

Wotan's Return

Insomnium

Sing for me..
To lift above in all these fallen walls,
And bleed for me
In the deepest release.
Travelling through honour
Travelling through strength
Voyage floating centuries keeps the key for wisdom
Feelings for the "lost" winds
Winds which howl reverse
Remote, the fields of oddities odours

But we will still appear in coats of mail,
And still obliterate these "old" origins,
While dreaming, a thousand choirs spell their hail
Towards faithfulness, become one with thee weapons.
Sword and soul

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