

Nocturnal Rites, When Fire Comes To Ice

Long before time when darkness
was ruling the world
And in the shelter of night when the wicked
would gather again so see through the eyes of
the future they put on the spell In turn to gain
in the powers they wait for the sign
It's a wicked game that the bravest
would dread to fight
Only for one man that's sent to end raging madness

Oh... When fire comes to ice
Oh... When fire comes to ice, then you will burn

Chained by the powers of magic,
they're loosing control
Stare through the eyes of the
death and speak the words