

A Tale of Pagan Tongue

Borknagar

The sun descended to the ground
Behind the mountains, in the sea
A one-eyed man wanders sullen to the highest hill
There he will survey over those surviving will

The flaming shores are yet unseen
In spite of dawn, the horizon sleeps
The sea gleams with lethal cold
Witness yourself here, alone yet bold

The night is born, the christlings thorn
The sun seems dead and somehow forlorn
And the moon lurks above

The beasts they howl her song
Told to be unchained at the day of doom
Their random laws, taught by the Gods
Are to be redeemed when He sets sail

There will forever be this ancient tounge
Primal wisdom from natures own longue

Count the shores of the utter coast
And fear peace forever most
When time is ripe to revive the past
Let us see who stands triumphant

The echoes of cosmic strife
Borne to the one-eyed man
By the ravens of reminiscence