

Holocaust Dawn

Watain

Can you see the flames glow
At the brooding gates of dawn?
At last, we are nearly there...

Long was the winter
And dark were the stars,
That eclipsed our dying hearts.

And the snow fell
While blind men waltzed with Death,
On tombs of mighty gods.

At war with all,
Though yonderwards, ever our gaze.
Certain, our sight, like the daggers we wield.
Staled by doubt, yet never to yield...

What spoils shall the soil spill forth then?
What buds shall burst?
What crops may our sickles reap?
What beasts shall rise from their sleep?

Eerie shines the light of morning stars.
Eager sound the horns of Holocaust.

Behold, ye angels petrified,
Through tears of woe and awe.
A nameless plague veiled and deformed
Through leaden morning dust now stalks.

Homewards...

Mind not my burden,
Although it is the weight of all sins.
Their harvester awaits at the end of my road.

Mind not my disfigurements,
Although they are the pains of all flesh.
For I run with wolves at night,
And quenchless is their hunger...

How long, the winter.
How cold, the night.
How dark, the hearts...

Shine now ye strange light!
Shine, rampant star!
Pale, at Holocaust Dawn.