

Mountain Magick

Wolves in the Throne Room

Enthroned in our ancient mountain halls
Incantations in the night
Take refuge within our walls

Travel past the borders of men
Drink the rain
Pass the gates
Of our shadow moon kingdom

Gaze upon our altars
Deep under the earth
Where sun has never shown
Throne of soil, crown of stone

Eternal sleep with the earth
Primordial grave
Chamber of darkness
Hair turns to mycelium
Blood to sap
Flesh to ore

Bone to quartz
Eyes to gold