

The Quest

SuidAkrA

Still the giants dance
at salisbury plain
Still my spirit wanders
to reach this higher aim

Straight to foreign shores of distance
we call the gods
for a quest of truth and wisdom

As long as you see the giants dance
My spirit wanders through the land

Led by the strength of bran
and the timeless kings of Avalon
The four winds of the land
I will strive for the caldron

Led by the swiftness of winds
I will wander through the farest glens
My sentence is my deed
Is there a view of sense unknown?

Craving for some armament to outlast
this cold royal path
I can hear them call
The king must fall

Strayed by the four winds
Over the land and far away
through the dark and cold
Hear my song of grief
but there`s a tune that gone astray
while the world grow old

Each tone that ever met the wind
finally reaches Math and so me
sight and breathless I am
believe and trust is a value for the weak