

Into Hiding

Ensiferum

The islander slips into hiding
And takes to his heels
Out of dark Northland
The murky house of Sara
He whirled out of doors as snow
Arrives as smoke in yard
To flee from bad deeds
There he had to become someone else
He must change his shape
As an eagle he swept up
Wanted to soar the heavenward
The sun burnt his cheeks
The moon lit his brows
(Wanted to soar heavenward)
The sun burnt his cheeks
The moon lit his brows
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And takes to his heels
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