

Christian Kjellvander, At The Rapids

For the way my bird, for the way my bird
Spots me
For her strands so soft and so unique
That swallow the storm in me
My wolf cries my wolf's eyes
Render me stale
And the cold but dry European nights
Keep our bodies pale
Let us walk through the rapids
Let's be songs in the chapel
Let's be words in the bible
All believed and all eternal
That which leads has led me here
Upon my strangers bed
Before the virgin matter of
Giving thought some head
All I love is gathered in one
Gathered to be released
Strike up a band for my gold has been panned
And my love has been retrieved