Yersinia Pestis

Helheim

1349
Times of decay
Pestilence
Blood
Supreme
The years of sickening soulsCan you feel the breath upon your neck
Hear the cruel voice of the old
Revealing the flesh of the dead
The evil grin of the plagueI remember these times of great sorrow
These years of deep painA land lied in a veil of solitude
Faces pale as the moonStalking the landscape in the shape of an oak
Misery loves companyOne could hear the violin play
A single dead tune
Marking the age of the deadOne nation lost in the claws of an oak
So foul that her gaze alone would make one freeze in torment
Lying on the deathbed with an empty stare
Only preparing for the journey to the other side
Nine long nights and days on the path of no return
Towards the realm they all know and fear: helheim

Songwriters
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