

## Salacious Gods

# "At The Sound Of The Midwinterhorn"

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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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