

## Christian Kjellvander

### "Traveller"

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Live with me liver  
die with that dire  
holding beholder tonight  
Wrap me in willing,  
remeberance thrilling  
ambivalence killing the light

Traveller, I journied for the truth of her  
- abandoned it in tire  
Wayfarier, the living got the best of her  
and all those little eyes

Those dim eyes, those demised

Branded by failures,  
while tripping on saviours  
may no love be labored white spite  
Granted a chance to recall what I did do,  
even though I knew of respite

Mayflyer, passed through me just a week after  
the traveller took to ride  
Perjurer, my love for lover projected her  
she conjured me with eyes

Those dim eyes, those damn lies  
Those dim eyes, those demised

Follower won't make the same mistakes with her  
and bestow myself at last  
Onto her I do; for with and easier  
and never see the past

In those dim eyes, in those dim eyes

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