

## Ved Buens Ende... "The Carrier Of Wounds"

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I slumber through 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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