

STEINAR RAKNES

The Deserter

*I miss my woman
I miss my boys
I look out the window
Sitting on the lid
Too far gone
Too far away
My soul is drifting
With the snow in the air*

*I try to be
Where I am
I try to keep
An open min
Forget to drink
Drink to forget
My heart is aching
I'm in a fret*

*A deserter stranded
Far below zero
A howling wolf
Without my pack
I'm close to the border
I'll blow my stack
I cannot stop
To look back*

*The icy way
From the opera house
I walk and freeze
Knitting my brows
Can't feel my legs
Can't feel my thighs
My lips are blue
Like lullabies*

*I wish that I was
Anywhere else
That I was saved
By the bells
But I ain't getting
Away or loose
I am here now
Stuck like a moose*

A deserter stranded...

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