

Subterranean Imitation

Wolves in the Throne Room

Teutonic initiate
Cold naked and fearful
Set upon by wild beasts
Starving and forlorn
Lineage of kings lords of battle

A temple of wet earth
And rough stones erected in haste
Don this garment of wolf skin
Drink deep from the sacred mead
Bathe in this fire kindled with living wood
Torn from sacred trees

Steeds heads bowed await their rider
The air scented with smoke and blood

One thousand horns sound in eternal salute
To the old gods of war their empire in ruins