

Helheim, Yersinia Pestis

1349

Times of decay

Pestilence

Blood

Supreme

The years of sickening souls

Can you feel the breath upon your neck

Hear the cruel voice of the old

Revealing the flesh of the dead

The evil grin of the plague

I remember these times of great sorrow

These years of deep pain

A land lied in a veil of solitude

Faces pale as the moon

Stalking the landscape in the shape of an oak

Misery loves company

One could hear the violin play

A single dead tune

Marking the age of the dead

One nation lost in the claws of an oak

So foul that her gaze alone would make one freeze in torment

Lying on the deathbed with an empty stare

Only preparing for the journey to the other side

Nine long nights and days on the path of no return

Towards the realm they all know and fear: helheim

[MUSIC: V'gandr]

[LYRICS: V'gandr]