

Hollenthon "To Fabled Lands"

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In the path of good fortune
Yet another leads astray
In the midst of abundance
Woeful songs sung in vain
On a hill fervid cavalier
Spills no blood upon his scales
Weighs the flesh of my brother
Weighs the flesh of my foe

Hearts cursed with hunger
And the hollow gaze of fear
Grieving souls this dreadful hour
Barren lands spread to the north

Blind as the vulture that it's final feast awaits
Judgement passed deliverance lies morose
Futile demise, thirsting swallows are singing my praise
Singing my praise

Death throes escaping the silence of untimely death
Judgement passed, deliverance etched in stone
Carry my corpse far beyond to fabled lands
To fabled lands

In fields of famine
In fields of dread
Forsaken reapers
Harvest emptiness

Flight takes the swallow
To journey's end
Singing their last dirges
To immortal stars flying high

Children
Shadows of their graves
Watch them die

Wistful
Winds of staid regrets
Hear their cries

Brethren
Fleeing memories
Pass them by

Sullen
Darkness blinds the sky
Darkened soul

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