

Graveworm, Descending Into Ethereal Mist

Into darkness thy spirit wanders
Through the moonless sky
Stream of blood in the frozen snow
Howling wolves arrives
Torches burning, in a thousand hands
As I await the darkly sun
Unto the ancient moon I fearing
The darkness of all time

AS I DIE!

Without any fear I hold my sword
The rain begins to fall
Then a storm shall arise
Falling from the sky
Sended up a howling wind
Across the burning sea
Marching with pride an no one fears
The storm begins to march

Strong and brave so they stand
Warriors on their horses
A cry of war emerges
Hear the steel of might
Full of hate and agony
Trough the rain they march
Fighting for the landscape
Fighting for their lifes

A number of ancient warriors march forth from the darkness within
The greatest screamings of anger arrives at the enemies life

From the deepest land of hate
Another soul to save
The rain is slowly falling
Gently caress my skin
Riding on the horses
Slaughter of the sons
The enemies awaits the fight
The fight for our god

As I look on the sky
I hear the ravens cry
On the ground where I look
The blood flows on the stone
Shields and swords here them cry
Arrows flows trough the sky
Death is on the way we march
The warriors ride once more

Believe in faith and yourself
The fight begins to change
Wolves howling in the night
The eyes are burning still
The battle rages on and on
The rain falls from the sky
Take revenge for all the pain
Granded by the Gods