

The Dead Stare

Enslaved

[Music: Ivar Peersen - Lyrics: Ivar Peersen, Per Arild Husebr]The Juggler stares

To quench the thirst

Upon the brow

Within the hand

It cracks and seeps

The seer weepsIn flickering light

The wounds are served

Screams from below

A shadow in chains

Feverish images told

In mirrors of oldThe eyes they all share

In this tragic court

An empty seat

The river runs dry

Nothing said

Words in red

Lyrics provided by

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