Descent Into Eminent Silence

Immortal

Standing in ring walls of stone
Deepest dungeonsPassing iron gates
Nor the golden sent dreamsUnder towers
That once stormed in sightThat never stormHill, to the elder ravens
From borgs layed in fogForget not the blasphemic
North deepsShadows steal our souls
Into what we once wereI'm feeling
That taken us thereClosed in time
For those who pass our gates

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