

## Storm Before The Calm

Crimfall

Grief,  
Grief unspoken,  
Grief in halls of the fallen  
Swords against shields  
Wail sorrows worth  
Echo in bones  
Drums upending very earth  
Hearths from stones

First fall, hail on white shores  
Rain carmine, benign winds did tore  
Song heeds, call of the storm  
Her sails are raised to war

For the sun, for the moon  
For the frozen womb,  
For the fire that barren blooms  
Ride the flame, ride the serpent  
Madness without bridle  
Will unleashed  
For the rising horned idol  
Ride the woman ride the beast

For the waves to come  
And sea without a shore  
For the storm before the calm  
Wailing deep throates roar