

Imprisoned

Mithotyn

Oh, cruel destiny,
is this what you had in mind,
is this where my trail ends.
I think back on what went wrong,
have I not done noble deeds
and been an honourable man.

Behind these prisonbars I hear
the distant cries of a falcon
riding the eternal winds.
I long so to just breath fresh air
and to take a walk in the wild.
Will I ever look upon the sun again.

Chained to hunger and loneliness
inside this filthy dungeons.
I will see my son nomore,
I wish not to be looked upon
since I am not the man I was before.

God of wisdom.
God of knowledge.
I now pray to you;
Save my soul.