

The Pale Mist Hovers Towards the Nightly Shores

Carpathian Forest

Eternally sounds the mighty waves
A Triton's hymn round a rock strewn grave
The passing sigh for the bones that moulder
Over the Nordic Black Sea, where the winds blew colder
Here in a bed of wrack and shingle
Beneath rests a sea king of the north
His fallen history remains unknown
Now his grave is just a heap of stones
The waves crest sharp as an unsheathed blade
As spume topped breakers shore wards loom
And boulder on boulder on land is laid
The Triton's hymn round a vanished tomb
The ocean cradles its sleepy wave
Round the curve of the yellow sand
Of the bleak and mysterious little isle
Where no leaf has been touched by human hands
Then I behold that island so fair
Where the tree's lift their crown in prayers
To the golden glow of the evening sky
I hold the sword towards the moon
My memories echoes with cries
Hark to the ocean's cold clamorous roar
The pale mist hovers towards the nightly shores
For the fire in my burning flame
Hail to the father of the fallen flame
Acknowledge the supreme northern purity
(Racial)
That runs in the blood of my veins
As the nocturnal curtain falls
With the total eclipse of the moon above
The pale mist hovers towards the nightly shores

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