

# Flash of the Silverhammer

Bathory

Storm clouds are forming : darkening the sky  
the wind gather speed up the mountains  
along the horizon : lightning strikes  
then the deafening rumble of thunder

Rain beat against my face  
quench the thirst of mother earth  
the wind in my hair  
behold the flash of the silver hammer

Shadows across the land : all clad in grey  
the waves raging wild along the shoreline  
cutting through black clouds : a finger of fire  
bonding the earth with the heavens

Mighty : the wind of storm  
forks of lightning lacerates dark sky  
from within : the clouds : ablaze  
by the flash of the silver hammer