

Blood in the furrows

In Mourning

Standing in line on the limestone shore
As the first sparks are thrown upon the hay
Like lonely stars shooting through the night
Onto our wooden homes where we reside
Where we reside

When the sun sets on the second day
None will be left to lead the way
The deeds of times that has gone by
Will be carried by the wind

Fading stars in shape of an arrow
To the heart of the night

Hanging by the frayed strands
The night dwells in its burrows
Condemned by the holy hands
Our blood in the furrows

May our torn bonds be stronger
When we gather after the fire
Summon the blood where you stand
Harvest the new where you sow