

Satyricon, Black Winds

Summon thy hidden wisdom, gather the unholy hate
Winter is at hand, Frozen my tears will be
Created by blasphemy
The edge of my sword, The powers of my mind

Winter is at hand, As two torches blaze in the dark
A warrior dressed in black, Granted eternal life
Black winds blow my hair, As the voice of the night
Whispers my name

Blackened ground, Misty sound
Hear the call for war, The master calling his
Warriors to explore by the sign of the horns
As the dawn arises the souls of a thousand
Young men shall go wild
As the fire shines into the night they're sitting by
The campfires awaiting the dawn