

Demon Realm

"Within The Sylvan Realms Of Frost"

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SNOW FALLS UPON THE DARKEST SCENES OF WINTER
FALLING INTO UNFATHOMED DEPTHS
BELOW THE TREE LINE OF THE VAST FOREST
ICY STREAMS FLOW AS SILENTLY AS
THE APPROACHING FOOT FALLS OF DEATH
ONLY THE RUSTLING OF LEAVES
FROM A SINGLE NORTHERN BREEZE MAY BE HEARD
HERE DWELL THE GREAT WARLOCKS,
THE CONJURERS OF WINTER'S DEMONS
DARK ONES AS ANCIENT AS THE ELDEST TREES
OF THE MIGHTY FOREST
THEY CHANT THE SPELLS OF FIRST SNOW
WHICH ECHO THROUGHOUT THESE ANCIENT SYLVAN
REALMS
AWAKENING THE SLEEPING DEMONS
OF THE PERPETUAL WINTER WOODS
UNDER THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE WINTER FULL
MOON
DEMONS WITH SOULS AS COLD AS THE WINTER WINDS
AND DARK AS THE NIGHT THAT BIRTHED THEM
THE BLACK ROBED MAGES SPILL THEIR OWN BLOOD
IN SACRIFICE TO THE DARK HARBRINGERS OF WINTER'S
GALE
UPON THIS BLOOD THE DEMONS DRINK
QUENCHING THEIR GREAT THIRST
THROUGH THIS REBIRTH COMES THE RETURN
OF THEIR CRYPTIC POWERS OF OLD
NOW ALL MUST SUCCUMB TO WINTER'S DARK FOLD
OR BE TORN ASUNDER BY IT'S ICY TALONS

[LYRICS: SYNVLATH, LORD OF THE ANCIENT MOON]
[AND IXITHRA, LORD OF THE SYLVAN SHADOWS]

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