

Lead Weight, Omen

Red Slayer think he slays
Or the Slain think he's slain
They know well the subtle ways
I keep and pass.....

Strong Gods pine for me
Pine in vain the sacred Seven
But thou, lover of good
Find me and turn thy back...

Shadow and sun are the same
The vanished gods to me appear
One to me are shame and fame
Far or forgot to me.....

Blind man, I can stare
Ashamed. Does he know it?
Strange joy to gaze my fill
My thirst is greater than before...

They reckon ill who leave me out
When me they fly, I am the wings
I am the Doubter and the Doubt,
The hymn of the Omen sign.