

The Gathering Wilderness

Primordial

You say you know me
I'm the poison in your veins

My faith is not welcome here
I break the young and the cold

There is a darkness here
You cannot imagine
You cannot fathom
It speaks to me in tongues

Can you hear it?

I've built my tower of song
With words as bitter, splintered bone
Gnarled and wretched, spiteful and harsh

I've cursed the vermin, the vermin of the earth
I've wished pestilence upon the foul and weak

Not just men, but women and children too
With a rusted blade across their throats

I've played the tyrant's hand against the rhyme and
reason of fools
I've prayed to sickly children

In their blackened cities of filth...

You say you know me, do you?
Cause I'm the poison in your veins
My faith, it is not welcome here

The wilderness is gathering all its children in...

"The ghosts of our pasts are gathered at the borders of
every nation waiting to reign a terrible wrath upon us.
Men's hearts are turning, darker and darker as every
day passes. Old Europe is changing, the world is
changing. The wilderness is gathering its children in,
there is terrible maelstrom gathering. Can you see it?
Do you know it? Where shall you stand?"