

Sol, Sol Invictus

In this holiest of seasons, twelve nights betwixt the years  
The silence of winter is all-consuming  
Our homesteads lie sleeping the old folks are watchful  
Gruesome tales of corn-demons (to forewarn) the young  
Over the mountain, to the hidden temple  
Where the pillar of flames shall be summoned by the priest  
On through the biting frost and the wind-driven snow  
A belling of stags echoes in the woods

In this ice-cold Solstice night death and resurrection await  
To invoke the rebirth of the sun

From darkness grows light, from ashes a fire  
To conquer the cold  
The rites of Yuletide defying the times  
The virgin-born child

Sol, Sol Invictus  
Shining Guardian of the west  
In saecula saeculorum  
Conquer with fire and with faith

A solemn pilgrimage through nightclad wintry woods  
Ghosts of winter screaming to lure us all astray  
Neolithic magick, wisdom without words  
Bloodbound memories pierce the gossamer veils of time

In this ice-cold Solstice night death and resurrection await  
And summer shall (fall on) our soil

From darkness grows light, from ashes a fire to conquer the cold  
The rites of Yuletide defying the times  
The virgin-born child

Sol, Sol Invictus - Shining Guardian of the west  
In saecula saeculorum - Conquer with fire and with faith

Blood-sacrifice for the three-fold goddess  
Summon the Goat with a Thousand Young  
Mithras Invictus Jesus Christus  
Fire brings cleansing, fertility through death

Mummers rage through snow covered villages  
Reaping the souls of the careless and young  
Domina Perahta grant us good harvest  
In barter for the blood of one third of our youth

The sunwheels are rolling, the hillside's on fire  
From Albion to Attica old Europe's ablaze  
Unbroken tradition, neolithic bloodline  
The Horned God approaches, the chanting now fades

Il dyi ei ischturien. Ei ven ad esser sarain.  
Ei ven freid. Dieus mora!

At the standing stones the scythe will set him free  
Bound to the oak, the Kingpriest's life for our creed  
A crown of mistletoe, reborn for all to see  
For a new year, in a red dawn, as the new sun

Sol, Sol Invictus  
Invincible sun of the west  
In saecula saeculorum  
Conquer with fire and with faith

From Attica's green pastures to Albion's white shores  
From Thule's boiling geysers to the walls of Hagar Q'im  
Beneath the fragile crust of this modern age of reason  
A darker world lies waiting, primordial and pure  
Hidden in the shades from ratio's great pondering  
to rise when the stars are right

Sol, Sol Invictus  
Lightbringer of the dreaming west  
In saecula saeculorum  
Conquer with fire and with faith