Catamenia, Tribe Of Eternity

Shallow is the talent to see the future Where waiting silently to your own murder We tear down your memory as ruler Cold winds run with us to new dawn We came from north, The Tribe of Eternity Our blood is ice, The Way of Inhumanity We hear the call, The Tribe of Eternity End of your lies, The Way of Inhumanity I see the fallen land, buried in ice and snow Old world has gone, you know it's your time to go So you redefine the world for your own need Just to fall and make you suffer and bleed We came from north, The Tribe of Eternity Our blood is ice, The Way of Inhumanity We hear the call, The Tribe of Eternity End of your lies, The Way of Inhumanity The world you create serve nothing but senseless hate Turn against indiscreet and lay on mankind's grave Last thing you'll ever hear are our howls in the night Fangs on your throat and we'll let the permission to die We came from north, The Tribe of Eternity Our blood is ice, The Way of Inhumanity We hear the call, The Tribe of Eternity End of your lies, The Way of Inhumanity