

Eternal Tears Of Sorrow, Seita

A great stone of the Ancient ones...
It has passed from a father to a son
All the years it has been the same...
The greatest saint of the northern ways

So many storms have passed by
So many lives still have to die
Before Seita is satisfied
And gives us the peaceful life

Mighty shades of the sunless days
Are our cradles as well as graves
Seita never betrays his sons
Northern folk's holiest God

Chorus