

## Orson

# "Deliverance"

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Forefathers draw  
Runes on this cliff  
I feel a breath  
Of the past  
Lapping of gray waves  
Near my feet  
I resurrect in memory  
The past

Listen to the old gods -  
They're so alive  
In my brain I hear they  
Forever stained cry  
Listen to your heart  
Up to peak of pleasure  
Here eternal spring  
Inaccessible treasure

I taking off  
My clothes  
I give myself  
To northern wind  
Easy like a plume  
I fly away in skies  
Winds whisper  
In my ears the lullaby

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