A Mask In The Mirror

Ved Buens Ende

Carry me and throw me, into the waters that kept
you and yours alive.
...and if that was fear...
I'd leave you with your doves.
You'd want to eat the hand that hit you -
And your dear pity me...
Slowly I bound you and your doves
...is it fear?
I have spilled my tears how, I could have drowned youThe dust and and you...
The Dreamking and I...
The flesh and the soil...
Is it fear.....?

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