

Enslaved, Queen Of The Ice Desolates (Isoders Dronning)

On the balcony she beholds and longs
Queen of the ice desolates
Alone and weeping she bears the sorrow
Queen of the ice desolates

In the land where day is night and night is day
Bulks a castle with walls of ice, covered with white frost
Outside these walls exists no life
Memories of warmth frozen into snow crystals

In the land where the wind weeps, the child of tragedy lives
Horn of frost and cold, dressed in the snow
Bears who form to pearls run from her eyes
...Memories of joy frozen into pearls of ice

the woman in the castle of ice bears the curse
There where she will die
Queen of the ice desolates

A lonely raven passes by
It seeks further on towards the warmth
On wings it is free
The woman in the castle bears the curse
There she will die, but will anybody
Remember?