

Gates Of Ishtar, The Silence

Astral skies, burning with embrace
Fourth of the flames, lost with the winds
Storms from the north like a calling blaze

Whispering your name
Condemning your sins
Dance with the shadows
In a landscape of ice
Water and wind clutched by king frost

Silence, winter silence

So the storm from the north
Has lost its flames forever
The call from the mountain top
Can't bring you back again