

## **Moonsorrow "Child Of Oblivion"**

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A broken sword in my hand,  
a trail of blood on my chest.  
Just an empty scabbard trampled to the ground  
will follow as I leave again.

The enemy has been slain,  
the invincible defeated.  
A fear is gnawing my rough-hewn flesh.

The icy piercing wind  
my name is carried upon.  
Blood o' so red, it draws  
a mark on the frozen ground.

And rime is climbing  
the mountainside.  
As if awaiting its time to come  
a solitary eagle stays still.

Yet the wind is changing again,  
embracing the dead and eroding what is stone.

The woods are silent  
and the clouds are gone.  
Through the steam of my breath  
all I see is turning ice.

Just the icy piercing wind  
my name is carried upon.  
And then it becomes clear  
what part here is mine.

And sky is strangling  
the mountainside.  
With no fear in his eyes  
the one with wings is watching.

Alone against the wind

the battlefield orphan now stands.  
The forest of spears is growing  
on the red skyshore.

That rage like thunderstorm  
tears the humbling lines.  
Wolves from the house of death  
now grant the final breath.

Alone against the wind  
the child of slaughter now stands.

No, the old man speaks no words  
and only the vultures may tell his tale.

Into the soil buried  
the shards of untiring iron.  
At the journey's end nothing is to remain.

Still the icy piercing wind  
my name is carried upon.  
The mark on the frozen ground  
will vanish into time.

And rime is climbing  
the mountainside.  
As if awaiting its time to come  
a solitary eagle stays still.

Wings they are torn but claws are ready  
to face what might be the end.

And dark is strangling  
the world of war.  
With no fear in his eyes  
the one with sight is watching.

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