Ancient Wisdom, In the Land of the Crimson Moo

These Frostclodded Wastelands
Where The Sun Has Blackened
Rivers Once So Rippeling
Now Frozen To Ice
The Snow Reflects The Light
Of The Immortal Moon
And The Cold Northern Winds
Will Forever Here Exist

In The Land Of The Crimson Moon
For As Long As The Sky Is Black
As Long As Rain Passes To Snow
I Will Prevail This Land
This Land Of The North
For As Long As The Moon Is Full
As Long As The Stars Are Black
I Will Prevail This Land
This Land Of The North

The Land Of The Crimson Moon

The Sun Will Be Dark Forever More
And I Shall Reign Forever More
In The Land Of The Crimson Moon
I Shall Prevail The Land Of The Crimson Moon