

Cold Winds of Funeral Dust

Immortal

Under a blood-red moon in the cold lakes of Thule
Winter shadows lies untouched
Where I dwell at the mountains of madness
In these shadows of death I march
In the blue mist of evil Through the dark Northern valleys
Where only winds of funeral breathe
Hovering through the whispering darkness
With frost in my eyes Only seven winds are heard
Chiming through the dark Northern valleys Eternity I pass
Eternity I seek For the darkness my spirit
For Satan my black soul Under a blood-red moon in the cold lakes of another world
Winter shadows lies untouched
Where I dwell at the mountains of madness
Entering the cold winds of funeral dust.

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