

Van Der Graaf Generator "Firebrand"

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Sunday night, twelve weeks before winter,
the world is in a smoky haze.
Suddenly there appears a rider in the East,
brandishing flame.

He rides on into the wintry darkness,
and brandishes his flame like a spear;
below him there races his ghost steed,
draping the night in fear.

His steed strains as he reaches out over the reins
and hurls his flame at the West.. .
the mountains dissolve in fire
and he races through them, screaming:
'I ride an icy stallion,
fire at each end and poison at the centre -
you won't hear my words as I scream into the darkness:
his plans are like a firebrand,
his plans are like a firebrand!'

Njal, beware!
Heed the words which emanate from Hildiglum.

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