

Peccatum

"The Carrier Of Sorrow Transforms"

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The sand was made of mountains

Hvorfor formNrket du mitt mNrke;
Hvorfor Mnrkner det I meg?

As I shalt write
Your name in the sand
My own land
Will fade too late
And where do I then hide

The sand was meant
For nothing
The moonlight meant
For all
But resentful too
Giving my betrayal to you

The sand was made
OF mountains
The clouds belonged
To the sky
And grateful too
Having received wisdom
From you

Drops of rain covered me
And I finally become wet
Tears are dripping from me now
Down to the father of men
And you; my fellow angel;
Can inhale the spirits of no
Age and origin
Again...

And as she felt the rain; she died;
She died again; and she died even once more.

And they shalt be reborn
From where they were forlorn
With the power to destroy

Everything standing in their way

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