

# Borknagar, The Eye Of Oden

Up there on the mountain, above all fire,  
the fields down there and the ravine below  
Where the elements feast in reckless desire

A raven is seated  
Where the sun cannot reach,  
only terrific storms prevail  
In a thunderin' havoc they ruthlessly roar

My heart it beats the pulse of ancient times  
The countless rythem, the rattling stones  
My weapon cleanse the filth of all bones

Tender are the havens  
wich remain on the open plains  
The shadow crawls  
upon the resort of the remnaints  
Even toward the hills lie shattered shields

The winter it hunts all their hearts in fear  
And the river drifts with the resolution of thunder

Infernal are the storms in wich our shelter stand  
Their strongest grip of fear, and our shelter tear

Up there on the mountain, above all fire,  
the fields down there and the ravine below  
He beholds a kingdom of grace, savage yet fair