

# Ved Buens Ende..., Coiled In Wings

A shelter for me in the storm,  
to faint, and see ravens fly.  
I am the one worthy, to carry those born with wings.

Swim with me, meet my dreamking...

See my broken wings,  
and my feathers  
the dust in my eyes.

My beautiful wounds are open  
for you to see my dreams...

A withering thought for the desert storm...