

Heathen Foray "Foretelling The Raven Age"

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Foretelling the Raven Age
Rids my heart of the rage
Cleanse the lands of Christian ways
Born again the Heathen days

For countless moons they pound below
Hammer of Gods ascend then fall
Bringing storm, frost, ice and snow
A sign for us to prepare for war

And then the sun will cease to shine
Blackness perpetual, ignites the sky
All man-made religion dies
Upon the hill the Raven Cries

After the war the north winds blow
The blankets of ice begins to thaw
Those that survived now all know
What is a God, the one true force

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