

# Herjalf, With My Own Eyes

I come here  
From behind the seas,  
The hills, the serpent roads  
And ancient gates  
I come here  
To tell you a story  
About things which drown  
Today in the mess...  
I will haunt you  
When the dreams come true  
With my own eyes you will see...  
...Look at the forest  
The land of your fathers  
Your home - You should shelter it...  
You will reach  
With the bounds of present time  
Lost imprisoned  
You will feed  
Its hunger with desires  
And with freedom  
...With my own eyes you will see  
And they will lead you...