

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

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