

# Borknagar, The Witching Hour

In the hour before dawn  
The Nordic mirror lies black yet calm  
Reflects my shadow and heaven above

The frost force the ocean up  
Past the shores towards the mountain tops

Spirals flash green glittering blitz never seen  
By the eyes of the selfpronounced clean  
Through shining mists past the planet of witz  
Mysterious realms still exist

In this black and blue void schizoid creatures will toy  
With fragments of what once where souls  
Dreamlike I follow their path dark and hallow  
My feet barely touch the ground

Ride the radiant waves into unexplored space  
Obscure scenery changes  
Into trance without end to lunatics glen  
Spellbound I kneel down in pain

The lurkers and I  
Become one  
As a hunters eye like the moon  
Together we ride the storm  
magic unfolds at the crack of dawn  
Reborn

Like my fathers before me  
I am shown the way