

Thuja Magus Imperium

Wolves in the Throne Room

Redness in the east beyond the mountain
The Wheel begins to turn anew
Turning ever towards the Sun
Garlands adorn a chariot, aflame
Blood runs from the flank of a wounded stag
Turning inwards, all beings bow low
Unconcealed she flies
Then hidden by snow
Eyes pale voice of night

Black clouds bring rain
A white cloak and mantel
Enshrouds all of the great monoliths
Deities of frost crave an offering to storms
Great Firs felled by the wind

The eagle's aerie towering windswept
Sky-lords towering above
Night-born songs descend by moonlight
A rain of jewels Calliope sings
Each one a secret word inscribed in time

Sacred bones crumble enshrined
Entombed in roots and stones
A dead sun burns in the hollow Earth
Nameless rivers of dust

This bright thread so pure
Drawn through everything that is
Enslaved by ancient bonds
Beyond the mists and golden light
Beyond the darkness transcending time