

The Nature And The Icelander

The Dogma

So many miles, I came from the North
So many years without an answer
Can't find a place to live on my own
A shelter from the bale of living
The fire is melting the frozen ground

I moved across the edge of the world
No human being beheld these places
The whole of my life I've been running from thee
To find myself before the mother
Like a squirrel in the rattlesnake's jaws

A tale without any grace, out of light
This is fortune of human kind
Fighting to live, crying to survive

"We're just a drop in the sea of your reign
With our tears you feed your creatures
Now tell me please what nobody said
Who likes to spin this wheel of sorrow?
And takes delight from your pain"

A tale without any grace, out of light
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