Rivalry Of Phantoms

Borknagar

The tide of the substances
Furious force, a stunning course
A war unbroken
It's the coil of the combining ends
The dawn of the random fallI summon the winter, the autumns son
The way of those, the way of mine
I summon the winds, the rage of storms
My way is for those, the sinner?s kind
Damnation groan, hear the callThe tide of the substance, spins in the core
Like a furious force kept stunning beyond
It's the coil of the combining ends
The dawn of the random fallI summon the rivers the ocean?s son
The way of those the way of mine
I summon the motion, the presence of time
My way is for those, the sinners kindBeware the sight of those
Those who were my sight
Beware the hate of those
Who rivals as the storms
Who storms as rivals
At the plains, in the havoc
The rivalry of phantomsThe erosion is my war, die you may
The wind i my passion. Utterly you weep
The rivers are my blood, drown you may
The wind is my passion, the passion to fight

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