As I March

Aeternus

my pale soul on one of my bold mountains shines under my moon i hold my torch high i stand up against my black sky glow in the light of the moon more and more as the unpure blood the skulls in my belt so does my sword runs off and down on my bold strong mountain if runs my mountain drinks it calls the rain it calls my father brutally they come deep into my pale soul as thunder they slam their powers i scream in pain and lust my wind brings the rain from my mighty oceans i scream and laugh my black sky is still clear under my moon as i dance the dance of war in my storm on one of my seven mountains

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