

Vordr "Before"

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There used to grow moss
On this rock and on those firs
Darkness used to comfort
Under their branches

Between those cliffs
A creek once streamed
It's water too cold
For lips to touch

Behind the heavy clouds
A sun used to shine
Bright as it's wintry gleam
Reflecting from melting ice

In the barren hut on the shore
The rain now drums the roof
In silence I mourn
Of the loss on my kin

What has become of this land
When was the spirit slain
Where now stand the ancestral shrines
Why was the heritage abandoned

That which once flourished
Must now in ruins lie
But from this wretched soul
Old ways never die

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