

Marble Soul

Ihsahn

Shadows seep through the pores
Of a rain worn, marble statue
And drain the fading colours
From the depths of my eyes

To see, and feel this frozen river
That is tears and blood and fate
Washing over me, like a cleansing fire
Washing over me, like it was mine

And in this raging storm
Where reveries take form
To see the outlines of a destiny unfold
The sleeping giants rise
Like bodies trapped in ice
Their gaze transfixed on the horizon

Like a cleansing fire
Washing over me
Like it was mine
Beneath the words
Below the lies
Deep within the blackened halls
Of weaknesses and cries
To glimpse the contours
Of a long-forgotten jewel
Place the chisel, lift the hammer high

And in this raging storm
Where reveries take form
To see the outlines of a destiny unfold
The sleeping giants rise
Like bodies trapped in ice
Their gaze transfixed on the horizon