

A sad song it was,
Through renewal it brought
And a month seems sometimes shorter
Than a half nights longing

Hidden and hard are the reasons for war
Polar twist, invert and flea

I can't dissolve this feeling of mine
But patience will unlock the door
And the maps of reasons re-written for me
When the wait is over and the punishment is due
Each day I crawl to the hall of the giants

And I beg for mercy -
And I beg for mercy in vain
One night is a mare - two is worse
How can I manage three?