

# The Silver Sister

Eluveitie

The silvern light - a stannite glow  
The primal night - of the darkened vault

Under the welkin dark  
Solemn chants will soar  
The immemorial  
Songs of the wise

To declare the rise  
Of the night-born  
Of glinting dew  
And susurrant winds  
Of a vibrant dawn  
Long foreshown

And your pristine face  
Pours down crystal rays

Caressed by your velvet touch  
As we dance through the night  
One last silver kiss  
As the ancient song falls silent

The wolves from Antumnos  
Come bearing heritage divine

In stannic pearls - the light pours  
Over the rock-grey coats of the proud

Your radiance crystalline  
Heralds the ancient words  
Resounding high and clear  
From the Otherworld

In this night we dance  
Glory to the nameless one  
Atir aissom atir imon

One last silver kiss before the last string decays...