The Eye Of Oden

Borknagar

Up there on the mountain, above all fire,
the fields down there and the ravine below
Where the elements feast in reckless desire
A raven is seated
Where the sun cannot reach,
only teriffic storms prevail
In a thunderin' havoc they ruthlessly roar
My heart it beats the pulse of ancient times
The countless rythem, the rattling stones
My weapon cleanse the filth of all bones
Tender are the havens
wich remain on the open plains
The shadow crawls
upon the resort of the remnaints
Even toward the hills lie shattered shields
The winter it hunts all their hearts in fear
And the river drifts with the resolution of thunder
Infernal are the storms in wich our shelter stand
Their strongest grip of fear, and our shelter tear
Up there on the mountain, above all fire,
the fields down there and the ravine below
He beholds a kingdom of grace, savage yet fair

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