

Eluveitie, Ategnatos

On the winnow fields
They beheld the gate
Trembling with fear
And afraid to forfeit
Anxiously
They clinged to table scraps
As if to aver
Their deprivation

And the swine crowed round
The shining lot of pearls

With empty hands
The high king reigns
Nothing but light
The raven flies

A fool is the slave
Who fears not his fetters
But watches over them with jealousy

On the winnow fields
They beheld their lives
Paralysed with fear
In the presence of the Vergobret
So they cherished
Doctrines of denial
And wallowed
In poor men's tales

And the swine crowed round
The shining lot of pearls
Just like the vultures
Grave cadaveric flesh

With empty hands
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