

Wolves In The Throne Room **"Vastness And Sorrow"**

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Behold the vastness and sorrow of this empty land
A dark and fell rider clad in garments of shadow
Is the lord of this place
A cruel and wanton king,
A priest of a black religion is he

The hoof beat of the rider's steed pound a mournful
drumbeat upon the dry cracked earth
To this rhythm the world moves

The sun blasts down upon the earth
Until the soil turns to powder and blows away

Lifeless chaos is the order for the rider has mastered
the seasons
Ancient kings cairns now have been defiled
The gates of strongholds long breached left swinging
lifelessly in the fetid wind
The pillars of holy places lie dead
He rides day and night
The relentless hoof beats echoes

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