

# To Fabled Lands

Hollenthon

In the path of good fortune  
Yet another leads astray  
In the midst of abundance  
Woeful songs sung in vain  
On a hill fervid cavalier  
Spills no blood upon his scales  
Weighs the flesh of my brother  
Weighs the flesh of my foe

Hearts cursed with hunger  
And the hollow gaze of fear  
Grieving souls this dreadful hour  
Barren lands spread to the north

Blind as the vulture that its final feast awaits  
Judgement passed deliverance lies morose  
Futile demise, thirsting swallows are singing my praise  
Singing my praise

Death throes escaping the silence of untimely death  
Judgement passed, deliverance etched in stone  
Carry my corpse far beyond to fabled lands  
To fabled lands

In fields of famine  
In fields of dread  
Forsaken reapers  
Harvest emptiness

Flight takes the swallow  
To journey's end  
Singing their last dirges  
To immortal stars flying high

Children  
Shadows of their graves  
Watch them die

Wistful  
Winds of staid regrets  
Hear their cries

Brethren  
Fleeing memories  
Pass them by

Sullen  
Darkness blinds the sky  
Darkened soul

In the path of good fortune  
Yet another leads astray  
In the midst of abundance  
Woeful songs sung in vain  
On a hill fervid cavalier  
Spills no blood upon his scales  
Weighs the flesh of my brother

Weighs the flesh of my foe

Hearts cursed with hunger  
And the hollow gaze of fear  
Grieving souls this dreadful hour  
Barren lands spread to the north