

## Foretelling The Raven Age

Heathen Foray

Foretelling the Raven Age  
Rids my heart of the rage  
Cleanse the lands of Christian ways  
Born again the Heathen days

For countless moons they pound below  
Hammer of Gods ascend then fall  
Bringing storm, frost, ice and snow  
A sign for us to prepare for war

And then the sun will cease to shine  
Blackness perpetual, ignites the sky  
All man-made religion dies  
Upon the hill the Raven Cries

After the war the north winds blow  
The blankets of ice begins to thaw  
Those that survived now all know  
What is a God, the one true force