

## 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