

## **Insahn "Threnody"**

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He lies quiet now  
In the nothing  
And there is no epitaph  
No stone

Yet - his legacy flows  
Like a river

Walker of barren paths  
Seer of night  
Friend of shadows  
A carrier of light

And his legacy flows  
Like a river from ice  
The hungry heart opens  
And drinks from this fountain  
So cold

There are no promises  
In his solitary grave  
There is no salvation  
Only words

But what then are these precious streams  
Of coldness from the heights?  
They will never reach the fields below

What is this silent grave?  
To those who never sought to find it?  
What is greatness to the dead?

And his legacy flows  
Like a river from ice  
The hungry heart opens  
And drinks from this fountain  
So cold

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