

The Longest Journey (Heathen Throne Part II)

Ensiferum

Could my ruin have come,
My day of trouble have arrived,
In these tuonele cabins
These abodes of the dead land?
[Kalevala]

Far beyond the dark stream pagan souls will
Roam those cold lands wild and free.
Wait for the sign; a blood red sky.
Then beyond the dark stream we will ride.

The path of mortals,
So narrow and brutal.
Only bravest of them all
Will find true valours

Decaying souls of men,
Who trust in false omens,
Will drown in the stream
With their untrue beliefs.

He's been drifting
For so long,
Searching for the land.
Where heroes roam.

In the horizon,
The last ray of light,
A breeze from the other side,
Before he dies.

Dividing walls of stone,
Eternal heathen Throne,
Beneath the cold starlight.
Revealed for the purest sight.

Through constant affliction
Towards alleviations,
When a searing star is near.
Carry on, you're almost here

Far beyond the dark stream we'll meet again.
Across the wilderness and we will be home.
Gather your strength, don't be afraid.
Far beyond the dark stream, we'll meet again.

The longest journey of them all,
Has to be made all alone
A flame in the skyline reaching the stars
Guiding the seeker through the night!