

D?dheimsgard

"Symptom"

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Wonder do they stride at all
who bore him over her
glistening ground
I wonder, do I sense the breath
of dragons, steering sound
I catch the gust with my hands
like an open bowl
and hope the beast never stills
the wailing of his mould
I wonder, does it pour me something opaque
in mirrmere and grace
this that has lasted for quite some time
will it last throughout all days
The sound turns undressed back to me
like beryls floating in a wide stream
I wonder is this the final chance
to fulfill the golden steem
The sound of finches
ledged to the skin
defy this pledged cry
never has it really leaned to me as
a burden or an obvious lie
I wonder if her silver horns
bestow poison into my chalice
for I feel the stains like I've been
touched, though wounded not from
foreign malice
Be with me and feel with me the
sketch of your enchanting sky
so I can hold you in my arms
tight until the day I die

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