

Liv Kristine, Deus Ex Machina

Deus ex machina...

After ten rainy summers

And nine destructive winters

There was hardly nothing left

But a bare and sore ground

Like a stripped and dried out soul

Without body and skin

And the cold wind blew the hazel trees

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Reminding them of how old they are

Suddenly a force from above

Silenced the elegy

It was at the end of the day

It was at the end of the day

Although the beginning of a new and bright tomorrow

Deus ex machina...

After ten rainy summers

And nine destructive winters

There was a last sudden gust of wind

Before the life and freshness again

Touched every heart, mind and soul

And the comfortable summer breeze

Played with the green leaves of the hazel trees

Reminding them of how young

And beautiful they are

Echoing a sorrowless future to come

They thought about their lives

How satisfying they were

And they spoke with happy childlike voices

After ten rainy summers

And nine destructive winters

Deus ex machina...