

Immortal, Descent into Eminent Silence

Standing by ringwalls of stone
Deepest dungeons
Passing iron gates
Nor the golden sendt dreams
Under towers that
Once stormed in sight
That never storm
Hill.. the elder ravens
Above borgs layed in fog
Forget not
The blasphemic nordic deeps
Shadows... steal our souls
Into what we once were
I'm feeling
That well be taken there
Closed in time for those
Who shall not pass our gates