

# The Dawn of the End

Borknagar

Pale like the skull of the sun  
The way of the hunting moon  
O storms that reign supreme  
The breeze comes whisperin' soon

Strike the flowers' last gleam  
In spite of desperate fight, their power  
Leave no shores where the torrents stream

Mountains highest hills  
Fragments, beheaded formations  
The cosmic rivers curse  
Denial of all recreation

Wind, Water, Earth, Fire - Invincible!

Autumn-twice, Winter-thrice  
River and Rock  
A new kingdom rise  
I close my eyes