

Dark Tranquillity

"Arkhangelsk"

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Willed by winter's so called frost
Fix the in anxieties from grip
The frost that burned the honorees
Underneath the heavy clouds
The lifted sword, the broken shield
The hand that drew the final word
From the frozen mouth of Arkhangelsk

Let them go, let them burn the world to cinders
Let the rats run down
Falling through the tungsten skies
The burning clouds of Arkhangelsk

To the eye of judgment now
What will stand when time of the end (time of the end)?

Center stone, into fire
All to nothing and nothing to lose
They gather groaning to the souls
Of the grinding wheels of Arkhangelsk

With one word, one movement in the fabric
Everything dies
The storm that sweeps the world away
From the frozen plains of Arkhangelsk

Inherit from the morning star
What others brought
And the land, forgot

Soaring through Van Allen belts
Through blazing stars, through dying suns
Collide not now, but carry us
Through the burning air of Arkhangelsk

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