

The Silver Sister

Eluveitie

The silvern light - a stannite glow
The primal night - of the darkened vault

Under the welkin dark
Solemn chants will soar
The immemorial
Songs of the wise

To declare the rise
Of the night-born
Of glinting dew
And susurrant winds
Of a vibrant dawn
Long foreshown

And your pristine face
Pours down crystal rays

Caressed by your velvet touch
As we dance through the night
One last silver kiss
As the ancient song falls silent

The wolves from Antumnos
Come bearing heritage divine

In stannic pearls - the light pours
Over the rock-grey coats of the proud

Your radiance crystalline
Heralds the ancient words
Resounding high and clear
From the Otherworld

In this night we dance
Glory to the nameless one
Atir aissom atir imon

One last silver kiss before the last string decays...