

# Wijlen Wij, Bridges

I've died and they build  
BRIDGES all over my dead corpse  
They don't seem to have much RESPECT  
For the remains of a dead warrior  
Why can't they see that my wounds are still bleeding?  
Why can't they see that my limbs are still aching?

Their soldiers build bridges on my dead body  
With mortar and clay

I felt betrayed that my corpse was not HONOURED  
For years and years I stood like a mountain  
Sheltering them from the winds  
Fighting against their many enemies

Wounded on the cold ground I laid  
Wreckage, abandoned by everyone  
Wasted by centuries of solitude  
Eternally damned

But down on my knees I prayed  
And on the seventh day she came  
Angel heaven sent cold water for my dried lips

Hear my call, I speak with Ancient Tongue  
Take my suffering; erase me from the face of this earth  
A new era has begun; the King has arisen from his slumber!

Like a bird freed from its cage  
Like the prayer of a wounded soul  
My spirit flies towards the sun