

## Into Hiding

Ensiferum

The islander slips into hiding  
And takes to his heels  
Out of dark Northland  
The murky house of Sara  
He whirled out of doors as snow  
Arrives as smoke in the yard  
To flee from bad deeds

There he had to become someone else  
He must change his shape  
As an eagle he swept up  
Wanted to soar heavenward  
The sun burnt his cheeks  
The moon lit his brows