

Ved Buens Ende... "Carrier Of Wounds"

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I slumber thought my years, like the desert moves with
the wind.

Frozen and flickering, the lustful year has met its end.

A wanderer I am indeed...

...the son of the moon...

and I will carry mountains soon.

A burden I was for those who woke the sun.

I threw their masks away, lit my torches and burned
their eyes.

Forgiven I never was.

But I will carry mountains soon.

A burden, is it not?

Kneeling I chose my faith,
while they lit the sun, and flew naked
and blind over my desert fields.

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