

# Eluveitie, Ategnatos

On the winnow fields  
They beheld the gate  
Trembling with fear  
And afraid to forfeit  
Anxiously  
They clinged to table scraps  
As if to aver  
Their deprivation

And the swine crowed round  
The shining lot of pearls

With empty hands  
The high king reigns  
Nothing but light  
The raven flies

A fool is the slave  
Who fears not his fetters  
But watches over them with jealousy

On the winnow fields  
They beheld their lives  
Paralysed with fear  
In the presence of the Vergobret  
So they cherished  
Doctrines of denial  
And wallowed  
In poor men's tales

And the swine crowed round  
The shining lot of pearls  
Just like the vultures  
Grave cadaveric flesh

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