

Ahriman

"Blood Of The Mountains"

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I had a dream about an age
Stepping out from shadow.
Spelled words glowing in my eye
About the ecstasy of depth,
Far in the roots of the trees.

My blindness was conducted by my steps and
worships.
My dawn-instincts called my attention.
Soon blood springs out, the heathen devotion.
The spirit of the vale is waking,
The olds in it chop the throat of life for ever.

We erect a fortress around the dead mountain,
Bury the past and throw sparks at the birth of the blade.
We wake up past ages
And devotion will be back with us.

Red wildness, a home of the universe
Breaks off his chains for ever
And fire awakens in the lakes.

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