Warhammer, The Winter Of Our Discontent

(Lyrics by Volker Frerich)

A whispering wind blows mournful over the scorched plains Unnoticed by the ignorant masses the end has begun Will the praised new leader be as foolish as his precursor And will he gather total mischief around him to spread out?

Let this winter of our discontent be over Finish the cruelty and embrace another day Will we stay or are we condemned to fall?

A long awaited decision is about to be pronounced Fate has been stressed for an awful long time The judge of dusk stays back in preposterous rapture He nourishes himself from solitude he likes to share

The whispering wind swells to a grinding roar
For the final battle they start to prepare
All hopes are torn apart by grim morbidity
The path to "hell" is paved with so many bad intentions

The winter of our discontent will never be over Embrace the cruelty, let this be the last day I want to fall, and you will too...