

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

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