

Walknut "Come, Dreadfull Ygg"

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Spirits of snow haunt this air
Dreams of a hanged man on the oak
And Ravens speak their curses in ancient tongues:
Come, the Murderer, Dreadful Ygg

Where the old pinewoods pierce the skies
Like the crooked runes of death
Stain the sunset in blood
Come, the Enemy, Dreadful Ygg

Winterwitch breathes the cold smoke
In the poems of Distant night
Nordic heroism and seven winds
Come, The Murderer, Dreadful Ygg

Deadmen call your name
With the painted faces of Yule
With the horrid faces of Winter
Come watch this world through our eyes

Ghostmen call your name
With the painted faces of Yule
With the horrid faces of Winter
Come, cut the throats with our hands

Wolfmen call your name
With the painted faces of Yule
With the horrid faces of Winter
You're in each of us...

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