

The Heathen Island

Ava Ineri

High, this violent scent
I'm floating on air
Deep, the echo of the waves
From darkest skies
So far away
Leading us to them

Night, this stormy night
Upon the fields
We raise our hands
And make belief

Calling, now calling them
Down, to descend

The Elder Gods
They're summoned by us
Invoked back to life

They're summoned by us
Invoked by the rites

Storms, upon the storm
We call you
Threatening skies
Seal their names

Void, out of this void
And into flesh
Ancient deities
Now we welcome thee

Turned heavenward, our palms
They gather
From heavensent, down to the
Center of the Earth

Witch
Ride the winds, bloodred horizons
Come to me oh, Demeter's Kin
Dive beneath, bright silver mountains

[Incantation - solo by André]

[Teachings of a master - solo by Rune]

Ride the winds, bloodred horizons
Come to me oh Artemis' Kin
Dive beneath, bright silver mountains