

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