The Old Man`s Child

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Gods of ancient twilight,
glance the golden past,
let me enter your hidden gate,
let me know I am the last.
Rise nocturnal spirits,
eternal gods of the north,
blow your wind upon my flesh,
reach me your immortal force.
I dance through the winter storms,
all through a lifetime as man,
marching to the deepest fog,
to bend down beneath your ancient hand.
So engraved by battles for years,
but more mighty than ever,
with blood on my weapons I hunger,
for more (I shall never give up the war).
I`ll make this night my darkest intentions,
walking towards your kingdom,
winter of the norse evil,
I summon you to embrace and crown me.
Rise nocturnal spirits,
eternal gods of the north,
blow your wind upon my flesh,
reach me your immortal force.
Music by: Grusom
Vocal by: Grusom
Lyric by: Aldrahn 1994
upped by: _BlackWizard_ from #hah on DALnet

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