

If This Dark Age Conquers, We Will Leave This Echo

Wolves in the Throne Room

in the forest darkness we embrace why do these things never want
to stay here for long
silver stars light up your hair melt my hate away in the moonlight's (sic) brilliance in the forest
darkness we gaze why do these things never want to stay here for long we [s]it on thrones
that course with life melt my hate away in the moonlights brilliance
We meld in our hibernation Icelandic ballads serenade us we meld in our hibernation
your warmth is sweat (sic) but winters (sic) ending she dawns her armor forged of moonlight feline
eyes flash with ancient knowledge along with a sadness the mourning of her ransacked
temples she could ruin you all if if she wanted softly whispering serrated truths into the
darkness jagged foretelling threaten concrete and steel we meld in our hibernation
iclandic (sic) ballads serenade us we meld in our hibernation your warmth is sweat but winters (sic) ending.

When our gazes lock the peripheral hatred melts
the false texture of ruin no longer sickens me
I see these things diminish our lives
I know this doesn't seem real
The screams of you ancestors are deafening in your head now
I fantasize of flesh and wood limbs tearing concrete
I know you treble now

This age is death
But my tears don't fall with you yet this sickening cruelty surrounds our city
Small children buried in their homes primordial forests silenced
But I don't claw my eyes out
If this dark age conquers we will leave this echo.