

Postmortem "Blowing Waves"

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The great Baltic Sea

Cold northern winds
And the holy might of icy waves
It is the great Baltic Sea
Your midnight fear of death

Unfinished grave
Waiting for next sacrifices
Thousands of people
To take inside the freezing water

Once more sight to see you
Invisible power comes out into me
Wind blows wild with sea waves
Rising over with full hate
Striking the stone walls
Of the dark coastal rocks
She boils, she violently storms
But I don't hear this rage
I listen to her sadness and hear her pain
She sings to me about this by her windflaws

But stops...
And again she rises
And again the sea waits

How nice the evening sky over the sea
And the quiet whisper of grey waves something talks

To the sun going away
Into the endless space
Of my kind, but evil
The great Baltic Sea

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