I Sang For The Swans

Ved Buens Ende

...went away with my fathers, to gather the fallen.
To return with the wisdom of the kings...
Let me dream. (Let the jewels gleam.)
Let the fallen hear:
"It never rains around here."
The sand smothered on my chest...
Was music choir...It will never leave...
...the scar...
The choir will never leave.
Sing for the lurker.
Sing for the one with horns.
We pity the feathers,
we devour the wing...
I sang for the swans.
I raped her on her throne.Let the fallen...
Let the fallen hear.
"It never rains around here."
The sane, with its beautiful voices...
A choir. Leave... leave the misery of the swans.
the swans, smothered on our chests,
Was music... choir...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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