

# Celtic Frost, North Winds

On days of northern wind, (past) illusions surround my dreams  
Drops of mute oceans breath in the palm of my hand  
The sound of silent waves still caresses all my thoughts  
Where warm, mystic floods dominated the upper hemisphere

(chorus)

(and) dark ships sailed beyond those lost realms  
Through gates to eternity, above the sleeping mind

Forever unconquerable seemed the walls of time  
To those who always feared and always fled the dawn  
But then, the guardians growl invited the thirst for steel  
Part god, part man, if I walked by their side

The old man's dream now has ended much too soon  
Forgotten rests the wisdom that brought them once so far  
Vanished until rebirth, we sleep the endless sleep  
For one who knows never tries to reappear ...