

Tacere, Foes Of The Sun

Far away from the sun in coldness of the north
Hear the wind sing her song,
withered widows weeping
Wedding of the moon and the stars
A funeral of light
The lands of no fear, yet no hope
A dance in the cold

The storm became us and we became the storm
We are the foes of the sun

Creatures with a temper so bold walk the rusty lands
Earth a mother, sun a father in the land of the auroras
Melodies of misery
Slow colours in the sky
Tears of the backwoods spruce
for the wounds that never heal

The storm became us and we became the storm
We are the foes of the sun

Let darkness be our guide
Let misery fill our souls
Our hearts are burning for the dusk and the dawn

Let darkness be our guide
Let misery fill our souls
Our hearts are burning for the dusk and the dawn