Witching Hour

Borknagar

In the hour before dawn
The Nordic mirror lies black yet calm
Reflects my shadow and heaven aboveThe frost force the ocean up
Past the shores towards the mountain topsSpirals flash green glittering blitz never seen
By the eyes of the selfpronounced clean
Through shining mists past the planet of witz
Mysterious realms still existIn this black and blue void schiziod creatures will toy
With fragments of what once where souls
Dreamlike I follow their path dark and hallow
My feet barely touch the groundRide the radiant waves into unexplored space
Obscure scenery changes
Into trance without end to lunatics glen
Spellbound I kneel down in painThe lurkers and I
Become one
As a hunters eye like the moon
Together we ride the storm
magic unfolds at the crack of dawn
RebornLike my fathers before me
I am shown the way

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