

# UMBRANTIAE

*Elegy of Souls*

# UMBRA ANIMAE

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Stefan Kovačević - Guitars/ Bass / Backing vocals/ Drums  
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Petar Ristić - Lead guitars  
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Jovan Mirić - Acoustic guitars  
Stevan Miljković - Rhythm/ Lead guitars

Album art by Lune Miletić  
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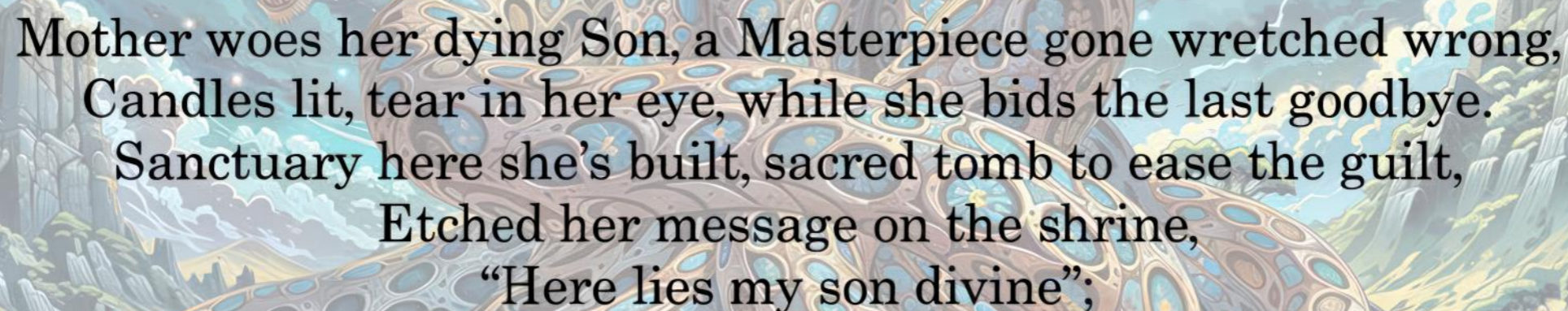
Recorded, Mixed and Mastered by Stefan Kovačević- Kovča,  
Blacksmith Studio, 2014-2020.

# GAIA

Ashes remember the final dying Ember,  
The fleeting of her Splendor, benevolent Defender,  
Kin with Blood was rendered, Forests turned to Cinder,  
Cathered just to see them fade with her Desires hindered;

Can't you hear our Mother cry as she hums the Lullaby  
Martyr mourns the last Goodbye (In a world where innocence dies),  
Can't you see the fiery Flame, while our Mother burns and fades,  
Heavens shining turn to gray;

Anguished Tears will follow her Son's Strain and Sorrow,  
Stormy Streams shall swallow this Creation hallowed,  
Beneath the Silk skin crimson flowed, waned to Dust and Bone  
Rivers cold drink Life's red Gold, Fields adorned with Graves of Stone;



Mother woes her dying Son, a Masterpiece gone wretched wrong,  
Candles lit, tear in her eye, while she bids the last goodbye.  
Sanctuary here she's built, sacred tomb to ease the guilt,  
Etched her message on the shrine,  
“Here lies my son divine”;

Cant' you hear our mother cry as she hums the lullaby  
Martyr moarns the last goodbye  
Can't you see the fiery flame, while our mother burns and fades,  
Heavens shining turn to gray;

Ashes remember the final dying ember.



# THE WITHERING

Bright eyes avoiding the cold mirror's gaze,  
Time can't erase all the scars of your grace,  
Seasons open the pores on your skin,  
Cry at the mirror, fall, wilt away;

Devour every hour,  
Embrace the Solace of denial  
The rust it crawls beneath your skin,  
Fear not the dark and hear the psalm of withering;

Lost in a roman, counting the grain,  
My mind is playing with nooses again,  
Ashes to ashes, all that remains,  
Fall away, wilt away;

Devour every hour,  
Embrace the solace of denial,  
The rust now grows beneath your skin,  
Fear not the dark and hear the psalm of withering.

# LEGACY

Go to sleep, my son, A song to you I'll hum,  
Veiled with black and white was the tale of death and life;

In this dream I live inside, my body's aching all the time,  
Hear my wisdom, dearest son, what I've seen and what I've done,  
I scoured the mountains high, I crawled through the winter's bite,  
Through forests growing deep, through rivers and endless sea;

You will find your soul along the way, through the endless joy and pain,  
When the silence comes to take you away,  
please, forget the wounds and scars of yesterday;

Smell of flowers in the spring, listening to the cuckoo sing,  
Summer nights, dark winter days, falling leaves and autumn hay,  
Seasons changed as I grew old, I've learned to love a world so cold,  
The time has come to take my leave, to you I leave this elegy,

You will find your soul along the way, through the endless joy and pain,  
When the silence comes to take you away,  
please, forget the wounds and scars of yesterday;

Go to sleep, my son, a song to you I'll hum,  
Veiled with black and white, was the tale of death and life,  
Nevermore I'll see, the light you shine on me,  
But in you I believe, for you're my legacy;

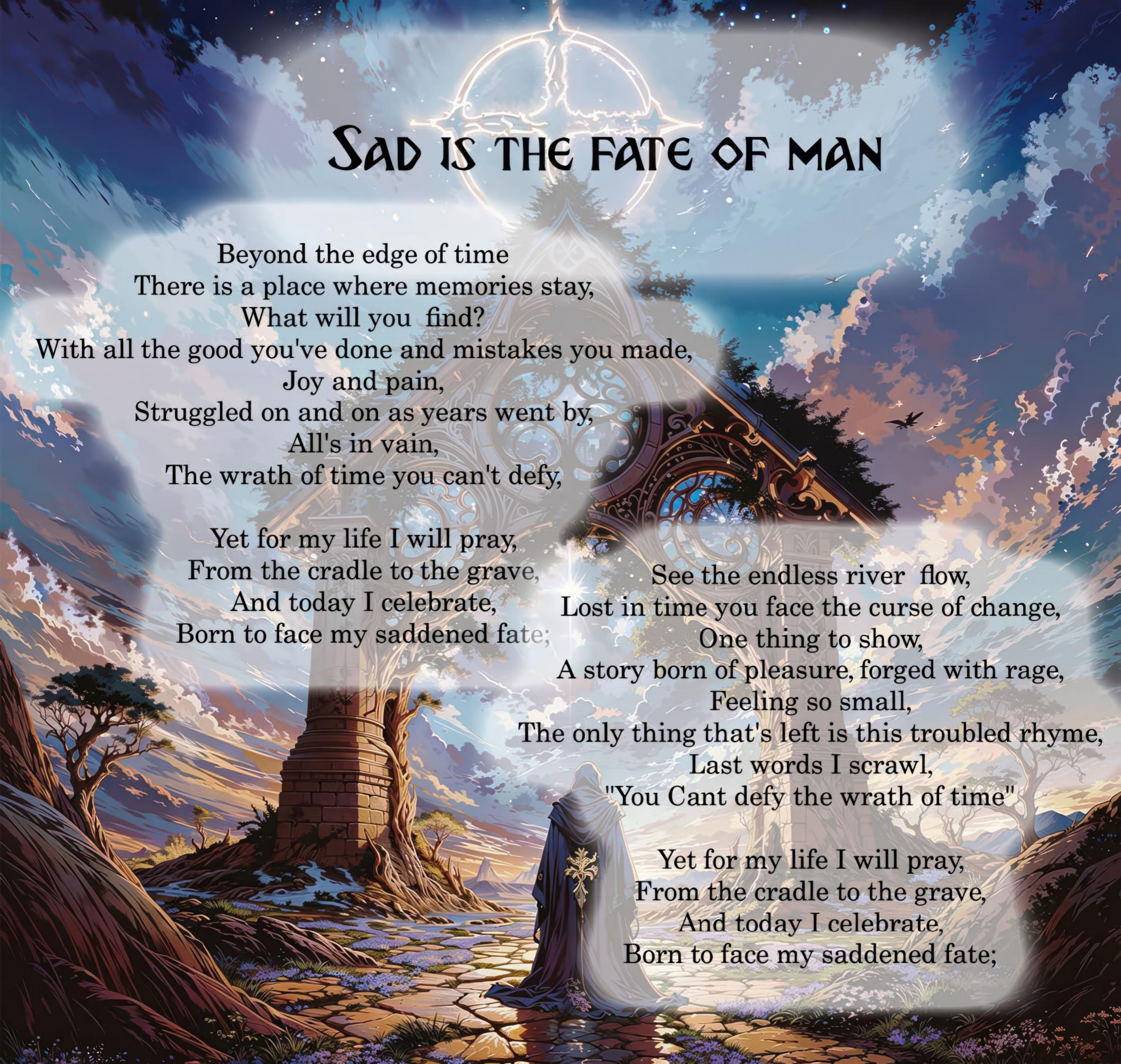
# SAD IS THE FATE OF MAN

Beyond the edge of time  
There is a place where memories stay,  
What will you find?  
With all the good you've done and mistakes you made,  
Joy and pain,  
Struggled on and on as years went by,  
All's in vain,  
The wrath of time you can't defy,

Yet for my life I will pray,  
From the cradle to the grave,  
And today I celebrate,  
Born to face my saddened fate;

See the endless river flow,  
Lost in time you face the curse of change,  
One thing to show,  
A story born of pleasure, forged with rage,  
Feeling so small,  
The only thing that's left is this troubled rhyme,  
Last words I scrawl,  
"You Cant defy the wrath of time"

Yet for my life I will pray,  
From the cradle to the grave,  
And today I celebrate,  
Born to face my saddened fate;





# Fade

I shall not fade, the memory will still remain,  
Life you can't trade, run through the mighty flame,  
No one is there, this life was never fair,  
Feelin' so scared, my time is coming, I'm waiting for you;

Does life have a price, where can I buy it?  
No one is nice, I'm trapped in this pit,  
One wish I have, with thousands you like to brag,  
You'll never see, what's left of me;

Why should I die? You've taught me to laugh and cry,  
I had to lie to myself for trusting you,  
Why should fade? Here I lie in the shade,  
Life never trade, I see death is coming and waiting for me.



# HELL

Goin' down, there's nothing to gain,  
And all around souls scream in pain,  
I've been lost, trapped inside the pit,  
The Creator's worm, broken here I sit;

Someone, save me from myself,  
Someone, save me from this hell;

Bathed in the rays of gold,  
Dim is the Lightbringer's soul,  
Brightly shined the morning star,  
His beauty once known from afar,  
Illumination turned to dark,  
The daylight cuffs his icy hands,  
Moonlight chains his frozen feet,  
Ruler of forsaken lands,  
Crowned upon his glacial seat;

Still, I pray to save myself,  
Still, I bow to get your help,  
Yet the furthest I will fall,  
Son of Venus, Heir of Sol,  
Fallen angel, here I crawl,  
Fade to nothing, torn asunder,  
But your beauty makes me wonder,  
Your beauty will save me from myself  
My past a sad story will tell,  
How I rose and how I fell,  
None shall hear me scream or yell,  
You dragged me down into my hell.



# CASUALTY

A new world the soul is set to find,  
Ways of yore of the elders left behind,  
A promise of gold leads the warring mind,  
Thus the sullen gods will scourge  
thee for your crime;

Restless soul from days of yonder,  
Frustrated, torn asunder,  
Yearning accursed times to change,  
Dark clouds are coming under,  
Tremoring thoughts like roaring thunder,  
Will he find the peace within his rage;

Left forsaken the yarns of yore,  
Of Father Odin and Mighty Thor,  
The ancient one leaves the lands of north,  
Through sunless seas he'll venture forth,  
Fortune sought was veiled with lies,  
Vengeance swift from the crimson skies,  
Desperate are his cries,  
For blessed future and time that flies;

Restless soul from days of yonder,  
Frustrated, torn asunder,  
Yearning accursed times to change,  
Dark clouds are coming under,  
Tremoring thoughts like roaring thunder,  
Will he find the peace within his rage;

Yearning for days of morrow,  
Frustrated, drowned in woes,  
Bleeding accursed times to change,  
Time devoured the aimless wars he waged,  
Now he yields weary of old age,  
No peace he found within his rage.



# REBORN

Sometimes we live like there's no tomorrow,  
Sometimes we curse this troubled time,  
Sometimes our life's only sadness and sorrow,  
There's nowhere left to hide,  
We will rise again, we will reach the end;

I'll be reborn, I will be reborn,  
Mother I'm coming home, I'll be reborn;

The mistakes I've made will only haunt me,  
And in my skin they're engraved,  
I can't rip the flesh from the bones that bind me,  
But still I can be saved,  
From the ashes we will rise, once again we'll fly;

I'll be reborn, I will be reborn,  
Father I'm coming home, I'll be reborn.



