King and Cross

Ã•sgeir

Glistening nighttime dew, and she is walking with me.
From the house of red, I hear a child crying.
Foxes heading home, their prey hangs from their jaws.
And the forest knows, but it wonâ€™t share the secret.

When the king takes sides,
Leaving moral minds; soldiers take their share.
Nighthawks seem to sense that now is the time.
Deep inside them burns the raging fire of life.
Heâ€™ll take back what he owns.

Death cannot take hold, if I can keep momentum.
Fortresses of stone, turn into crystal tears
Soothed by southern winds; Iâ€™ve found my strength now.
And nobody knows, and we must keep their secret.

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