

Yearning, In The Hands Of Storm

When northern storm is rising
He gathers the powers might
Travels through the highest skies
Alone forevermore, but so sublime

Crying here to be free from mortal form, so valueless
Heading towards source of all
Alone forevermore

In the hands of storm he is purified,
Searching for the sound from the ancient lakes
Heavens open now, clouds are raining blood
This might be the one, our final doom

Found the source of life that is our doom
This is all too much, this is the doom