

## **Symbel**

# **"Lord Of The Hanged"**

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A rant of shamanic fury

Lord of the hanged  
You present with many faces  
Inciting strife, bezerker rage  
In the valleys of starlight  
Forged maegen sculpts my frame  
Through the conquest  
Of fear of insanity

Much maligned by history  
You're the dark so far away  
Dare I trust the drighten  
Of nine nights of suffering

Lord of the hanged  
You choose the slain  
You are the ferryman  
Dare I look into your hollow eye  
And see the truth inside  
You breathe life into  
My darkest thoughts

The wild hunt washes across my retina  
My face is still but I thrash inside  
And join you as you race the torrid skies.

You are all aspects of my heathen soul  
Your many names are within me to be called  
You inspire me and unbind my threads  
Walked through death and back again.

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