

Cryptic Wintermoon, Born In Fire

Once in an age unknown - terrible wars were fought
The ground covered with bodies - fallen in the battles of gods
And the armies of the foul - like they have never been seen
Were slaying without a thought
Creatures of chaos - burning skies - realms of fire - battlecries
Walls of ice - with a deadly glow - crimson blood covered snow

[REF:]

Hammers of gods - smashing down
Drums of war - roaring sound
Fallen angels - painful cries
Dying demons - gods of lies

In the night a child was born - of the witches lust
Sacrificed the body - burned and turned to dust
with the heart of a wolf - and the ravens eyes
Roaming through the forest - flying above the sky

[REF:]

(Amd the godslayer was born - born in fire
So the end of the gods is near - they will never survive)
So he flies in the wings of a raven - and sees things that mankind will never see
Mystic, wonderful places - places mankind will never be

Hail the godslayer

[REF:]

Where are the friends - no friends I can see
Who are the foe - there is no difference to me
Where are the friends - no friend I can see
Who are the foe - there is no difference to me