

From Darkness

Eluveitie

Is it not ironic
How your favorite dread
Is the matrix in which you were formed
The unfathomable dark
Of a realm arcane and burrowed far below

The grain sprouts from deep 'neath the soil
Where sunlight will never ever reach

Behold
From darkness we come
That shelter where all life is formed
Ascend
To darkness we sail
Eternal refuge of the soul

The darkness of night goes out
When dawn befalls in the time between the times
And the grain in the soil, buried deep
Shall not bear fruit unless it dies
In the dark of Antumnos
The Awen waves and life is conceived

The day is born from the night
In the three night of Samon the year is born
So the song has been sung
Let him hear it who will

Is it not ironic
How you cling so hard
To all evidence of all there is
As you maintain your unbroken urge
To explain what you can't

The child grows in its mother's womb
Enshrouded and concealed