

Land of the Autumn Winds

Catamenia

Hear the whisper of north land
frozen, soulless spirit sleeps
heathen people in the winter
prays mark of gathering. Autumn winds be gone
will-o-the wisp, blaze of the night. Mystic land of the autumn winds
shall meet the fate
rivers no longer revive and the trees die away.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>