

Wolves in the Throne Room, Vastness And Sorrow

Behold the vastness and sorrow of this empty land
A dark and fell rider clad in garments of shadow
Is the lord of this place
A cruel and wanton king,
A priest of a black religion is he
The hoof beat of the rider's steed pound a mournful drumbeat upon the dry cracked earth
To this rhythm the world moves
The sun blasts down upon the earth
Until the soil turns to powder and blows away
Lifeless chaos is the order for the rider has mastered the seasons
Ancient kings cairns now have been defiled
The gates of strongholds long breached left swinging lifelessly in the fetid wind
The pillars of holy places lie dead
He rides day and night
The relentless hoof beats echoes