

Wotan

"Ithaca"

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Dark clouds
At the end of the world
A gathering of shadows
Lost between sky and sea
A life without course
Pushed somewhere
By the wind
The body turns,
Turns to bronze
The heart turns to stone
And the journey seems
Without end
You know
There's a vindictive
And cruel god
Envious father of Cyclops
Along your way,
Your way home
Only a gust of his anger
To shake the seas
To crush the wretched,
Wretched life
Of a little mortal man
So the journey seems
Without end

Sometimes the fear
Slowly slides in your veins
Don't rush
The journey at all
You have to listen
To the sirens song

Before
The last landing place

Lost in the immensity
Of universe
Underneath stranger stars
Maybe flat silence
Maybe roar of thunder

But hold firmly the helm
And dream of home

Beware the gods
Astonished by
Your mortal life
It's challenge to them
Never be afraid
May be flat silence
May be roar of thunder
But the course is written
In the net of fate

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