

## To Mount and Rove

Borknagar

I came from the utter fields  
Carving shame on the tender shields  
On my path I wandered high  
Acknowledged beneath the sky  
The hate I carried, recalling why!

I walked towards the rising Autumn  
And cursed the Summer with the promise of Winter  
Where my foes will quiver in frost  
A circling saga, not forever lost

I came from the utter fields  
Carving shame on the tender shields  
On my path I wandered high  
Declaring war beneath the sky  
The hate I carried, boiling within!

I mounted all the hills my eyes could count  
And roved wherever the sun escaped sight

I drifted from the deepest tarn  
Til I saw my name in a runic sign  
Graven so deep in the crystal bark  
Of a lodge I sojourned years ago

Crying my fate beneath the sky!