

## Bal-sagoth

# "Journey To The Isle Of Mists (Over The Moonless Depths Of N"

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[The Log of the Northern Mariner:]  
The great serpent-prow of my ship, Wave-Render,  
cleaves the nighted  
waters as we voyage across this dark, icy sea, towards  
the unknown... Above,  
the bright winter's moon emerges a veil of cloud to  
cast its lucent rays upon  
us, and a clinging, supine sea- mist writhes upon the  
midnight waves, swirled  
by the cool, whispering wind which catches our great  
sail, pushing us onwards,  
ever onwards... And beyond the tang of the darkling  
sea, the scent of night is  
as strong and heady as a summer blossom. I know not  
what awaits us at the  
elder Isle of Mists... that grim and mystery-haunted  
place which beckons me to  
its shadowed embrace, swathed in dark legendry and  
entwined in the mantle of  
ancient sorceries... and yet I must hearken to its  
ethereal call... for ma  
yhap the gods decreed this to be my final voyage...

[Lyrics: Byron]

[Music: Jonny Maudling]

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