

Black Winds

Satyricon

Summon thy hidden wisdom, gather the unholy hate

Winter is at hand, frozen my tears will be

Created by blasphemy

The edge of my sword, the powers of my mind
Winter is at hand, as two torches blaze in the dark

A warrior dressed in black granted eternal life

Black winds blow my hair, as the voice of the night

Whisper my name
Blackened ground, misty sound

Hear the call for war, the master calling his

Warriors to explore by the sign of the horns

As the dawn arises the souls of a thousand

Young men shall go wild

As the fire shines into the night they're sitting by

The campfires awaiting the dawn

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