

Aarni, The Weird Of Vipunen

Through the land of Tuonela, I make my journey
To solve the mysteries of the grave, my heart's violent yearning.
The noisome welkin oozes down raining sour bile
Like a worm-eaten face full moon shines on bright.

Interrment is the end of pain, escape from life's nauseous flame.

Across a field of mouldy grass I ride post and fast
On a reindeer mummified with the witch-drum last.
Heading for a citadel built from howling bones,
Filling this heaving night with dark insane moans.

Interrment is the end of pain, escape from life's nauseous flame.

Approaching the castle gate I see its keeper
He is the Blind Ape of Fate, ancestor of the Reaper.
Hailing from a nearby lake, a monstrous fleshy arrow
Aimed at our pallid world to kill us in our barrow.

Interrment is the end of pain, escape from life's nameless fane.