

Ensiferum, Windrider

He appears from the mists of a dismal lake
and the sky crumbles as he flies through the dimensions alone
The night has laid a cape on his shoulders
and with a grin on his face he attacks with his loyal soldiers, into the unknown

There's no place for him in this world, and no ties
and all this hate and grief unite in his mind

Windrider - seeks freedom with vengeance on his mind
to escape from the crimson skygrave and fly away
Windrider - is waiting for the final day
when he'll be released from the shackles of a slave

In the eye of the storm he rides with jaded memories of his life
as the fires are dancing colorfully, he is struggling to survive
Trapped in a maze, can't get away, what have you become now
Take the hammer of the elders and crush your way out

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His presence is shaking the land
as he stands at the mountain peak
His instincts are getting weak,
but there is still hunger in his eyes, that keeps him alive

He wears the mask of the hunted
Arts of light for him have been granted
He lives in the fragments of time
waiting for his time to die

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...Windrider...
...Windrider...