

Cimmeria

Stormlord

I remember the dark woods, masking slopes of sombre hills,
The grey clouds' leaden everlasting arch,
The dusky streams that flowed without a sound,
And the lone winds that whispered down the passes

Cimmeria, land of darkness and deep night,
It was so long ago and far away,
Cimmeria

It was a gloomy land that seemed to hold
All winds and clouds and dreams that shun the sun,
With bare boughs rattling in the lonesome winds,
And the dark woodlands brooding over all

Cimmeria, land of darkness and deep night,
Cimmeria

Oh soul of mine, born out of shadowed hills,
To clouds and winds and ghosts that shun the sun,
How many deaths shall to break at last
This heritage which wraps me in the grey
Apparel of ghosts?
I search my heart and find Cimmeria,
Land of darkness and the night

It was so long ago and far away
I have forgotten the very name men called me,
I recall only the stillness of that sombre land,
The clouds that piled forever on the hills,
The dimness of the everlasting woods,
Cimmeria, land of darkness and the night