The Swordsmen

Carpathian Forest

[J. Nordavind '95]From the thunder and the storm
Another winter has sneaked upon me again.
There's something strange going on here
on these great cold coastals lines.The grim vision of Chaos
upon mankind
and life itself.
Nights of black candles
and gallons of strange old brew.
Changing suit into gold.
(Repear verse 1)
The grip of frost
and the winds from the north.
Lurking beneath
the surface of the coastal horizon.Banners of War.
Banners of the Apocalypse.
Hatred towards mankind and life itself.
Violence is fashionThe graveyard soil is changing to stone,
so many of its deaths had been midvinter.
The blinding snowdrifts.
The subzero temperature.

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