

# Sorcier Des Glaces, Night Throne

The Sight of the Northern Moon  
In the Eyes of the Raven  
(Clear is My Sage Glance)

My Throne Shines of Ice  
Surrounded by the Breath of Centuries  
Untouched by Dirty Hands  
Of the Human Race that I Flee

From the Grim Shades  
They could hear (the) Lamentations of Souls  
Watch My Nightly Quest  
And Disappears with the Wind

Pure as Crystal Caves  
Fierce like the Wolf's Tooth  
Dark as the Darkest Winter Night  
My Spirit is Eternal...