

# 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