

Savage daughter – Wyndreth Berginsdottir, Ekaterina Shelehova

I am my mother's savage daughter,
The one who runs barefoot
Cursing sharp stones
I am my mother's savage daughter,
I will not cut my hair,
I will not lower my voice
My mother's child is a savage,
She looks for her omens
In the colors of stones,
In the faces of cats,
In the fall of feathers,
In the dancing of fire
And the curve of old bones
I am my mother's savage daughter,
The one who runs barefoot
Cursing sharp stones
I am my mother's savage daughter,
I will not cut my hair,
I will not lower my voice
My mother's child dances in darkness,
And sings heathen songs
By the light of the moon,
And watches the stars
And renames the planets,
And dreams she can reach them
With a song and a broom
I am my mother's savage daughter,
The one who runs barefoot
Cursing sharp stones
I am my mother's savage daughter,
I will not cut my hair,
I will not lower my voice
Now we're all brought
Forth out of darkness
Brought into this world

Through blood and through pain,
And deep in our bones,
The old songs are wakening,
So sing them with voices
Of thunder and rain
We are our mother's savage daughters,
The ones who run barefoot
Cursing sharp stones
We are our mother's savage daughters,
We will not cut our hair,
We will not lower our voice
We are our mother's savage daughters,
The ones who run barefoot
Cursing sharp stones
We are our mother's savage daughters,
We will not cut our hair,
We will not lower our voice



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych