

Elend, A Song Of Ashes

Le corps n'en finissent pas de bruler
Onde de sang, vent ardent.

I rolled like the sand

The

Water

Unfurls.

We are the everdead, the spark in the air.

Dust and water,

The blood of the harvest

And aimless on those muddy fields,

We wandered all night.

The columns of ashes

From the pyres draw

A solemn temple

We have reached the altar.

Les corps n'en finissent pas de bruler.