

## Marching Homewards

### Summoning

here beside me, under endless howling winds  
my dying race is wandering homewards,  
led by an old man to shores that don't exist,  
just emptiness remains...  
on and on goes our march gruesome as the  
light of sun, cold as winds that hide in me  
hour after hour, day after day my lullaby is  
turning and falls gently on this sleeping land  
like a hawk trembling of hunger and like a  
burning source...  
two years have passed and still my race is  
wandering through foreign shores...  
homewards....  
My soul is now formed as a knife forwards  
the heart of your heaven.  
And so I die...  
Still my folk keeps on marching...  
homewards...