

Vastness And Sorrow

Wolves in the Throne Room

Behold the vastness and sorrow of this empty land
A dark and Fell Rider clad in garments
of shadow Is the lord of this place
A cruel and wonton king,
A priest of a black religion is he

The hoof beat of the rider's steed pound
a mournful drumbeat upon the dry cracked earth
To this rhythm the world moves

The sun blasts down upon the earth
Until the soil turns to powder and blows away

Lifeless chaos is the order for
the rider has mastered the seasons
Ancient kings Cairn now have been defiled
The gates of strongholds long
breached left swinging lifelessly in the fetid wind
The pillars of holy places lie dead
He rides day and night
The relentless Hoof beats echoes