Torrent

Ã•sgeir

Gods of iron clashing, wind in battle through the night.
Tears will fall, and strength is needed to overcome.
This old house is full of leaks and mold on the walls.
Dragons of the mind are lurking in the shadows.

Torrents wash away
everything â€“
raindrops flowing all around.

Queen takes King, the pawns are falling onto the ground.
Over you and me, there is rising the pink moon.
Merciless though the wind takes hold with freezing cold.
Come, my friend, sit with me; take council in the warmth.

Torrents wash away
everything â€“
raindrops flowing all around.

Torrents wash away
everything â€“
raindrops flowing all around.

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