

The Plunderer

Ved Buens Ende

The dust the Dreamking and I.
Kept restrained like the flesh between the ribbons.
We did what the sun forbade us to. Oh how mournful we are,
soon to be given wings.
The wings that gave the swan his pride.
And the tears that watched the sun die. And you...
You who threw silence over me,
return with the heart I gave you...
...I was weak to let you plunder.

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