

# Mountain Throne

Green Lung

From the caves we emerge  
Into the hard driving rain  
Through the dales, round the fells  
The coven gather again

And there, veiled in the mist  
Pendle Hill stands tall  
Above the barren fields  
She shines phantasmagorical

Out of the caverns, onto the moor  
Through cols and passes we process toward the pinnacle  
From subterranea to summit stone  
Now we pilgrims ascend, we climb toward the mountain throne

Mountain throne!

Under a pall of freezing fog  
We light a way through the murk  
Trudging on, torch in hand  
To do the devil's work

On the black ridge we convene  
Come the witching hour  
When at the wuthering peak  
We'll reconstruct the Malkin Tower

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So now bow down  
As the sabbath fires burn  
Demdike and Chattox  
Have finally come home  
From the Devil's Pulpit  
Their sermon holds all in thrall  
At the Hexenaltar  
We heed Karnayna's call

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