

Return To Innocence "Confession"

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Howbeit strong I seem to be,
I have sorrow inside and ask for forgiveness.
You, lady of an immaculate word
And I have misused your favour.
So I ask myself who am I?
Once a hunter a fiance of fear now,
I may not turn and look up to your face after all,
It is not for the first time when I deceived a tenderness
And I have not said the last word

He emerged from the night, covered with the cloak,
With an exhausted horse and faraway expression.
How shall he address, ask for a shelter?
Why was he carried with the wind straight hither?

I have flowers in my arms
And I hardly pull my legs in irons through the soil.
A crown of thorns on my head
And a fruit of life of my blood is laying under my heart,
Heavier than a stone.
It's your sin that lead my ways astray in the rocky paths
The irons, the irons are your emotions.
I shed my blood, the blood of your blood
And the blood of my blood.
May it become poison and you drink water with this
blood.

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