

Abysmal "Hymn No Xv"

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Four ravens flew !inshores over the windy Nordland
coast
Gathered again after their journeys in solitude
Underneath the thundering skies of the Gallow's Land
Returned from far away lands to rise the !justspoken
prince

Darkening skies oblivate the moon
Winds of power sing in the trees
A thunder's echo sleeps in the mountains
Breaks free from the Gallow's Land, four roads in gold

Through the dripping blood of the unborn's eyes
Shows powers of his wisdom and the regal trust
Approaching with thunder, the four corners of the
world
To join his birth in Velvet, the Pillorian Age

Thunder in the Gallow's Land
The birth of a king
Through the dripping blood of the unborn's hands
Shows the purity of darkness and the warmth of the ice
Throughout the muddy fields the horizons come close
Provoking the winds and draining the skies...
Lightning!!!

They who wander the roads of gold
To experience the Antarct's unfold
Each one with a gift for him to bear
Soil, Water, Fire & Air

Here where the sand has no taste
Here where blood has no worth
Here inbetween the corners of the world
Here my son, rise the existential sword

They who wander the roads of gold
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Each one with a gift for him to bear
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