

Carrier Of Wounds

Ved Buens Ende

I slumber through my years, like the desert moves with the wind.

Frozen and flickering, the lustful year has met its end.

A wanderer I am indeed...

...the son of the moon...

and I will carry mountains soon. A burden I was for those who woke the sun.

I threw their masks away, lit my torches and burned their eyes. Forgiven I never was. But I will carry mountains soon.

A burden, is it not?

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

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