

Noekk "The Riddle Seeker"

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He rushed through the mountains,
Little waters followed him and crossed his path in
fountains.

His breast is aching and the forest is shaking,
The mist builds mighty forms!
He's waiting breathless with staring eyes restless,
To gather all his storms!
The thunder rolls and the sun-blade glows,
To kill his undermining worm!

He loses ground and his eyes half closed,
Seeking for a small wandering star.
He's feeling grey and getting light.
A shadow player, dancing in it's scar.

He will rush through the mountains,
Little waters followed him to cross his path in fountains.
Heaven and earth becoming one and he stays isolate.
Something is close behind him, that man can't take!

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