

Nattsmyg

"A Lonely October Night"

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Once again left the rider
With no clue where to do
Helpless and frustrated
He began to wander in woe

He wandered here and where
Without a place to go
Nights fell and days damned
Onwards he just rode
The trees dropped their leaves
Soon the first snow would fall
A lonely rider was sleeping
Beside the ancient stonewall

"Behing the wall is a realm no man dares to go
There thou find the answers... or not...
Wise and old is the keeper of the stone
The stone sees days - passed and to come"

The rider heard the voice
Whispering these words
Where it came or who it was
A delusion he had heard?
Snowflakes drew a picture
Right on his eyes
A line of hills behind forest
Where dusk colours the sky

"Behing the wall is a realm no man dares to go
There thou find the answers... or not...
Wise and old is the keeper of the stone
The stone sees days - passed and to come"

When the sun appeared over the woods on the horizon
The rider sat thinking was it a dream or real
In a moment he mounted the horse, began to search
For a gate to enter the unknown realm

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