to worry
if a wish could make us starry
and the dreams were filed to ancient mysteries
so whenever we arrived
to realise a fairy-answer
t'was a hint never to go so far

Dark words hide her Shield
wondrous Akryane

Light words are to keep us
from the dawn of contradiction
for to prove that we can hear the honesty
and dark words are to keep us
from the dusk of resurrection
for to prove that we can feel the lunacies

She will bring the passion
where the hearts are sear of freedom
and vitality begins to disappear
she will bring a cloud of hope to
all the souls who touch the life and
she will tell us now how far to go

Clear words hide her path
wondrous Akryane



Silent Complaint

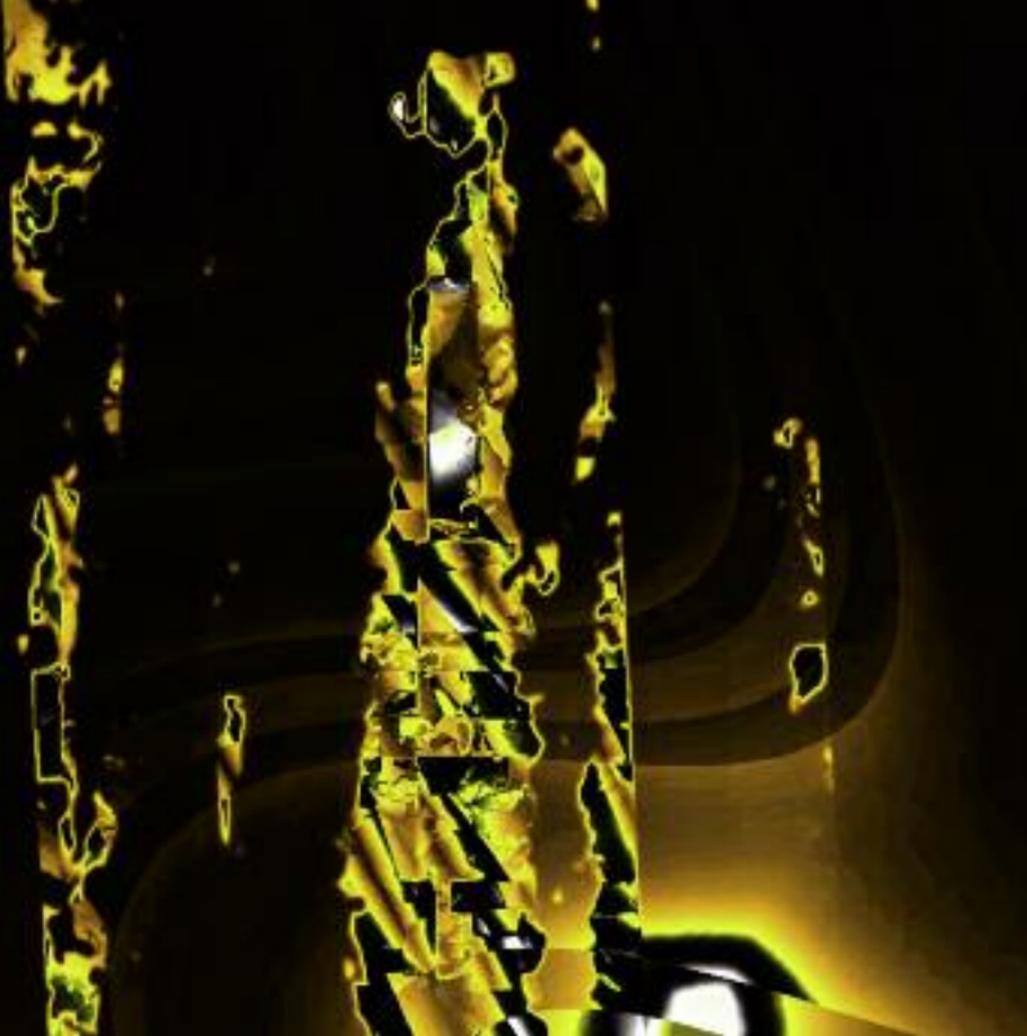
We don't know what she wants
we don't know what she does
we search the reasons for her intimate words
dark nights keep her sight
the wind takes her dream
to a pathway beyond
she can dream of the dangerous
dark words of self defence
dream of the light words too
far she goes
in our hopes
we will pray for the fires to burn
yes and
she will dream of a silent complaint

Far in the distance we see
how she transforms our fears
far in the distance we hear
how she performs destiny



We don't know how she feels
we don't know where she goes
we search the sources for her intimate words
light days keep her sense
the wind takes her dream
to a pathway beyond
she can dream of the dangerous
light words of self defence
dream of the dark words too
far she goes
in our hopes
we will pray for the waters to flow
yes and
she will dream of a silent complaint

Far in the distance we see
how she transforms our fears
far in the distance we hear
how she performs destiny



Epilogue

Just before you, the early ray of dawn,
touched tenderly the reawakened land,
she had left the embraces
of those who love and worship her.

However, soon the fires die –
the fires from the days of battle
between the words of darkness and of light-
meanwhile, peace tries keeping pace with time

and, with the scenic silence of events,
mingles a smile that reminds of her
and reminds us that on the highest mountain
there is a game, meant just for her.

Just a game it was for her, maybe,
maybe some childish little prank,
maybe she cannot even start to guess
what her warmth means to our land.

Right here the gloominess entered my mind
but she had donned her golden robe:
just like the land was in full bloom around us,
just like the clouds went dancing in the eternally blue sky,



just like all life was freshly sparked and driven to multiple bloom –
in just that way the newly banned ice
felt safe, protected in my heart,
only to cling in feigned kindness to my neck
and strangle me more each passing minute

Therefore: I was one step too close
when she lent patience to the miracle;
the land returned in half into the light by kindness

The other half she poured into my heart,
the half which was impossible to be left elsewhere
like thunder it drops into my sad heart
and into my cold eyes in this candle light:

She is a child of day and night.

