

Salacious Gods

"At The Sound Of The Mid-winterhorn"

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The ravens fly high this solstice morn
The woods are bare The snow is deep
We wait for herne to sound his horn
and wake the demons up from sleep
To celebrate this dreadful sigh
Never reborn the day of light

And the oaks breathe mysterious mur-
mursof the horn that sounds its sigh
In the moons face beneath the ocre eye
like a crescent sword in hour of fight

And baring unto hell each noble head
stood in the circle where
none else might tread
The thick air consumed the night
Ravens pride on battlesounds they fed

In a thousand shimmering nighttime dreams
druids of old impale me
I gaze into a fog pregnant with
seeds of decay and die amongst flesh and bark

As I fell eternally
Never touching the freesing soil
Like an autumn leaf caught in a cobweb dew
Lost am I until
my newfound wings I spread
Death is at hand and perish will all but a few

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