

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