

Immortal, Cold Winds Of Funeral Dust

Under a bloodred moon in the cold waters of Thule
Where wintershadows lies untouched
Where I dwell at the mountains of madness
In these shadows of death I march
In the blue mist of evil
Through the dark Northern walleyes
Where only winds of funeral breathes
Houivering through the whispering darkness
With frost in my eyes
Only seven winds are heard
Chaiming through the dark Northern walleyes
Eternity I pass eternity I seeked
For the darkness my spirit
For Satan my black soul
Under a bloodred moon in the cold waters of another world
Where wintershadows lies untouched
Where I dwell at the mountains of madness
Entering with the cold winds of funeral dust.