

# Sacrilege, Crying Statues Of Paleness And Ice

[Music: Berholtz, Dimsdale]

[Lyrics: Svensson]

Feel the wind slowly approaching  
from the deep fiords in the north  
Slaying the remains of the fading autumn  
to reign and vigil earth  
As escort knights of the frost  
Behind them flocks of ravens  
Blessed are those who sail with thee  
they'll bring calm to this unsettled world

Dreadful whispers broke the silence  
The living became statues of paleness and ice  
on their cheeks flew tears of blood  
tears of blood

With lifted swords they rode out from the north  
to conquer and desolate light  
Born before time in an infatuated darkness so cold  
preparing the autumn's entombment

And of breeze came storm  
angels were captured by clouds so black  
At the horizon's edge a rainbow fled  
colours fading absorbed by a moon so red

Crying statues of paleness and ice  
crying...  
crying...  
crying...  
crying...  
crying...  
Dying in the paleness and ice

[repeat first]