

Borknagar, The Dawn Of The End

Pale like the skull of the sun
The way of the hunting moon
O storms that reign supreme
The breeze comes whisperin' soon

Strike the flowers' last gleam
In spite of desperate fight, their power
Leave no shores where the torrents stream

Mountains highest hills
Fragments, beheaded formations
The cosmic rivers curse
Denial of all recreation

Wind, Water, Earth, Fire - Invincible!

Autumn-twice, Winter-thrice
River and Rock
A new kingdom rise
I close my eyes