

Borknagar

"The Genuine Pulse"

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The gephyr, the sullen breath
Horizons of history re-erodent
The haven, where the stars are set
Constellations of manifestation
Glow, expanding through forever
I all with the rain, rise with the ocean
Drain to expire, the shrine of fortility
Burn as the flame, as strong as a came
Twine the existence, sense of serene
Thousand senses of virtual faction
Existential inputs production of mind
Instinctive, raised to find

As the salt in the sea, burns in me
Forever, the taste in your mouth is
Eternising the soul soaked estate
Solvable as fractional fragments

Divine gracious divulgence
Pulse, rotation, the spine of creations

Wane as the circle of zero

As the salt in the sea, burns in me
Forever, the taste in your mouth is
Eternising the soul soaked estate
Solvable as fractional fragments

The genuine pulse - the link of a thousand senses
The genuine pulse - entire celestial allegiance
The genuine pulse - dense induce of the indomitable
Never to fail thus existence I sail
Through the elements of four

The gephyr, the sullen breath
Horizons of history re-erodent
The haven, where the stars are set
Constellations of manifestation
Glow, expanding through forever

Measure the circle of eternity
The treasure of ability

The Genuine Pulse

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