

Wardruna, Grá

old grey
i recall the ring before it broke

your song stirs something deep within
like chords pulling straight from memory
I can't find the words, they still remain veiled
yet I know it is old, I know that it's forgotten

I remember when you roam freely
I remember when we roamed together
I remember us before our paths got separated
I remember the ring before it broke

always wary about you
and you about me
always wary about me
and I about you