

Descent Into Eminent Silence

Immortal

Standing in ring walls of stone
Deepest dungeons Passing iron gates
Nor the golden sent dreams Under towers
That once stormed in sight That never storm Hill, to the elder ravens
From borgs layed in fog Forget not the blasphemic
North deeps Shadows steal our souls
Into what we once were I'm feeling
That taken us there Closed in time
For those who pass our gates

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