

# Immortal, A Perfect Vision Of The Rising Northland

Winter of the ages so dark so cold that flames turn to the bluest frost  
Mountains of ice rises above an dead an frozen ground  
The ravens returns to the hills  
And the Millennium black bells of eternal frost  
Chime through the Northern lightning  
Upon the mountainside I stand  
The floods of black runs below  
Hair of a cold goatscalp I kiss  
Eyestaken mountains still breathes  
At one with the poisoned ground  
Midnight darksky open up  
A blast of red lightning rides the night  
With dooms winds deaths angels fly  
Across an nearly closed skyline  
And the sun freezes at one with the infernal holocaust frozen clouds  
Centuries of doom reigned by the Goathrone of desire  
Raised by sorcery to the Holocaust sky  
North black hordes storms  
Through invisible cyclones of frostwinds I lift my hands  
And join the ceremonial circle of the wind  
Eyes of stone now sleeps into eternal night  
This winter is forever  
A wind of red I rode  
A wind of evil cold  
For the years that have passed in the North  
Brought me visions of the Goathrone of desire  
On the hillside where I stood I left for another world  
Tragedies blows at horizon  
The sun freezes to dust  
A perfect vision of the rising Northland