

The Returne

Stormwarrior

Heede the chante of the foreste, I feele his breathe in the wis
tful wynde
"Threefolde-
three nights on the tree...", I seek his gaze in the well of
Wyrd

Don't query the signes, don't question thy sanity
But knowe what thou wielde, compassion or steele, you'll threef
olde
Receive...

We will returne to the culte of the Anciente One
We have awaken the Lorde of the Slaine
We will returne to the culte of the One-ey'd One
And our queste hath only just begun... We will returne

They tamper'd with places of powere, Usurper's shrine in our sa
cred hills
Unbroken we stande like the will of the lande, oh beware thy re
ckoninge...

Oh followe the trothe, the weave of our destiny
But knowe what thou wielde, compassion or steele, you'll threef
olde
Recieve...

We will returne to the culte of the Anciente One
We have awaken the Lorde of the Slaine
There will be a seconde cominge of the elder waye
And our queste hath only just begun... We will returne

"Once more we shalle awaken his voice
And knowe it more truly than e'er before
Conqure the worlde from inside thyselve
And his whisper becometh a thunderinge roar"
Threefolde-three worldes of the tree
Three for the Norns weavinge thy Wyrd
Threefold-three nights on the tree
Knowe what thou wielde, you threefolde receive...

We will returne to the culte of the Anciente One
We have awaken the Lorde of the Slaine
We will returne to the culte of the One-ey'd One
And our queste hath only just begun... We will returne