

May I Refuse

"At The Cursed Heights Of Prokletije"

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As night falls down 'pon this wretched ground
I descend the fog-valleys below
With no man, nor beast, but naked trees around
And the moon that all light has bled

I plunge into the hail of tempest
Devoured by the firmament

Let no joyful sound
Spoil this winter air
Let only be foul skies
Ardent and arcid
Linger on in despair
This soil is black again

The soil is black and dead
The soil is black and dead

Cursed... Be my tribe
Cursed... Be our land
Cursed... Borne my tokens
Cursed... Sacrificed in vain

To Mara?, heathen demon of old
To Mara?, the demon that destroys
To Mara?, we must all burn
To Mara?, on the path of no return

Rites of a death-hammer
Oh, the salt of the earth
Procession through one to another
On the path where I mourn
Barren path on no return

What once was I now is dead
Embered bonfires forever shine
What once was I shall be again
There, at the summit of Prokletije

