

# Cryptic Wintermoon, The Abyssal Spectre

The magic seal is broken, to the gates of darkness  
With a mighty burst they open, a way down to the abyss  
A black horse with blazing eyes, waiting for the time to die  
Bound by paralyzing cries,.....

Segmentising bodies  
Cutting through your flesh  
Ripping out your heart  
Leave a path of death

A cold sting of fear - blows like a spear right through your heart  
A rider darker than hell - through the distant shadows dark  
Bodies snap like straw - armies fall like autumn leaves  
A heart black into the core - the abyssal spectre

Where he rides, the death will follow  
The chaos rules, with its screams so hollow

All the lives destroyed, and all the ground is burnt  
Now the gates are shut, until it will return  
Leaving burning ruins, the plains burst in a roaring sound

Breaking through the surface, back into the underground  
Back into the underground