Marching Homewards

Summoning

here beside me, under endless howling winds
my dying race is wandering homewards,
led by an old man to shores. that don't exist,
just emptiness remains...on and on goes our march gruesome as the
light of sun, cold as winds that hide in mehour after hour, day after day my lullaby is
turning and falls gently on this sleeping land
like a hawk trembling of hunger and like a
burning source...two years have passed and still my race is
wandering through foreign shores...
homewards...My soul is now formed as a knife forwards
the heart of your heaven.
And so I die...Still my folk keeps on marching...
homewards...

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