

Abigor, A Frozen Soul In A Wintershadow

Wolves are howling to honour the moon
My heart belongs to the past
I feel attraction for the night
My mind to the ancient times
I wander through the fields where blood was split
Awaiting the reign of the dark and the cold
I can feel the creatures of the night
My dreams are no illusions
So I travel between these worlds
My soul is frozen - evil rules my mind
Able to face the eternal night
Why am I born into this world
..Soon I will leave
Into the sleep of death - never to return
My life is just a darkened silent barricade
Between all I ever wanted to be
I will enter the other side
To fly on the wings of death
To ride with the wind to the ancient times
To fade away to a blackened spiral - to see eternity
To be a wintershadow out of time