Lost Rune Of Thunder

Eternal Tears of Sorrow

Mountains are quaking
On the soil of the Gods
Scene's covered by the silvery light
And the falling tears from the cope
Long lasting silence
Has now reached its end
It is time to listen to the ancient tune
From the Valley of Might and fells
Peal of the chariots
Pulled by ancient beasts
Crimson glow in their eyes
Heading for the divine fields
In the halls of Odin,
Blasts away the voice:
"It is time to raise a goblet,
Because the son is back at home!"
Secrets of the lightning
Riders of the storm
Waking up the beast
From his deepest drowse
The mighty word from the heavens
Once again it's been found
The lost rune of thunder
Carved in the stone of the Gods
From the cave of a giant
Into the eye of the storm
Then follows the silence...
And the hammer falls

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