

The Earthling

Borknagar

Children, behold the elders falling
hear nature chime, the widow calling
See that moldered face, once gazing
throughout horizons, throughout seasons

Men, behold the nature tolling
hear the depravity of man
See the sunshine blurring, once sharp and gleaming
Throughout winters, throughout summers

Nature, the venomous path of man
the existential gravity, the blinder of light
Mankind, bestride the glimpse of the Sun
instinctively oppose, the harvester of light

Elders, hear the mountains calling
behold the certainty, the leaves of future falling
See the downfall, in midst of the havoc
throughout ages, throughout generations

Nature, the venomous path of man
the existential gravity, the blinder of light
Mankind, bestride the glimpse of the Sun
instinctively oppose, the harvester of light
Dwelling the night towards further sight

I am the earthling, bearer of the past
I am the earthling, dwelling the presence
I am the earthling, exploring the future vast
I am the weaver of the Sun

I am the earthling, I am the weaver of the Sun