

Ved Buens Ende..., Carrier Of Wounds

I slumber through my years, like the desert moves with the wind.
Frozen and flickering, the lustful year has met its end.
A wanderer I am indeed...
...the son of the moon...
and I will carry mountains soon.

A burden I was for those who woke the sun.
I threw their masks away, lit my torches and burned their eyes.

Forgiven I never was.

But I will carry mountains soon.
A burden, is it not?

Kneeling I chose my faith,
while they lit the sun, and flew naked
and blind over my desert fields.