

The Old Ones Are with Us

Wolves in the Throne Room

Winter is dying
The sun is returning
The ice is receding
Rivers are flowing

The ground will be fertile
The seeds they awake
The ploughs will be charmed
The spirits rejoicing

The fires are burning
The offerings are given
The children are singing
The old ones are with us

We are becoming

The drow command the fires to burn
And the wine to flow
Wraiths watch in envy
Grapes and a chalice of gold
Reign under the stars

Laughter and song in the night
Bring tears to their eyes
And my soul thaws
In the decadence of night
The dead world stirs

Here In the halls of Anwyn.
The food of the dead lie untouched

Four headed dragon
Slit eyed
Crouched
Birthed
Ennobling flame
The blood flows