

String the Bow of Sorrow

Solefald

A vessel filled with flowers burning in the bay
The giver of life claimed by death so fast
String the bow of sorrow for a salute
Arrows of eternity, of all the ones I loved

So many departures, so many women gone
I swim the sea of tears, covered with salt
Now I know what it feels like to lose protection
Your body is gone, it left me in a hearse

It may sound cynical, but this life is mine
Life is for the living, that is undeniable
When your image is gone, my face will be blue
Through time and space, womanity be one

You're no more in the phonebook
The statements have been written
Goodbye, Norwegian mother
The quiver of time is empty

La martyren salve sine sår,
Solefald
Er jeg ditt fiolette fragment?

La naturen klage sine år,
Solefald
Hvem av oss har linsen som blinder?

Jeg ante ditt nærvær i min drøm
Solefald
Så jeg bakom honningens ansikt?

Mystikkens fjes forsvinner med deg,
Solefald
Synker ned i den siste dvale

Snu for meg din fatale bane,
Solefald
Stig fra en heroisk horisont