Naglfar, When Autumn Storms Come

Nightchildren bring my words
Howling them through the dark
The time is here for my return
With the shadows I walk
Twilight shrouds the earth
As always when I'm here
Night spreads her wings for me
They call me father

I Have Come To Reap

Flowers wither where I walk
Dying of my caress
Summer sheds her tears
As I kiss her to her death
Pulling her dying remains
Into my cold embrace
No more colors but mine
Exquisite and foul are they

I Grant You My Dead Seed

My heart is made of thorns
I spread my frost as a monument of my rebirth
I bear stormwinds in my soul
And I scatter these storms to enslave the earth

Autumn Is My Name