These Low Lands

Swallow the Sun

Weakness of the past Like vapor in the trenches These lowlands haunted By a man clad in frost

All evil deeds done Are piled up into hills And visible on the left side Fields of bad omens

Behind the skyline The worst noise of the world Violent crows of this dream Flying backwards

Open below us Another swarm grows Feel like tumors Which shall return

And every night someone Moves all the clocks forward And the sun seems to Set always at the sunrise

No one leaves this place No roads out from here No passing birds ever Really do pass by

No one entering here Walks without trembling No one ever dreams of The hands of tender fathers