

Mortum

"The Druid Ceremony"

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Hear the whispers in the mind
see the leaves falling from the trees
winter's not far away now
nature dies of massing cries

The druids of death is chanting
Their charms of ancient magic
To summon the past
As lightning strikes from the cloudless sky
A ring of fire has been drawn
The circle of protection's complete
This ritual has begun
Invocation of the elements is made

As the rain starts falling to the ground
and both fire and wind appear all around

Now the real task is to be performed
To summon the serpent... of the infernal sea

From where the dwells in the deepest abyss
Leviathan come to me

Under the moon the ritual ends
As the sun is rising, about to hit this glade
The silence is everywhere around
The birds don't sing their songs of joy
Not even the wind whispers here anymore
Trace of emptiness is left behind
The druids have all disappeared
And so has their altar of sacred stone

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