Winter's Gate, Pt. 7

Insomnium

The flames is weak and frail
A circle of shiverin men
Enclosed by endless coldness
The evernight, eternal darkThe moan of undying winds
Now merged with hollow screaming
The fire dies in a sngle breath
The end has comeOut of the darkness, out of the cold
Out of the night, they have come
Cruel is the laughter, cruel is the fate
Cruel is the winter's will
Merciless is the fray
Bitter the final stand
Perdition and ruin;
The icy grip now traps them
Right here at the world's end
The forst of death will take them allThe lords of the high seas
Are smitten down into snow
No way to bear the fury
No way to ward off all the fiendsDevouring the sun and the earth
Devouring the forest and seaDevouring us all
Sing a quiet song to me
Sing of spring and sing of sea
Sing a silent song to me
Sing of hope and sing of sleep
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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