

Ensiferum, White Storm

On this dawn the colours of the autumn are reflected by a light
A light that as been captured for years in oblivion

Circles of wind are raging now
And so his powers are slowly dying
Before the coldness rapes the lands
His spirit is wandering into the night... to DIE!

...and he heard chimes ahead playing these enchanted notes,
That lead him to a wooden cabin, where he could rest for the night...

Over the mountains
He had travelled
Across the oceans
Deep in the night
Now when it's time to
Say last farewell
Show us your power
Show us your might
Gift from the sky

His eyes can see it so clearly now
But his restless mind cannot sense it in the air

THE WHITE STORM IS CLOSE!

...and his powers gained in this mystical place more than he ever
Possessed before.
So now he could rule the realms of ice... **ONCE AGAIN!**