

Ravnfell

RAM

In defiance of notion
Roosted beyond time
The mountain still stands like a dagger of stone
Disturbing the current, Stabbing the order

The Ravens they cry
Cry for sacrifice
Cry for the cold, sacred flesh to devour
The blood still runs red, still stains beyond denial

Oh darkness in the heart of the veil
Blood, blade and truth will prevail
I stand where men stood before me, dagger held high

The ancient force of bones and dust
Still flows in the veins of those who bear the call
The call from the grave
The voices of power

Trees and animals
Winds and star light
All synchronise to the flow of the night
Dark ecstasy, Invisible fire

A cold cry of death
A shadow on the crescent moon
Ancient spirits arise
Here on the top of Ravnfell

Unchained, Unbroken, unbowed
My lineage whispers to me
here the arts I perform
Here on the top of Ravnfell

Oh you are blind, poor children of the sensory
You cannot see this blight on your truth
Here in the heart if where you think it's safe to
bet the ravens still caw in your dreams

Maybe one day when your world sinks into the sea
Maybe then you'll return to the mountain again
Return and stand trial for your ignorant treachery
Fall to your knees and repent