Ancient Winter Goddess

Moonspell

A pure veil of darkness.
A mysterious fog.
The Moon is full.
And the Wolves you call.
Red as my blood it is the sky above us.
As I witness the arrival of the Winter Solstice.
And I cry from the abyss with the legions of Lilith.
Who grant me, son of Goat, the virtues if the black oath.
And I climb upon the Raven Mountain and yell.
Oh! Thunders of light and pyres of flames
- Fire is my domain -
Oh! Freezing breezes, rain and snow
- Winter is my domain -
So I invocate: Eaaaaaaa! Winter rise!..
And the Ancient Winter Goddess rises
And sits in her throne of snow and stone.
Soon red morning will born and white is the sky above us.
And by the powers of Winter
Die!

Songwriters
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