

# Wolves in the Throne Room, Cleansing

Behold all that you now know... evil, evil  
Let's to the darkest place we know  
Outside of the rider's domain  
To the heart of the wood  
To the hidden places  
To the clearing in the forest enchanted  
Yes, to the darkest place that we know  
Outside of the rider's domain  
To the heart of the wood  
To the hidden places beyond the briar thickets  
The dance must begin as dusk gathers around  
Our skin drum and rattle  
Know the tune  
Jaw bone driven through  
The skull of a great foe  
Bested with wooden spear  
The tip hardened in fire  
Bathe in the clear cold stream  
Fresh water from the unsullied endless spring that flows from the mountain  
We will sing the most ancient song  
Spark the fire upon dry tinder  
The dance must begin as dusk gathers around  
Our skin drum and rattle  
Know the tune  
Jaw bone driven through  
The skull of a great foe  
Bested with wooden spear  
The tip hardened in fire