

Wijlen Wij, Bridges

I've died and they build
BRIDGES all over my dead corpse
They don't seem to have much RESPECT
For the remains of a dead warrior
Why can't they see that my wounds are still bleeding?
Why can't they see that my limbs are still aching?

Their soldiers build bridges on my dead body
With mortar and clay

I felt betrayed that my corpse was not HONOURED
For years and years I stood like a mountain
Sheltering them from the winds
Fighting against their many enemies

Wounded on the cold ground I laid
Wreckage, abandoned by everyone
Wasted by centuries of solitude
Eternally damned

But down on my knees I prayed
And on the seventh day she came
Angel heaven sent cold water for my dried lips

Hear my call, I speak with Ancient Tongue
Take my suffering; erase me from the face of this earth
A new era has begun; the King has arisen from his slumber!

Like a bird freed from its cage
Like the prayer of a wounded soul
My spirit flies towards the sun