

Carpathian Forest, The Frostbitten Woodlands Of

From the ice-cold Norwegian Hills
From the silver mountain
And from My world I consider you Dead
I am born of Evil and Sin
And I always walked unholy paths
That you never seen or heard of
...And I must fight the endless battle ALONE
You Freeze to death.. In morning mist..
Great vast landscapes, Frostbitten woodlands...
Frozen thunder, Hellish blizzard storms
Here snow will always fall... Black majestic Winter Magic
The evil frozen Moonlit Nights
Here exist NO fucking life! This is MY pandemonium!!!
The Unholy North
The Cold grip of Frost... of Frost!!!!
Screams from tormented souls
Echoes in these towering mountains
The burning Pain is meant to last...
The direction of cold winds brings the putrid smell of Death...
All Heretics and Devils stand up and rides towards the Unholy Death...
Inhuman Coldness, Hellish winds
Black demons of the past
Norwegian Winter Hell...
Violent Battlecries, Perverted deathnoise
Victorious echoes of War, Death and Despair...
Candle life of own blood, and Heathen Heritage..