

The Wild Hunt

Watain

Dawnless - So it seems this sacred night.
Havenless - Beneath black sails with no land in sight.
Fathomless - The depths that lay before us now
Lawless - Before the courts of men we must not bow.

And so it was, when we were young;
We left the path, followed the sun
As it sunk into the netherworld to shine in Darkness.

Thus rose aflame a sacred star.
A God's reply.
And who were we to deny such a splendid design and the
answer to our cries?

Thus it rose to wage war.
And its rays, they reached far

To the nights spent hunting,
When the dawn was our sign to tell
It was time to sleep again.
To our fellow hunters,
In whose hearts gleamed the spark
That later became our destiny (and tomb, for some).

If we had only known them.
If we had only known...
We were not meant to know then.
Good we did not know, good we did not bow!

We made it rise from the ash.
We made it rise from the tears.
In likeness to He who brought Fire;
The Fallen's sacred flame