

Burzum, Das einsame Trauern von Frijó (The Lon

A mother mourns the loss of her son. The most wonderful man in the world; light and shining, fair and beautiful as no other man. Light blond hair, wonderful skyblue eyes and a skin so fair it shines! Tall and handsome, strong and brave, perfect in all his being. Now he is dead! Silent. Alone. Watching the lands and others from a window up high in the clouds. Cold of sorrow, exhausted by grief; the very little remaining life is fading away. Too tired to move, too mournful to think of anything else then her dead son. The others are preparing the defense of the town, and her husband has left to find the avenger for the killing. Nobody thinks of her, nobody has any time for her. She is left alone, to mourn the death of her son.