

Faerghail, When Stormclouds Gather...

Dethrone the castles of fading light
Watch as the flowers wither in the coven of the storms
Let the blackened clouds lead us to another rainy night
Hear me heavens, hear me cry
God of the storms and clouds up high

Flowing crystal streams like fire in my eyes
Enthroned the mighty nature of black whirling winds
Fire in my eyes
Black whirling winds

For beneath you are, we of our infant cries
Grandest are the elder ones, men before our kings
Of our infant cries
Men before our kings

Dethrone the castles

Bring forth the ancient times of wrath and hate
Chant us these storms for they are our fate
Of wrath and hate
For they are our fate

Under the icy scarlet skies fulfilled are dreams
Through the halls echo the oblivion's scream
Fulfilled are dreams
The oblivion's scream