# The Elder

## Insomnium

In the arms of rimed soil, lies the autumns last withered leaf
Land now bare and naed, awaits it's snowy sheetAnd as the light still lingers, painting scarlet this barren scene
An old man sings his song of melancholy and relinquishI'm a whirl deep in dark waters,
A stare in the shades of fir-trees
I'm riding above with north wind,
Herding the black clouds of rain
Mine is the kingdom,
Far from the moon to the sun
I am the elder,
Standing forever as oneAnd in that sudden moment, when everything's turned to still,
He abruptly breaks the silence, becomes one with longingAnd singing ever stronger, nature joins as one with him
Fire in his eyes, universe under twisted grin

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