Crooked Red Line

Ihsahn

Stranded at the borders of perception
Onto a blackened heaven, washed ashore
In voluntary exile from deception
A peaceful mind, alas, a heart at warA solitary voyager upon uncharted land
Left beaten on the rock, nowhere to go
But to face an arctic map and with a cold and bloody hand
Draw a crooked line through ice and snowAcross the callous fields and valleys deep
Through winter storms towards the mountains high
He carved a path and from the summit laughed
Into the unforgiving northern sky
He came here clinging to a wreckage
Only guided by the violence of the sea
But not content to merely stay afloat
He built a ship from memories and debris
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/