Enslaved, The Dead Stare

(Music: Ivar Peersen - Lyrics: Ivar Peersen, Per Arild Husebr)

The Juggler stares
To quench the thirst
Upon the brow
Within the hand
It cracks and seeps
The seer weeps

In flickering light
The wounds are served
Screams from below
A shadow in chains
Feverish images told
In mirrors of old

The eyes they all share In this tragic court An empty seat The river runs dry Nothing said Words in red

Behold the druid As the stones fall Known aloud turned Backwards around Reverse the loss This never was