

Peccatum, The Sand Was Made Of Mountains

Hvorfor formrket du mitt mrke;
Hvorfor Mrkner det i meg?

As I shalt write
Your name in the sand
My own land
Will fade too late
And where do I then hide

The sand was meant
For nothing
The moonlight meant
For all
But resentful too
Giving my betrayal to you

The sand was made
OF mountains
The clouds belonged
To the sky
And grateful too
Having received wisdom
From you