Winter's Gate, Pt. 1

Insomnium

The hoar sea enfolds us
The scent of the coming winter
Hear the howl of the wind
A song from the ocean's womb
Far away behind us
Black smoke still rises high
Houses of the southern god
Broken under the iron hoovesThe time of slaughter moon
Sunless, Stareless ways
Sailing to world's end
To meet our crown or doom
The time of slaughter moon
The season of the mist
We're faring in the dark
Sinking into cold nightThe grim sea unfolds us
The scent of the burning temples
Hear the wail of the waves
A song from the hidden deepFar away from homely shores
And winter is on our tail
Driven by hunger and greed
Swallowed soon by the great worm

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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