

Carpathian Forest, Return Of The Freezing Winds

In the night the forest lies cold
Longing for the north wind to return
Hear the sad whisper of the wind
Blackened clouds cover the crescent moon
Evil lords ride the tempest wings
Cursed is the soil of the pathetic fools
The winds of mayhem have returned
To the infernal land of the forest
The return
Dark is the shadow of the reaper
His cold embrace of melancholy
Illuminated are the old roots of evil
Hear the grim anguished cries
Frozen millennium of the evil usurper
From the dark caves of the forest
Freezing winds sweeps the autumn meadow
This is the hellstorm of our infernal ways
The return of the freezing winds