

Foreverdark Woods

Bathory

Evening is falling, all still around me
The old crow is calling, but the landscape is at peace
Down the trail through this forest, through thicket we ride
The unseen is watching from behind each stone and pine

Slowly the golden disc of the sun is setting
Beyond the rim of Nordland at the end of long day
Slowly the ominous dark descend upon all
Engulfing all land and heaven and the shore of Asa bay

Here lie the bones of our fathers long gone
Deep in the soil of these woods
Among these great trunks legends were born
Here many great battles stood

Trotting the trail, my stallion cautions
Present the spirits of foreverdark woods

We rest by the fire, the shadows come to life by its light
Three brothers, sons of white wolf, observed by the eyes of the
night

Night is long where the sunlight is pale
The fear is strong when you ride in the dawn
Down foreverdark woods trail

Heavy the turf, bone meal and blood
Raise high you pine towards shy
Firm in the soil, tree trunks of gods
Like dragon ship masts straight and high

Reaching the glade, ride on to Asa bay
Watched by the spirits of foreverdark woods