Cryptic Winterstorms

Immortal

A black sunset rises
Under the funeral skyThe freezing waters below
As mirrors made of funeral mistBut the blasting sky above
And the fullmoon is on the rise.
Fullmoon is on the riseMy hear blows in the winds of reap
Still I float with the cold diabolical massacre windsOn the bestial wings of evil
Above the mountain side and into cryptic winterstormsI long for eternal frost and black winters
Asleep in the cold lakes
Awake in the stars in the skyAnd silent the valleys in the North
Where I once were a proud warriorWhere I belong
Where I bath my soul in doom fire fog
Where I ride deaths cold winds
In the battles in the NorthAs Norse warriors I rode
The dark valleys
With longsword in hand
Sworn to throne the dark lands
To return to my masters in the blue mist of the dying sunsetBlack sunset dies under the funeral sky
My hair blows into winds of reapStill I float with the cold diabolical massacrewinds
On the overshadowed bestial wings of evilAbove the mountain side and into cryptic winterstormsForever

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