

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...