

## The howling

Watain

Beneath the surface of the great primordial sea  
Beyond life and death  
Behind the veil of all our dreams so frail  
Below the remnants and the dust of all past

The wailing of the mysteries  
That caress the hearts of those who have laid them bare  
Where the winds of twilight ever blow  
Beneath, beyond, behind, below

In the lingering light of the primal fires  
Through the din of all centuries past  
A call to see, to learn, to know  
So that fearless we may go  
Beneath, beyond, behind, below

The howling...  
Can you hear it still?  
The faint echo of the great war  
The spectral tremor of the giant collapse  
Of the primal scream and a severed dream

The first, the last, the howling of the mother  
Still wrestling, scales agleam  
With the silence of the void  
Howling throughout eternity

In the lingering light of the saints of fires  
In their fusing of word and deed  
A call to see, to learn, to know  
So that eager we may go  
Beneath, beyond, behind, below

Proclaimed by prophets for centuries now  
The amplified rage of aeons  
For eternities, in the rising seas and in their deeps  
Reminding us  
Where every devilchild must go

Beneath! Beyond! Behind! Below!  
Like the wolf unto its kin it wails  
Oh, what music it makes...