

# Foreverdark Woods

## Bathory

Evening is falling, all still around me  
The old crow is calling, but the landscape is at peace  
Down the trail through this forest, through thicket we ride  
The unseen is watching from behind each stone and pine  
Slowly the golden disc of the sun is setting  
Beyond the rim of Nordland at the end of long day  
Slowly the ominous dark descend upon all  
Engulfing all land and heaven and the shore of Asa bay  
Here lie the bones of our fathers long gone  
Deep in the soil of these woods  
Among these great trunks legends were born  
Here many great battles stood  
Trotting the trail, my stallion cautions  
Present the spirits of foreverdark woods  
We rest by the fire, the shadows come to life by its light  
Three brothers, sons of white wolf, observed by the eyes of the night  
Night is long where the sunlight is pale  
The fear is strong when you ride in the dawn  
Down foreverdark woods trail  
Heavy the turf, bone meal and blood  
Raise high you pine towards sky  
Firm in the soil, tree trunks of gods  
Like dragon ship masts straight and high  
Reaching the glade, ride on to Asa bay  
Watched by the spirits of foreverdark woods

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