

Insite

"The Elder"

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In the arms of rimed soil, lies the autumns last
withered leaf
Land now bare and naed, awaits it's snowy sheet

And as the light still lingers, painting scarlet this barren
scene
An old man sings his song of melancholy and
relinquish

I'm a whirl deep in dark waters,
A stare in the shades of fir-trees
I'm riding above with north wind,
Herding the black clouds of rain
Mine is the kingdom,
Far from the moon to the sun
I am the elder,
Standing forever as one

And in that sudden moment, when everything's turned
to still,
He abruptly breaks the silence, becomes one with
longing

And singing ever stronger, nature joins as one with him
Fire in his eyes, universe under twisted grin

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