

Goat Of Mendes

"Amidst The Frozen Forest"

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As the sunlight's getting dimmer
Spreading crimson afterglow
And the forest greets the dreamer
Moonshine gleams upon the falling snow

Withered fallen leaves enshrouded
By a blanket, white and cold
The pale Wintermoon is clouded
Malign it's presence to behold

Howling winds are blowing cold
Shake the trees with awesome might
Ancient heathen dreams unfold
In this silent winters night

And I see a wolf-drawn chariot
Ride the starlit skies
Feel the presence of the old gods
From lost halls up high

And the stars and the moon gleam in frozen silver
Flakes of snow and the leaves dance in swirling grace
The cold wind blows a flute, tuned by ancient spirits
Naked trees bow their heads to their masters face

Hear the screech-owl sound it's mournful wailing
Join the choirs of this unholy night
The Wild Hunt rides on the snow so bright
Driven by the chilling nightwind's gale

The heaven's join this strange nocturnal fairground
Lightning flashes announce the roaring thunder
Ancient spirits rise from ageless slumber
To greet me as one of the old god's heirs

Deities of a long lost age
Dance with spirits, naturebound
But as morning dawn enters the stage
They vanish with no trace to be found

Sunlight hurts my bloodshot eyes
And my pale skin shuns the light

Dreams of moonlit midnight skies
Hide my pain beneath the cloak of night

Feeble minions of the cursed deceiver
Watch your golden temples burn
The Cross will crumble, Christ will shiver
Behold the ancient gods return

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