

The Bosphorus Freezes Over

Turisas

So there it was, the thing we dread the most. Time had caught up with us. The Thread ended.
I felt betrayed and disappointed. Was that really it?
And looking down at myself lying on the ground of Piraeus harbour, snowflakes
Falling down on me... The night the Bosphorus froze
We watch the sand trickle, anxious about it's steady flow.
But what we really fail to see is, that any minute, the glass might just burst
Into pieces.
You see, it's not about what you take with you, it's what you leave behind.
And there, on the side of a lion, this story found it's end.
[Hakon Halfdansson - appr. 1043]
Viimeistä virttään kirjoittaa
Harva meistä saa
Muistoihin jää
Laulumme tää
Päättyy ikävään
Kaiuissa vuosisatojen
Haaveissa kuolleiden
Kohtaavat päät
Tähdissä näät nyt sen
Ikuisuuden