

The Horns of Gefrin

Incantation

Flame's adoration deep underfoot
Staves of the Volur crusted in soot
Bones that mutter their legacy
Obscure barrow smite the heavenly

Conscript of ancient ways despite their demise
Crystal eyes, hold despise, in hundreds that arise

Virility and rage, from the stone and iron age
Earthen bell, burial cage, in blood they assuage

Restless warriors upsurge, war drums pace their trudge
Wretched soil drinks the carnage

Resurrection tolls, god has no control
Deathless and divine Gododdin soul
(This) foul bishop who defiled at Glen
Feel the rage of heathens return once again

The great hall echoes our revelry through time
Shadow of the great goat's horns so sublime

Gefrin is alive, the old gods forever thrive
Lavish in death from the Henge to their hive
Birthright reborn, a legacy restored
Death to your flock, by Gefrin's ancient horde