

The Elder

Insomnium

In the arms of rimed soil
Lies the autumns last withered leaf
Land now bare and naed
Awaits it's snowy sheet

And as the light still lingers
Painting scarlet this barren scene
An old man sings his song
Of melancholy and relinquish

I'm a whirl deep in dark waters,
A stare in the shades of fir-trees
I'm riding above with north wind
Herding the black clouds of rain
Mine is the kingdom,
Far from the moon to the sun
I am the elder
Standing forever as one

And in that sudden moment
When everything's turned to still
He abruptly breaks the silence
Becomes one with longing

And singing ever stronger
Nature joins as one with him
Fire in his eyes
Universe under twisted grin