

Aeon of the Crescent Moon

Eluveitie

Throughout utter darkening
Eternal radiance echoes
Anon snowdrops soon shall burgeon
Erelong the cervine shall rise from slumber
Behold the rebirth of the cosmos
Recreation at the hands of the nameless

The crescent moonshine
Comes blazing its trail
Through the darkness to decline
To a limbonic sky so pale

When the final golden sickle has been swung
When the last mistletoe has been cut

It who is one and lone and all
Shall winnow and chaff at downfall
Shattering halos, healing blind eyes
The lithic words again shall rise

The crescent moonshine
Comes blazing its trail
Through the darkness to decline
To a limbonic sky so pale

When the final golden sickle has been swung
When the last mistletoe has been cut

When two daggers have pierced the heart
When the stones strike up again
The aeon of the crescent moon will arise

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