

Borknagar, The Mountains Rove

I came from the utter fields
Carving shame on the tender shields
On my path I wandered high
Acknowledged beneath the sky
The hate I carried, recalling why!
I walked towards the rising Autumn
And cursed the summer
with the promis of a Winter
Where my foes will quiver in frost
A circeling saga, not forever lost
I came from the utter fields
Carving shame on the tender shields
On my path I wandered high
Declaring war beneath the sky
The hate I carried, boiling within!
I mounted all the hills my eyes could count
And roved wherever the sun escaped sight
I drifted from the deepest tarn
Till I saw my saw my name in aruinic sign
Graven soo deep in the crystal bark
Of a lodge I sojourned years ago
Crying war beneath the sky