## 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.