

Astaroth

"In Medieval Winterstorms"

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Buried under cryptic snow of time
Summer dies, winter rise forever
With winds from north in my hair
In wait our fathers proud he three

Crusaders in the centuries of frost
My soul trapped under gates of ice
Darkthrone of illusion bells chains
A song of true dark paradise

For the mighty throne of darkness

Medieval winterstorms
Arising to destroy

Battles in time
Valleys in flames
On epic snow
We strike again

So we are the winterstorms

Prepare for war
Prepare to die
Crowns and thrones
Endless and mine
Mine Forever

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