

Walknut "Grim Woods"

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Grim woods of extinct northern lands
Where only spirits walk upon the overgrown paths
Towards the sunsets over ancient labyrinths of stone
And pagan monoliths are yet to pierce the skies

Horned moon spills it's stellar grief
Unto the silver mirrors of the crystall lakes
Where titanic ruins dream their endless dreams
Awaken ghosts of glorious past, of rise and downfall

Grim woods stand as the hosts of old
With rusty helmets and the broken spears against the
sky
The silent witnesses of countless ritual murders
And evil sorcery is spilt among these winds

Distant thickets echo with the ghastly screams
From the cursed pagan altars of the tortured souls
Old gates of wisdom closed, unreachd
Forgotten, sealed with keys of blood

Grim woods are listless, cold as hearts of men
The men that did forget their own roots
The answers are known, yet none shall speak
Where only spirits walk upon the overgrown paths

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