

Katatonian, The Northern Silence

Captured within a shroud of autumn
All is silent as I depart the earth
Only the sound of a storm so far
Drawing nearer to catch my soul

My life is ended, another has begun
Descent forever to serve the dark
Aurora borealis shining bright
Horned master I am thy spawn
Flutes of the past play tunes of sadness
Horned shape granted me wings
To fly towards the northern sky
To reach silence and peace
Garden of ice, trees of sorrow
Behind the gates is my tomorrow
Garden of ice, trees of sorrow
My spirit is free to worlds beyond