Borknagar, A Tale Of Pagan Tongue

The sun descended to the ground Behind the mountains, in the sea A one-eyed man wanders sullen to the highest hill There he will survey over those surviving will The flaming shores are yet unseen In spite of dawn, the horizon sleeps The sea gleams with lethal cold Witness yourself here, alone yet bold The night is born, the christlings thorn The sun seems dead and somehow forlorn And the moon lurks above The beasts they howl her song Told to be unchained at the day of doom Their random laws, taught by the Gods Are to be redeemed when He sets sail There will forever be this ancient tounge Primal wisdom from natures own longue Count the shores of the utter coast And fear peace forever most When time is ripe to revive the past Let us see who stands triumphant