

Vestige - Non Omnis Moriar

Hollenthon

Barren hills of darkened earth
Recollections young and old
Butchered, scattered manifold
Faded footprints in the snow

No demi-wolves with piercing eyes
Appear with painted masks of war
Now still and calm conquer these hills
Where once the rivers flowed with blood

In the midst of the shimmering frost
Where the tree of the sacred lie dead
To defeat all the lies and the tears
Hear the galloping ones ride through hell

How time forgets this sanguine creek
The heaped, the scattered, butchered ones
Their voices chanting narratives
Their movements hail to ghostly pasts

For demi-wolves still roam the skies
Coyotes, vultures at their side
One thousand horses ebony
Ethereal in phantom flight

As the chanting of Elders grows fierce
And the menacing wolves circle prey
To return to those glorious days
Hear he galloping ones ride through hell