

# The Heathen Island

Ava Inferi

High, this violent scent  
I'm floating on air  
Deep, the echo of the waves  
From darkest skies  
So far away  
Leading us to them

Night, this stormy night  
Upon the fields  
We raise our hands  
And make belief

Calling, now calling them  
Down, to descend

The Elder Gods  
They're summoned by us  
Invoked back to life

They're summoned by us  
Invoked by the rites

Storms, upon the storm  
We call you  
Threatening skies  
Seal their names

Void, out of this void  
And into flesh  
Ancient deities  
Now we welcome thee

Turned heavenward, our palms  
They gather  
From heavensent, down to the  
Center of the Earth

Witch  
Ride the winds, bloodred horizons  
Come to me oh, Demeter's Kin  
Dive beneath, bright silver mountains

[Incantation - solo by André]

[Teachings of a master - solo by Rune]

Ride the winds, bloodred horizons  
Come to me oh Artemis' Kin  
Dive beneath, bright silver mountains