

The Elder

Insomnium

In the arms of rimed soil, lies the autumn's last withered leaf
Land now bare and naed, awaits it's snowy sheet
And as the light still lingers, painting scarlet this barren scene
An old man sings his song of melancholy and relinquish
I'm a whirl deep in dark waters,
A stare in the shades of fir-trees
I'm riding above with north wind,
Herding the black clouds of rain
Mine is the kingdom,
Far from the moon to the sun
I am the elder,
Standing forever as one
And in that sudden moment, when everything's turned to still,
He abruptly breaks the silence, becomes one with longing

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