

Herjalf, With My Own Eyes

I come here
From behind the seas,
The hills, the serpent roads
And ancient gates
I come here
Totell 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...