

To Swarm Deserted Away

Ved Buens Ende

I swarm deserted away, like glass...

Warm, and as fevers,

I am as flame.

I am death...

For I, I weave our blasphemies...Wicthes painted me,

Like the mysteries created me...

Like where the poets breathe,

I were woven into blasphemies.

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

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