

Crimfall

"Storm Before The Calm"

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Grief,
Grief unspoken,
Grief in halls of the fallen
Swords against shields
Wail sorrows worth
Echo in bones
Drums upending very earth
Hearths from stones

First fall, hail on white shores
Rain carmine, benign winds did tore
Song heeds, call of the storm
Her sails are raised to war

For the sun, for the moon
For the frozen womb,
For the fire that barren blooms
Ride the flame, ride the serpent
Madness without bridle
Will unleashed
For the rising horned idol
Ride the woman ride the beast

For the waves to come
And sea without a shore
For the storm before the calm
Wailing deep throates roar

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