

# 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