

## From Darkness

Eluveitie

Is it not ironic  
How your favorite dread  
Is the matrix in which you were formed  
The unfathomable dark  
Of a realm arcane and burrowed far below

The grain sprouts from deep 'neath the soil  
Where sunlight will never ever reach

Behold  
From darkness we come  
That shelter where all life is formed  
Ascend  
To darkness we sail  
Eternal refuge of the soul

The darkness of night goes out  
When dawn befalls in the time between the times  
And the grain in the soil, buried deep  
Shall not bear fruit unless it dies  
In the dark of Antumnos  
The Awen waves and life is conceived

The day is born from the night  
In the three night of Samon the year is born  
So the song has been sung  
Let him hear it who will

Is it not ironic  
How you cling so hard  
To all evidence of all there is  
As you maintain your unbroken urge  
To explain what you can't

The child grows in its mother's womb  
Enshrouded and concealed