

Nodes Of Ranvier

"The Rumour And The Giantess"

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Wayside's again my lonely brink
While my distant ships to insignificance must sink
Travelling well leaves no trace to see
The keeper needs neither lock nor key

Once I had fully known, the sleeping truth in memories
overgrown
Still weak and soft, but strong in tone, the waters flow
and grind the stones

Five colours make me go blind!
Five heads circling around my mind!
Then she appeared with shaking ground, a phantom
black - a devouring cloud

Lady giant tall as mountain, fell-minded walks the land
for the death of men
Lady giant tall as mountain, fell-minded walks the land
for the woe of men

Showing me her valley soon
Where her eye is the sun - her heart is the moon

Lady giant tall as mountain, fell-minded walks the land
for the death of men
Lady giant tall as mountain, fell-minded walks the land
for the woe of men

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