To Mount and Rove

Borknagar

I came from the utter fields
Carving shame on the tender shields
On my path I wandered high
Acknowledged beneath the sky
The hate I carried, recalling why!I walked towards the rising Autumn
And cursed the Summer with the promise of Winter
Where my foes will quiver in frost
A circeling saga, not forever lostI came from the utter fields
Carving shame on the tender shields
On my path I wandered high
Declaring war beneath the sky
The hate I carried, boiling within!I mounted all the hills my eyes could count
And roved wherever the sun escaped sightI drifted from the deepest tarn
Til I saw my name in a runic sign
Graven so deep in the crystal bark
Of a lodge I sojourned years agoCrying my fate beneath the sky!

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