

Katatonian, Velvet Thorns (Of Drynhwyl)

(february 93)

Ten Strings of Darkness on a Violin Sad
I watch the Mountains where the Frost begins
The Northern Storm is Guiding me
To the Forest
Silently the Nightbirds fly
Their last scream my eternal Dirge
Under the Fullmoon a Funeral
In the Forest
Still I walk with open wounds but the Third is now
rising
Through the ashes of a Dying Love a new soul is born
I watch the feathers like Snow in the Winter
The Angels that fell, splendid to rape
Tall are the shadows that dance before me
as they
Shows the way to the Dawn
An Autumn forest that never reach
Condemned to Sorrow
Chasing the Wind / Like a Spirit fly
Through the Autumn trees / Towards the Sky
Hoofs are pounding / In the clouds above
The Chariot of Sorrow / Watch me die
Hear the Violin / So sad and blackened
Like a Breeze / The songs of Drynhwyl
Chasing the wind / Like my spirit die
Dreaming of the Queen / The queen of roses
Now they die, Pure Sorrow flow
My Souls Funeral, Too close to the End
Now they Die, Purest blood pours
Forever Die, but I must...
I must Die
Through the Sky
And the Forest
Follow the Wind, go North my Child
to the purest of Winters
Go to the Forest that never Ends
There you'll find your fate
And to the North I rode, on the coldest of winds
I watched the Mountains where the frost begun
Where no Angels ever dare to tread
Where Death is all mine
At last I found the Throne of Bereavement
Grim and bleak raised to the Sky
The Velvet Thorns of Drynhwyl are mine
and so are death and sadness
See...
My final Sacrifice
In the trees you will hear my voice
ever calling ever falling
Ten Strings of Darkness on a Violin Sad
Flowing tunes on Autumn Funeral
Ashes spread in the Northern Storm