Hallstatt

Absu

[Lyrical magick: Proscriptor & Equitant, Musick: Shaftiel & Equitant]From an empty house...In take-flight, the grey hawks verged upon a sunless sky
Wild, whistling winds carried them sorely, and sailed them bristly in the same shady sky.
In take-ground, branded the mark of hall and heave; their martyrs never left
2000 years, 2000 urn-burials, 2000 lies have now been erased.[Chorus:]
"We'll kneel towards the foyer with our precious salz!
We'll sound with horn, clash with wood and cleave with calls!
We've whittled the blades of Hallstattian swords!"In order to see such a legacy, fire burned with a past that turned;
Anvils were forged at an early stage, molded as cats or iarn-leastair.
Ioldanach has spied on this mistery, yet he's enkindled by the light
With hues of argent lightning and ore of purem the salt grants them mastery and might.[Chorus:]
"We'll kneel towards the foyer with our precious salz!
We'll sound with horn, clash with wood and cleave with calls!
We've whittled the blades of Hallstattian swords!"[Bridge:]
Hallstatt
An Salaan
An Bas[Troid Warrior:] "I see a battle; I feel the warp-spasm!"
[Ioldanach:] The poised warrior yowls with blood about his belt.
[Troid Warrior:] "Nothing shall draw my eyes away..."
[Ioldanach:] His heart stirs atrociously, now to think.
[Troid Warrior:] "I convey the names to the planes of Destiny!"
[Ioldanach:] The poised warrior seeks an ancient seat foe the Stone.
[Troid Warrior:] "Wild, whistling winds still laugh at my howls!"
[Ioldanach:] These acts of tale-telling dilate him to hate.Hallstatt
An Salaan
An Bas[Pre-Avouchment of Parable:]
The young ones of Hallstatt, and the sky
Silver-ilked spears have been whetted
Vast hilts and sheeny torques of gold;
Crafted from vanquished legacies.Hallstatt
An Salaan
An Bas[Avouchment of Parable:]
"Spirit of horsemen and spirit of iron age acclaim
The fame for 2000 crypts at Hallstatt!"[Solo(s): Shaftiel]To an empty home.In take-flight, the grey hawks verged upon a sunless sky
Wild, whistling winds carried them sorely, and sailed them
bristly in the same shady sky.
In take-ground, branded the mark of hall and heave; their martyrs never left

2000 years, 2000 urn-burials, 2000 lies have now been erased."We'll kneel towards the foyer with our precious salz!
We'll sound with horn, clash with wood and cleave with calls!
We've whittled the blades of Hallstattian swords!"

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