

# Behold The Vastness And Sorrow

## Wolves in the Throne Room

Behold the vastness and sorrow of this empty land  
A dark and fell rider clad in garments of shadow  
Is the lord of this place  
A cruel and wanton king,  
A priest of a black religion is he

The hoof beat of the rider's steed pound a mournful drumbeat up  
on the dry cracked earth  
To this rhythm the world moves

The sun blasts down upon the earth  
Until the soil turns to powder and blows away

Lifeless chaos is the order for the rider has mastered the seas  
ons  
Ancient kings cairns now have been defiled  
The gates of strongholds long breached left swinging lifelessly  
in the fetid wind  
The pillars of holy places lie dead  
He rides day and night  
The relentless hoof beats echoes