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