

## These Low Lands

Swallow the Sun

Weakness of the past  
Like vapor in the trenches  
These lowlands haunted  
By a man clad in frost

All evil deeds done  
Are piled up into hills  
And visible on the left side  
Fields of bad omens

Behind the skyline  
The worst noise of the world  
Violent crows of this dream  
Flying backwards

Open below us  
Another swarm grows  
Feel like tumors  
Which shall return

And every night someone  
Moves all the clocks forward  
And the sun seems to  
Set always at the sunrise

No one leaves this place  
No roads out from here  
No passing birds ever  
Really do pass by

No one entering here  
Walks without trembling  
No one ever dreams of  
The hands of tender fathers