

Immortal, Cryptic Winterstorms

A black sunset rises under the funeral sky
The freezing waters below as mirrors made of funeral mist
The blasting sky above and the fullmoon is on the rise.
My hair blows in the winds of reap
Still I float with the cold diabolical massacrewinds
On the bestial wings of evil
Above the mountainside and into cryptic winterstorms
I long for eternal frost and black winters
Asleep in the cold lakes awake in the stars in the sky
And silent the walleyes in the North
Where I once were a proud warrior
Where I belong where I bath my soul in doom fire fog
Where I ride deaths cold winds in the battles in the North
As a Norse warrior I rode the dark walleyes
With longsword in hand sworn to throne dark lands
And to return to my master in the blue mist of the dying sunset
A black sunset dies under the funeral sky
My hair blows into winds of reap
Still I float with the cold diabolical massacrewinds
On the overshadowed bestial wings of evil
Above the mountainside and into cryptic winterstorms forever