

Ane Brun

"The Old Man And The Sea"

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The storm has raged here for hours,
the water's plunging in on me
The remains of my creation
is swallowed slowly down
by the troubled sea
into unconsecrated ground
gone eternally, gone eternally

Feeder of my visions,
carrier of my soul
The last hope for the dreamers,
now crashing to the shore,
pinioned and torn
In presumption and with my foolish pride
I challenged the storm, I challenged the storm

I'm the sole survivor,
the only one left alive
Now my limbs seem to fail me
and time has blurred my mind
I'm doomed to this fate
The deal has already been signed
and the hour's getting late
The hour's getting late, much too late

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