

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...