

# 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 fall I summon the winter, the autumn's 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 call The 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 fall I 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 kind Beware 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 phantoms The erosion is my war, die you may  
The wind is 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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