

## The Nature And The Icelander

### The Dogma

So many miles, I came from the North  
So many years without an answer  
Can't find a place to live on my own  
A shelter from the bale of living  
The fire is melting the frozen ground

I moved across the edge of the world  
No human being beheld these places  
The whole of my life I've been running from thee  
To find myself before the mother  
Like a squirrel in the rattlesnake's jaws

A tale without any grace, out of light  
This is fortune of human kind  
Fighting to live, crying to survive

"We're just a drop in the sea of your reign  
With our tears you feed your creatures  
Now tell me please what nobody said  
Who likes to spin this wheel of sorrow?  
And takes delight from your pain"

A tale without any grace, out of light  
This is fortune of human kind  
Fighting to live, crying to survive