

Demoney

"In Winters Ancient Slumber"

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THE SKIES ABOVE GROW DARK
AS THE MOON IS HIDDEN BY MIGHTY STORM CLOUDS
COLD WINDS BLOW AS FREEZING RAIN FALLS ACROSS
THE LANDS
RAVENS GATHER UPON HIGH STONE CLIFFS
THAT RISE FROM WITHIN THE DEEP AND MAGICAL
FORESTS
HIDDEN WITHIN THE MOON CAST SHADOWS
ARE THE MIGHTY CRUSADERS OF THE DARK
ON THEIR NIGHT BLACK STEEDS
CLOAKED IN THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT UNSEEN BY ALL
AS THEY BESET UPON THEIR QUEST FOR VENGEANCE
AND GLORY
IN THE EYES OF THEIR DARK LORDS WHO SHALL RULE
THE LANDS
FROM THEIR TOWERING STONE FORTRESSES AND GRIM
CASTLES
RISING FROM THE OMINOUS AND MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN
PEAKS
THE DARK CRUSADERS SWORDS ARE DRAWN
AND COATED WITH THE BLOOD
OF ALL WHO OPPOSE THE BLACK HORDES
AS THE FALLING RAIN TURNS TO SNOW
THE EARTH IS EMBRACED IN WINTER'S ANCIENT
SLUMBER
THRONES ARE MADE FROM THE BONES OF THE
VANQUISHED
AS THE DARK CRUSADERS RIDE IN VICTORY

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

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