

# Hollenthon, Vestige - Non Omnis Moriar

Barren hills of darkened earth  
Recollections young and old  
Butchered, scattered manifold  
Faded footprints in the snow

No demi-wolves with piercing eyes  
Appear with painted masks of war  
Now still and calm conquer these hills  
Where once the rivers flowed with blood

In the midst of the shimmering frost  
Where the tree of the sacred lie dead  
To defeat all the lies and the tears  
Hear the galloping ones ride through hell

How time forgets this sanguine creek  
The heaped, the scattered, butchered ones  
Their voices chanting narratives  
Their movements hail to ghostly pasts

For demi-wolves still roam the skies  
Coyotes, vultures at their side  
One thousand horses ebony  
Ethereal in phantom flight

As the chanting of Elders grows fierce  
And the menacing wolves circle prey  
To return to those glorious days  
Hear he galloping ones ride through hell