

Descending Into Ethereal Mist

Graveworm

Into darkness thy spirit wanders
Through the moonless sky
Howling wolves arrives
As I await the darkly sun
Torches burning, in a thousand hands
Stream of blood in the frozen snow
Unto the ancient moon I fearing
The darkness of all time AS I DIE!
Without any fear I hold my sword
Falling from the sky
The rain begins to fall
Then a storm shall arise
Sended up a howling wind
Across the burning sea
Marching with pride an no one fears Strong and brave so they stand
The storm begins to march
Warriors on their horses
A cry of war emerges
Hear the steel of might
Full of hate and agony
Trough the rain they march
Fighting for the landscape
Fighting for their lifes A number of ancient warriors march forth from the darkness within The greatest
screamings of anger arrives at the enemies life
From the deepest land of hate
The rain is slowly falling
Gently caress my skin
Another soul to save
Riding on the horses
The enemies awaits the fight
Slaughter of the sons
The fight for our god As I look on the sky
I hear the ravens cry
On the ground where I look
The blood flows on the stone
Shields and swords here them cry
Arrows flows trough the sky
Death is on the way we march
The warriors ride once more Believe in faith and yourself

The eyes are burning still
Wolves howling in the night
The fight begins to change
The battle rages on and on
The rain falls from the sky
Take revenge for all the pain
Granded by the Gods

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