

# 3 Inches Of Blood, God Of The Cold White Silence

When it's cold and the ice grips your skin  
Few can stomach how harsh it is  
In the woods lurks a great old one  
Who can scare the flesh right off your bones  
A ravenous specter  
Walker on the wind  
By many names it's known  
But nothing's more fearsome when it's face is shown  
You'll fall to your knees  
And beg to The God Of The Cold White Silence  
A frozen giant with a heart made of ice  
Hideous flesh eating creature of northern desolation  
In a land so cold  
It's story told for hundreds of years  
A horrid giant born from the snow  
Face to face you'll be torn apart  
By it's claws  
Or merely it's gaze  
Under black skies  
Treads this grim arctic god  
Oh great old one  
God of the lost  
Long and bitter winter  
At the mercy of the arctic gods  
God Of The Cold White Silence  
King of the northern forest  
Feel the fangs of ice on your neck  
Slowly draining the force of your life  
Forever walk  
The way it stands alone  
Consuming body and soul  
Towering wasteland  
Nowhere to run  
Frozen alive  
Your cryptic lie  
Frostbite and starvation  
Like an icy horde  
Live inside  
Walks you through the forest  
God Of The Cold White Silence