

Borknagar, Winter Millenium

Through milleniums of winter so waste
I have passed eras to following time
I have faced the force of the nocturnal course
Where the winter comes resounding

On the plains of the earthly wisdom
I have walked the silence yet furious fields
Seen the children of the cold
The elder and the bold
Burning by belief, yearning by deceit

Behind each embracing creature
I saw thousand fighting beasts
I saw the furious black colours
Like the jaws of a bloody feast

At the end of mans wisdom
I saw passion fly so terrible high
I heard sorrow groan
At the end which I found
Where live convulse resound

I came from a distance in time
From the hill where the sun for the first time came through
I followed every wind to every spot it blew
I rove the eternity of time, the history of existence