

Omna

King of Asgard

The mountain crown, the mountain spirit farthest North
She is bound in the guise of a Horned Owl
Wife of the One eyed Æ me The queen of mist in the shadows dance
Rises high above the fertile plain
Of past of present, of memory and of man
She's lurking the corner of dawn Ancient, ever being, never ceasing
Of seven oak forests grown, of seven rotted down
Still proud she stand
Shape and torn, as dew was gone A monument, a bewitching hand
Bound sacrifice, great eternal youth
In stillness withdrawn, dreamless for evermore
Arose as she's drawn
A gateway to where our worlds meet and manifest
A portal to where our worlds collide Omna... Omna... Omna... Omna...
Omna... Omna... Omna... Omna... Across the meadows, a veil of mist
As above the dangerous waters
She's wandering, cold and clear
Reaches out and embrace in despair and disgrace As the tears of Wetur come
Crushing tear, ruin down
The steep, red wall, the lair of the mountain
King Shiver, beware... And so they went the mountain seven times around
Thus destiny be told, their fate be carued
Omna... Omna... Omna... Omna...
Omna... Omna... Omna... Omna... A gateway to where our worlds meet and manifest
A portal to where our worlds collide
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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