

The Observer

Ihsahn

I watched the weightless sky at night
And counted stars of aeons past
My body heavy on the ground
I heard the whispers of deceit
Giant voices roaring deep
My soul rejoicing in the sound

In timeless fields I lay my head

Then, from the valleys down below
Rose smoke and ashes from a fire
Flustered voices tore the air
They spoke of unfulfilled desires
Tribulations and despair
The end of endings drawing near

Ah, these timely herds
And their infant gods
Predictable as seasons
They instigate a new crusade
Heedless of the trodden path
They march in line, in righteous wrath
Soon to be replenished
By descendants of their faith

Hidebound and saintly
By canting idols lead astray
Seething with fury
They sought to burn the night away

Still, I would not deny the spirit
Of the young and brave
Was I by memories betrayed?
Yet, as I roamed the barren fields
Under stars and weightless sky
Such scattered thoughts, I let them pass me by

Dreaming
Of aeons past and mountains high

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I let them pass me by
These timely herds
I let them pass me by