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a wild nights lay

It’s a wild night
burning fires
a wide horizon
from within
a reach

a dream to mourn
a shameless thought
unstrung bows
a clipping sound
a breaking twitch

It’s a wild night
burning fires
across a chest
mourning mail
reflects

a clan talisman
a stone knife
bleeding wounds
a promise made
on sacred ground

an oath

with neither
a fist
a shaking

a hold
a clasping
twofold touch

”Until the sun will rise
to my ending breath

I will hold firm
stand guard
at your shoulder
deflect all evil
This I wow!

I’ll carry my torch
with a steadfast hand
in readiness will
and adamant mind
spear all darkness
through a true heart
This I wow!

For friendship
I’ll carry any burden
sorrow or pain
you will lay upon me
every heavy stone
in need of light
This I wow!

I will not falter
in my resolve
to misplaced judgement
or loss of balance
I stand ready
to tear the fabric of lies
This I wow!

In need of support
I will not cry out
for mercy
on this ground
I make my stand
by your side
This I wow!"

Now let the mourners come!
Bring forth the dead!

And let us all dance!

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se
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