

The Sound of the River

Vreid

A northbound path
Alone I walk this land
These lordless fields
Untouched by man
Through the narrow woods
Trees shield the wind
Just a whistling sound
Desolation becomes me

The sound of the river
The source to my life
I walk along her
Adoring her pristine sight

I am of the earth
The past is my blood
Ancestors rebirth
My seed grows
Under this majestic mountain
There is a prosperous field
This will be my homeland
Where my river streams

Stone build on stone
Walls become to keep
The outside at a distance
My blood within reach
A body well worn
Scars of life
Here I live
Here I die

The sound of the river
The source to my life
I walk along her
Adoring her pristine sight