

# Withering Past

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Remember!

This place of heathen divinity  
Dying and withered  
Defiled, it's meaning

This old sacred place  
About to be forgotten  
This place where our  
Ancestors gathered

The wind still whispers our forefathers' chants  
The ground still trampled by their dance

This place of heathen divinity  
What it has given, and what is it's meaning  
The Markstone of our past  
On the edge of oblivion

Tell our ancient tales  
As long as they can be told  
Before the passage of time takes it's toll

The wind still whispers our forefathers' chants  
The ground still trampled by their dance

The old ways forgotten  
Foreign beliefs adopted  
But forever, remember  
Who we are and what led us here

The wind still whispers our forefathers' chants  
The ground still trampled by their dance