

An angel and a raven

From the blue sky, an angel has fallen,
a sweet, and strange creature,
almost unreal, who met a dark
and desperate raven, a heavy heart
shredded by a lead seal.

When they have lost their body
and their soul there is Ingelrahmm
written in the coal. The soft feathers
mingling in the evening, have provoked
the bloody birth of hope:

maybe together, they will be soaring,
an idea harshly bounded by a rope.

When they have lost their body
and their soul there is Ingelrahmm written
in the coal.

Sometimes they remember the hopeful day,
when she finds in his flesh his hot heart's key,
and she hopes that is not only to pray,
if they stand on the ground, near a green tree.

When they have lost their body
and their soul there is Ingelrahmm written
in the coal. Under the shadow of serenity,
it flogs and burns the skin with tenderness,
in the Walhalla for eternity,
and suddenly they begin to caress.

When they have lost their body
and their soul there is Ingelrahmm
written in the coal.



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