

Moonsorrow "At The Ruins"

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AT THE FOOTSTEPS

prologue

TO THE WORLD

Under the growing moon
there drifted a whisper with a distant stream.
Waves beating restlessly
the tired rain-lashed shore.

For long the wilds under the northern sky
silent may have been.
Resounded only with a breath of wind.

The spear of a bear-hunter
lay on the ground by its prey.
Awaiting the arrival of a craft.

Yet no one foresaw the dawning
and thus set another day.

Hearken to the ravens' cry
across all heavens.
Behold as the gods
of our world fall.

It is time for the wheel of the sun
to break by the flow of blood.

Under such fair colours
the harbinger steps ashore.
By a sword his companions salute us,
yet of freedom they may speak.

Dressed in strangest garment
claimed kindred grasps a wooden cross.

What strength in wolves he wishes to tame.

The spear of a bear-hunter
now risen against the serpent's tongue.

Striking through the vile heart.

Yet no hero shall rise on the ruins
and our song may drift with the wind.

Hear the sorrow of the woods
across all known times.
Sacred stones are overturned
and the folk so weary.

Steel a gleam defies sway
on the lap of death.
Demise in the hands of gods,
a worthy name forever spoken.

And lo! the torches lit scorching carnage,
condemning all the guiltless souls.
How dare they bereave us our gods,
now thousands fall silent at murder.

Sign of the hammer on a warrior's chest
he battles like a bear.
With strength of Ukko deep in his heart
the last man now may fall.

AT THE RUINS

epilogue

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