

Compos Mentis "Kingdom Of Dania"

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No one here really quite knows
The far-off origins of your roots
Enough to hoist the colours
Up high from whence they came
You're towering high and tall
As a broad-shouldered giant of small
Though the ground may be as turbid from above
As the sky seen from below

Blindfolded with tied hands
Forever estranged to chiselled runes
Burial mounds quietly cough
Yet these visions linger

Oh, the Kingdom of Dania
Let's talk of hearts in decay
Nihilism and insomnia
As we roam the land in dismay
Through vales and hills of our land
The Kingdom of Dania

A veil of mist on your fl at chest
And even I seem to be dragged down
Into the dank and dimly lit catacombs
You look so pretty, my dear -encaged in gold
Peeking through fingers of a stranger's hand
It makes me truly sad

Oh, the Kingdom of Dania
Let's talk of hearts in decay
Relationships and insomnia
As we roam the land in dismay
Through vales and hills of our land
The Kingdom of Dania

So awake from your deepened slumber
And unfold a new dream
Cause your past is really nothing
But pale echoing voices and a deep-drawn sigh

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