

Flash of the Silverhammer

Bathory

Storm clouds are forming : darkening the sky
the wind gather speed up the mountains
along the horizon : lightning strikes
then the deafening rumble of thunder

Rain beat against my face
quench the thirst of mother earth
the wind in my hair
behold the flash of the silver hammer

Shadows across the land : all clad in grey
the waves raging wild along the shoreline
cutting through black clouds : a finger of fire
bonding the earth with the heavens

Mighty : the wind of storm
forks of lightning lacerates dark sky
from within : the clouds : ablaze
by the flash of the silver hammer