

The Last Son Of The Fjord

Nomans Land

Nobody will grieve and sob, when
He once will fall asleep forever
Only rain will drop avaricious tear
In the name of last son of a fjord
The nearest neighbor will not be sad
By his will drunk grieves and blood
The distant neighbor easily will sigh
In the heart more fear does not lie

With new force the sun will pour light
By finding out that he does not live
The crude ground will be glad
That his feet doesn't step here

Won't come to bid farewell friend and wife
There were no them in his life
Only deeper wrinkles of the face
Of the old man, the father-fjord.