

Borknagar, To Mount And Rove

I came from the utter fields
Carving shame on the tender shields
On my path I wandered high
Acknowledged beneath the sky
The hate I carried, recalling why!

I walked towards the rising Autumn
And cursed the Summer with the promise of Winter
Where my foes will quiver in frost
A circling saga, not forever lost

I came from the utter fields
Carving shame on the tender shields
On my path I wandered high
Declaring war beneath the sky
The hate I carried, boiling within!

I mounted all the hills my eyes could count
And roved wherever the sun escaped sight

I drifted from the deepest tarn
Til I saw my name in a runic sign
Graven so deep in the crystal bark
Of a lodge I sojourned years ago

Crying my fate beneath the sky!