Winter Thrice

Borknagar

The sound of the groaning frost
Enforce the waves of blinding winters
Days of reaping, nights of aghast
Seasons aligned, under the wintry sign the groaning, moaning sound of this frostA blinding eternal blizzard
Seasons aligned and now under the sign
Of crisp eternal winter
I have wandered the skies throughout the stellar neck of nowhereI have swarmed the horizon
Throughout the eternal fields of everywhere
Time and time again
From shore to shore, from star to star
The deep bloodlines of the earth as seen from afarUpon the ground of rumbling ruins
History shattered, moments withering
Raving forces of the inevitable
I have wandered the skies throughout the stellar neck of nowhere I have swarmed the horizon
Throughout the eternal fields of everywhere
Time and time againFrom shore to shore, from star to star
The deep bloodlines of the earth as seen from afar
Nature, the cast of the future
Upon the ground of rumbling ruins
History shattered, moments withering
Raving forces of the inevitableReigning unions of the nature the regaining cast of the future From shore to shore, from star to star
The deep bloodlines of the earth as seen from afar
Horizons that hosts no scenery
Starless, unending skies
Wakes the beastly voidWinter thrice Horizons that hosts no scenery
Starless, unending skies
Wakes the beastly void
Starless, unending skies
The dance of stardust stills
Drapes the mountain
Winter thrice

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