

They Rode On

Watain

Out of the dark, into the light,
In the dawn of terrestrial birth.
New-born yet older than time,
Conceived in the depths of the earth.

Though strange lay the waters from which they emerged,
They glanced upon the world as their own.
Yet deep in their hearts they knew all the time
That this was not really their home.

So they rode on.
Yes, they rode on.

On hidden roads, through barren wastelands,
Untrodden by both man and beast.
From the distance their fire was gleaming
Like a lamp amidst dark eternity.

A bitter moon hovered above them.
The night lit sole by its glow.
From high in a sky of ominous dye
In which dark clouds drifted slow.

So they rode on.
Yes, they rode on.

They rode with shut eyes as the sun rose.
Regardless of earth's vanity.
But with wide open eyes, they paced the night
And pondered its mysteries.

They sat at the crossroads with high and with low,
Yet neither could alter their course.
Riches were offered unto them,
Yet indifferent and without remorse

They rode on.
Yes, they rode on.

And each lonely vagrant that crossed their path,
Felt how his heart grew cold.
Yet be marvelled at their scarred faces,
So beautiful, distant and old.

Some say they've heard them singing
In strange tongues of melancholy;
Of the gods, of the night, and of glory.
Of the dead, and their memory.

So they rode on.
Yes, they rode on.

Say goodbye to the light.
Come twilight, come dark night.
Say goodbye to the light,
Come twilight, come dark night.

Could you have rode there with them?
Would you have joined their march?
Or would you have them ride on?
Away into the dark?

Would you have been able to let go?
Of illusions of right and of wrong?
And if they came to die;
Would you have rode on?