

Magica, Mountains Of Ice

My breath in the cold
And the demon that's waiting at the end of my road
Is breaking down my will and my reality.
While I scream inside my agony , insanity
My feet are numb , but I must face
This white fatality.
I'm alone but all I see
Is my reflection in the ice
And I smell death, blood, fear
A scream in the night i hear
For the strenght of the gods I pray
To help me on my way.
The ice is shining on the slippery path under my feet
I nearly drown in all the snow that's falling from the peak.
I follow North my eyes go blurry, I hear the underworld
But I stay alive from the warmth of the elven sword.