

The Wilderness of the North

Coronatus

Endless wilderness, silent might
Pagan holiness, northern lights
Breathing wilderness, savage land
Nature eminence, makes its stand

Dense fog comes creeping down the hill
Damping all sound in dewy chill
The view sweeps over endless woods
Green treetops covered by white hoods

A faint and distant drum beats dull
An earthy scent of forest mull
Arises from the mossy ground
Dark drums tell tribal tales' ominous sound

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Pagan holiness, northern lights

Wild woodland meets the sky afar
Like pale light patches are its scars
A thousand lakes have cut those wounds
Within the green they shine like runes

The drums speed up as light descends
Sundown is near in savage lands
The Nordic sky with thunderclouds
Dark drums blend tribal screams of a wild crowd

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Tribes of the North, of the woods
Folk of the forest
Tales of the wilds, of the brave
Jointly chorused

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