

Immortal, Triumph

Triumph
It's a dark time
Darker than all days before
Darker than all years before
It's a cold age
Colder than all days before
Colder than all years before
Taste a tide
Where landscapes surround us with blight
The everflowing streams of our enemies blood run cold
A strong tide
Stronger than all days before
Stronger than all years before
The might and pride
Mightier than all days before
Mightier than all years before
Come taste a tide
Where demons play the mind
On the windrippled steps
The everflowing streams of our enemies blood run cold
Blow the horn for our tide to come
Triumph our battle be won
Battle all the lands
It's the triumph of the ages
Empires fall by hands
In the triumph of the ages
Black demonic hordes
Journey against the earth
Coming from the North
Speeding on a gathering wind
It's a dark time
Darker than all days before
Darker than all years before
It's a cold age
Colder than all days before
Colder than all years before
Come taste a tide
Where landscapes surround us with blight
The everflowing streams of our enemies blood run cold