

The Frostbitten Woodlands of Norway

Carpathian Forest

Covered in ice cold Norwegian hills
From the mouth of silver mountain
And from my world, I consider you as dead I am born of evil and of sin
I've always walked unholy paths
That you never seen or heard of
And I must fight this endless battle alone You freeze to death in the morning mist
Great vast landscapes, frostbitten woodlands
Frozen thunder, hellish blizzard storms Here snow will always fall
Black majestic winter magic
The evil frozen moonlit nights In morning mist
The great vast landscapes
Frostbitten woodlands
Frozen thunder Here exist no fucking life
This is my pandemonium
The unholy north
The cold grip of frost
Cold grip of frost Screams from tormented souls
Echoes in these towering mountains
The burning pain is meant to last Direction of cold winds
Brings the putrid smell of death
All heretics and devils stand up
And ride towards the unholy death Inhuman coldness, hellish winds
Black demons of the past
Norwegian winter hell Violent battle cries, perverted death noise
Victorious echoes of war, death and despair
Candle life of own blood and heathen heritage

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