

# Folkearth, Domain Of Darksome Ravens

One darksome raven riding the northern wind  
One black crown to wake the Aesir  
And underneath the waning winter moon  
The wind swept cedar forest stirs  
Where darksome ravens dwell  
There in the ancient glade  
Where royal eagles soar  
There in the storming skies

Will I set my shrine  
And hail the gods on high  
Where fearsome ravens dwell  
Underneath their ebon wings  
Where wise owls sing  
Underneath their stare  
Will I hollow my weapons  
At night before the fight

Where darksome ravens dwell  
There in the ancient glade  
Where royal eagles soar  
There in the storming skies

Where winged Faery sweep  
There by the enchanted creek  
Will I in solitude pace  
Before battle I embrace  
In raven haunted forests I reign  
Where all is quiet, all is tranquil  
I am the crowned, lonely king