

## The Elder

Insomnium

In the arms of rimed soil  
Lies the autumn's 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