

Withering Past

Brymir

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