

Regen

Ihsahn

More like a gesture
Acknowledging the coldness
Of its touch
I pull myself closer
Around the neck
As to contain myself
From disappearing
in the flux

And the heavens roll violently
Over golden waves
And rust-red hands
Dripping wet
In all their dying splendor

So, we meet again
While dirt turns
Into rivers of mud
Beneath our roots
We stumble and laugh
As we read the inscription
On the naked rock:

Sum quad eris