Herumor

Summoning

From every depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds me still:
From the torrent, or the fountain,
From the red cliff of the mountain,

From the sun that round me rolled
In its autumn tint of gold,
From the lightning in the sky
As it passed me flying by,

From the thunder and the storm,
And the cloud that took the form
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow; I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone;
And all I loved, I loved alone.

On the brink of the abyss
with a blindfold tied tight
should I step into the mist
or retreat back to the light?

I don't know what is in there
whether it be ground or a fall
I don't know if I shall dare
to take the step and risk it all...

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!