

## **Dodheimsgard**

### **"Symptom"**

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["Symptom" was featured earlier on the Hot records sampler "The Rape of The Holy Trinity"]  
[This is a new and better version of the song.]

Wonder do they stride at all  
Who bore him over her  
Glistening ground  
I wonder, do I sense the breath  
Of dragons, steering sound  
I catch the gust with my hands  
Like an open bowl  
And hope the beast never stills  
The wailing of his mould  
I wonder, does it pour me something opaque  
In mirrormere and grace  
This that has lasted for quite some time  
Will it last throughout all days  
The sound turns undressed back to me  
Like beryls floating in a wide stream  
I wonder is this the final chance  
To fulfill the golden steem  
The sound of finches  
Ledged to the skin  
Defy this pledged cry  
Never has it really leaned to me as  
A burden or an obvious lie  
I wonder if her silver horns  
Bestow poison into my chalice  
For I feel the stains like I've been  
Touched, though wounded not from  
Foreign malice  
Be with me and feel with me the  
Sketch of your enchanting sky  
So I can hold you in my arms  
Tight until the day I die

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