

On the Shores

Ihsahn

Just like secrets, twisted allibies, for empty graves,
Unlike manors, cut and burned, a thousand times

Not like ours, coiled in coffins, weeping echoes,
Weeping echoes

Not by statues, golden monuments, war houses of worship
Unlike manors, where the great white sails, torn to shreds, No!

Not by promises, hungry shadows, in cold dark alleys,
These rocky shores, are crafted, by the pulse of the sail,
Ahh, by the pulse of the sail!

And here I go on...